

One Man's Journey



Hunsdon Cary, Jr.



One Man's Journey

Memoirs 1909-1989

with
Selected Sermons
and
other writings

Hunsdon Cary Jr.

for
Ben

a very special person!

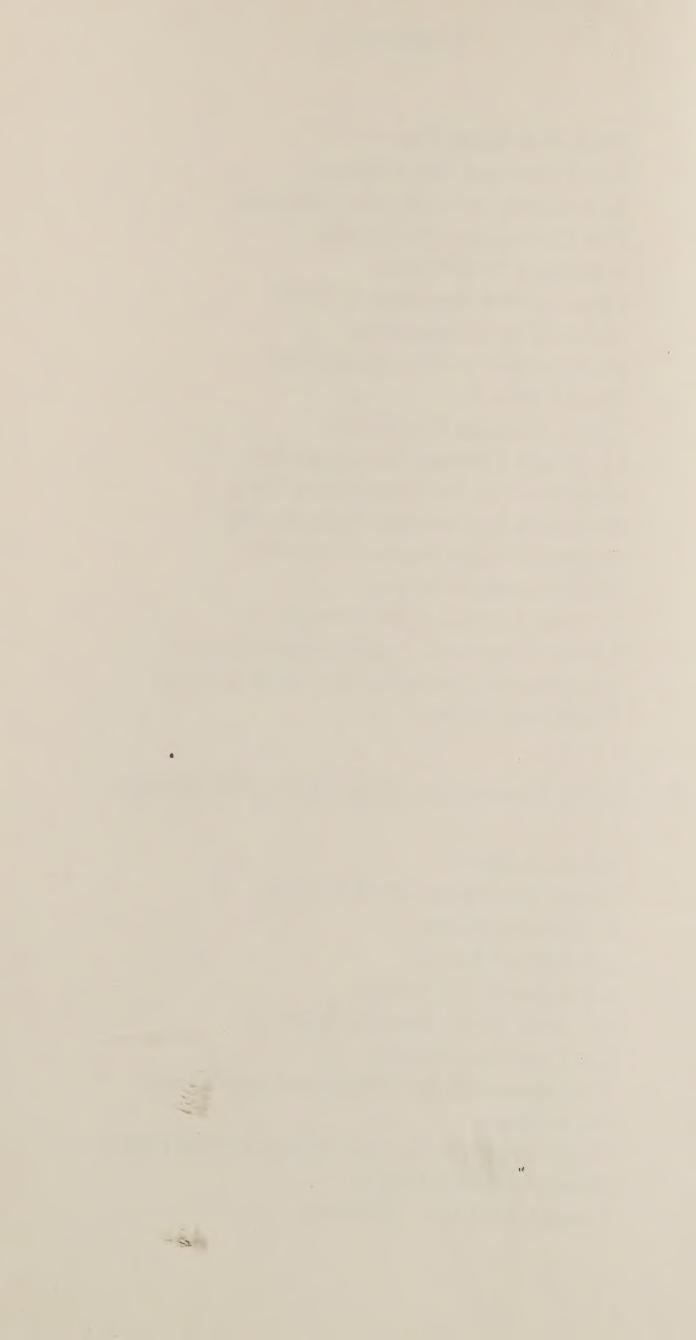
Hunsdon

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Introduction

The years through which I have lived may well be recorded by future historians as the most earth-shaking our world has ever known.

Two world wars; the Korean, Vietnam, and countless other wars; the birth and development of the automobile, radio, and television; the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima; the rise of the Civil Rights movement; the advent of environmental concern; and the space age — all these have been part of my life and times.

Nor has change escaped the church, especially in the world's liturgical congregations. Prayer books have been revised and hymnals updated. In our own Episcopal Church, women are ordained as priests and the first one will soon be ordained and consecrated a bishop.

So much that is new has come so quickly that the word "change" has given way to revolution, and the outlook of many is that of confusion and bewilderment.

However one assesses these years, the pages that follow reflect in some degree my involvement as one individual in a narrow corner of a world that continues to be transformed. This will be seen more especially in some of the sermons — some pastoral, others concerned with social problems — which represent an addendum to my story.

Putting these pages together has not always been easy, nor do I vouch for the fact that inaccuracies do not exist, but I can say without hesitation that the weeks that have gone into this effort have given me a sense of reliving my life. Certainly when one dips into the past, the focus on people and events — to say nothing of oneself — becomes sharper.

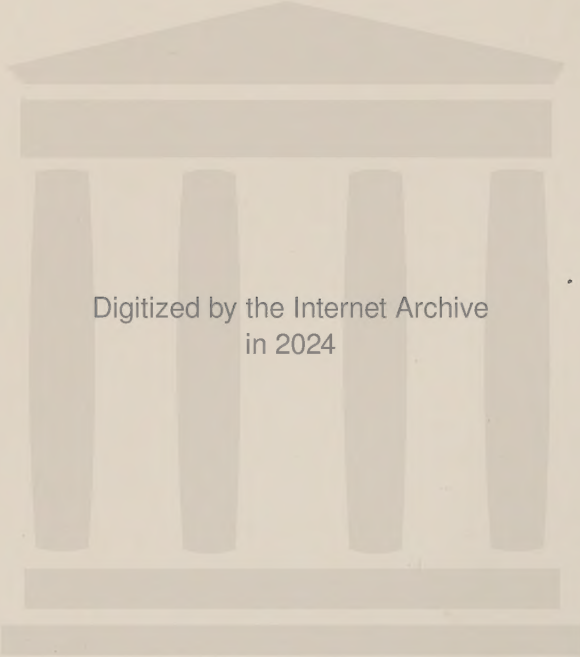
In the meantime, you should know that my manuscript — prepared in the primitive method of pencil on paper rather than the

splendor of a computer — has been typed and edited (with the exception of the sermons) by Liz and Jan Pierson, to whom all of us owe a large thank you.

I pass this volume on to my children and grandchildren in the hope that this link to their past may shed light both on the author and the period that has followed his arrival in the year 1909.

January 15, 198

One Man's Journey



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Birth and Early Years

The day of my birth was for my parents a time of rejoicing and a time of great concern. I suppose all parents experience a special sense of excitement when their firstborn arrives. I gather mine were no exception, but they were concerned as well — for my chances of surviving were slim. I was a “blue baby.” There was oxygen near at hand. The doctor’s orders were to allow only my parents and Maggie Tilton, a black mammy, to enter my room in the upstairs apartment at 1846 West Grace Street, Richmond, Virginia, where I arrived on September 29, 1909. And there were the prayers of my mother and father, who knelt beside my bassinet. When I was ten days old, the Rev. William Meade Clarke, rector of St. James Church and a devoted friend of my parents, came to baptize me.

Obviously I recovered, and life apparently went along smoothly until I was fourteen months old and contracted scarlet fever. Again it was nip and tuck, but the dark clouds disappeared and the sun came out again. So much for the trauma of my earliest days.

To be the first child was one thing; but to be the first of seven was another. Indeed, I think few families, even in that day, saw the arrival of so many children so quickly. I was born nine months and twelve days after my parents’ wedding in St. Peter’s Church, Albany, New York (and I am grateful for those twelve days!); Miles came a year and two weeks later; George in less than two more years; Anne and Mary, the twins, in two more years, making me the oldest of five at four; and then Helen and Randolph, making me the oldest of seven at eleven.

Most of us wonder about our first recollection. I think mine was George's first birthday party (a month short of my fourth) on Deer Island in the St. Lawrence River, New York. I vaguely remember ice cream, cake, and several children. It *was* a party. That much I know.

Deer Island, owned by my mother's father, was something else. It certainly wasn't tiny, but just how big I don't recall. There were several buildings, beautiful hemlocks, rocks along the shore, a motorboat, clear water in which we could see pike and pickerel, and freedom to run and play with a sense of abandon. I remember years later how disappointed my parents were when they learned that Grandfather had left it all to Yale University's Skull and Bones Society.

I must have spent each summer on Deer Island until I was six or seven years old. Getting there was quite an experience. A car came to our home at 1107 Grove Avenue and we children piled in with Mother and a black maid. One year Miles was missing when we got to the railroad station, but we soon discovered him under some baggage. The train took us to New York City where we spent the night with Mother's friend Edith Smalley before journeying by train to Alexandria Bay, New York, where we crowded into a launch for the thirty-minute ride to the island. Father would remain in Richmond and arrive some weeks later for his vacation.

When I was six, Father escorted me one morning, on his way to work, to Miss Susie Slaughter's School on the southeast corner of West Grace and Madison streets. We walked east from 1107 Grove Avenue past the Sacred Heart Cathedral, through Monroe Park, down Franklin Street, and past the Jefferson Hotel, an elegant old establishment where sometimes I could persuade Father to stop and look at the alligators with me. (Years later at that same hotel, a group of us from the University of Virginia somehow found our way to the top of Mr. Jefferson's statue one evening and put a pot on his head.)

Miss Susie's was a one-room school on the second floor of a plain wooden building. I was one of about twenty-five young boys who sat at his own desk but gathered in front of her in small groups for class sessions. What was downstairs I can't recall, but

outside was a playground surrounded by an iron fence and a steep stairway. How well I remember that stairway, for I hid under it one day when I was sent home in the morning. Why I was sent home I don't know, but I hid until school let out that afternoon. I thought that would keep the secret from my parents, but of course they learned all about it. Don't all parents eventually hear the worst?

Often when I left for school in the morning, Father would say, "Son, stop by the cold-storage plant and bring me two wild ducks for dinner." This was only a block out of the way and no problem. I enjoyed seeing the heavy wooden doors open to the storage area, and I was fascinated by the feel of the intense cold provided by the blocks of ice inside. What a different day it was! When I got home a cook plucked the feathers and prepared the meal. Such was one of the rewards for having a father who dearly loved to hunt ducks and geese and who was never happier and more himself than in the field or a duck blind or when talking about it all.

The ducks and geese Father brought home from his hunting trips are among my earliest memories. I particularly remember one winter day when Father hung about sixty ducks and twenty-five geese on hooks along the side of a second-floor porch where he slept. The next morning he took them to cold storage, but before he did I remember waking to the birds' many vivid colors and quietly approving of my father's skill. Then, too, there was the sense that I had been a responsible custodian during the night.

When I was ten years old I left Miss Susie's and enrolled in the Chamberlain School, later named St. Christopher's, in a suburban area of Richmond known as Westhampton. None of us students of that era will ever forget the trolley rides to and from school. Someday when you are in Richmond, pick up a city map and follow our route: north across Harrison to Broad, west to Robinson, south to Grove, and then west to Three Chopt Road where we got off and walked five minutes to school. In his memoirs, Father gives a good account of a typical day: "The boys would go out on trolley car in the morning and return in the same manner late in the evening after their play hours were over. Apparently these trolleys were pretty well loaded with a gang of city boys going out to this country school, and I suspect they were a pretty lively bunch. One escapade attributed to Miles was occasioned by the

fact that the motorman got off to throw the switch at a transfer and Miles went to the front of the car and started it off, to the great enjoyment of the crowd. I never learned how, by what means, or where the car was stopped."

By the time we traveled back and forth to school, we were ready for supper and early to bed. Supper was frequently slices of bread broken up in a bowl of milk, sometimes with the addition of an apple, orange, or banana.

I attended the Chamberlain School until I was fourteen. For the most part it was not an exciting period in my life — certainly not as far as school was concerned. I don't recall that I had much self-confidence, I was certainly not very mature, and I was unduly sensitive. One morning the boy sitting at the desk behind me poked me in the back and said, "That's a cheap jacket you are wearing." His remark depressed me and stayed with me for days. As a matter of fact, it is as vivid now as it was then.

Strange the people we remember from childhood. One I recall was Mr. McIlhenny, a red-haired arithmetic teacher. He may be one reason I've always hated mathematics. I used to freeze when he stood at my desk, grabbed my hair, bounced a wooden ruler off my head, and said, "Think! Think! Think!" Another person I remember was an older boy, John Davenport, the son of my godmother. In those days boys didn't wear trousers until they were teenagers. When John appeared at school one day wearing long trousers for the first time, I watched a group of boys grab him, take off his trousers, and run them up the flagpole. It was a rite of initiation.

One person I'm sure all the Cary children recall is Miss Eliza Coulter, a native of Toronto who came to assist Mother with the children. I remember her as tall and angular, pleasant but somewhat stern, always in control, and busy every moment — bathing the younger children, helping to dress others, intervening in conflicts between us all. She was a respected authority figure who deserved more than a handful of medals.

Sundays in Richmond meant church. The whole family! First St. James and later St. Paul's. Shortly before 11:00 a.m., Mother and Father, followed by each child, walked down the side aisle on

he right side and settled into a pew about six rows from the front. As the oldest, I saw to it that I came last, wishing I could cover my face with my hands, looking down at the floor, and casting a furtive, sidelong glance at the congregation, which I pictured as saying, "Here come the Carys." (To this day I have great sympathy for young people who prefer not to sit with their families in church.) I also hated having to wear Buster Brown collars! How my friends and I loathed them — so much so that we tore them and the wide, black, ribbonlike ties off as soon as we opened the church doors to head home. I can see myself now, my collar in one hand and my tie in the other, breathing fresh air and seeing this fashion as a form of cruelty to young boys.

Children attended Sunday School before church, and we made the most of the interval inbetween. In St. James Church there is a rear balcony where I sometimes waited with fiendish glee for the early arrival of the old ladies who occupied pews below me. When they had said their prayers and sat upright, I would target hymnal or prayer book to drop beside them — always, I hoped, on the flat side so the explosion would be louder.

On the other hand, church interested me, too. I was pleased that my father was the Sunday school superintendent; I enjoyed the hymns; I was fascinated with the women's hats; I was intrigued by the voices of the clergy (I can still hear the deep bass voice of Bishop William Cabell Brown at my confirmation saying, as he laid his hands on me, "Defend O Lord this thy child"); and I suppose I was beginning to feel the stirrings of something within me that, though I did not recognize it at the time, was pointing me toward the ordained ministry.

One of the greatest joys of my boyhood was my involvement in the Boy Scouts when I was twelve to fourteen years old. I had friends in a fine troop that met at All Saints' Episcopal Church on West Franklin Street and whose scoutmaster was Childrey Scott, a tremendously effective leader for whom we had great respect and affection. We had three patrols, one of which was composed of Eagle Scouts, and we enjoyed many overnight camping trips, mostly on the south side of the James River and west of what is still known as Westham Bridge.

In my day, scouts were given a round, coinlike piece of metal

surrounded by holes, each of which was filled with a ring when we completed a volunteer duty. Most of my holes were filled in for holding back crowds along parade routes, which I did with a five-foot pole. I particularly remember a large parade down Monument Avenue and Franklin Street featuring France's great World War I hero, Field Marshall Foch. (He reportedly was the author of the oneliner "It is the business of the church to make my business impossible" — a simplistic view, yet at heart I can't knock it.)

My two years in the Boy Scouts gave me my first taste of self-confidence. Hiking twelve miles in one day and rubbing sticks together to make fire were among many important tests that challenged me and helped me begin to understand who I was. Where some boys played football in the street or tossed baseballs, I took Boy Scout tests all along the line, from tenderfoot to second-class, first-class, life, and star status. I very much wished to be an Eagle Scout (I have always rated them along with Olympic champions, Phi Beta Kappas, and climbers of Mt. Everest) and believe I could have made it, but I went off to boarding school short of my goal.

Another aspect of my boyhood might well be described as the "gang." Miles and I, and to a lesser extent George, and several other neighborhood boys roamed about quite a bit, particularly on weekends. We weren't bad, but we clearly were often up to no good. We loved to collect granite chips from a tombstone maker at one end of our alley and used them as ammunition for rock fights. Why one of us never lost an eye I'll never know. We also loved to smoke cubebs, thin cigarettes without tobacco, which, unknown to our families, we bought at a little drugstore around the corner. It was as exciting as smoking real cigarettes.

This kind of mischief paled into insignificance, however, compared with two Halloween Eve events, either one of which could land you in jail today. The first was a caper that involved a crowd of about twenty-five of us who gathered on West Franklin Street near St. James Church. First we pulled up the picket fence in front of the Lutheran church at the northeast corner of Stuart and Franklin and stretched it across Franklin Street. This stopped all the jitneys. (In case you're not familiar with that word, a jitney was a T-model Ford that picked up passengers for five cents, or a

they. Buses there weren't, but jitneys were everywhere.) There was also a woman in the neighborhood who, for some reason, was very unpopular. What happened to her I still can't believe. Someone in the crowd had, and I know not how, gathered several live bats and put them in a gunnysack. We all walked up onto this woman's large front porch, rang the bell, and when she opened the door, we threw the sack, with the mouth open, into her front hall. Both of these pranks happened, of course, in the evening — on the only night of the year I was allowed out of the house. But now I made up for it that one night!

I am certainly not proud of another caper, which took place in broad daylight. Two other boys and I passed a little neighborhood frame church with clear glass windows. As we stopped to look in, we saw on the table a collection plate full of coins. So we opened the window, picked up the change, which amounted to about three dollars, and went on our way.

So much seemed to happen in and around St. James Church. Directly across the street was a large undeveloped area where apartment buildings were being constructed. One afternoon my friend Bass Bridgeforth and I were on the roof of one of these buildings and were preparing to spill a keg of nails over the side when I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder and looked around to see what appeared to be the biggest cop in the world. He took our names and said our parents would receive a report. I don't believe they ever did, but I never fooled around that building any more. Another time on the same block, when it was only a vacant lot, I had put up a kite — the best one I ever had — and was watching it gradually disappear from sight when a boy on crutches calmly walked up, took his crutch, and severed my kite string. I never found the kite, and to this day I can feel the anger and disappointment of that incident.

The summer I was twelve I spent two months at Camp Jackson, boys' camp near Hot Springs, Virginia, and distinguished myself by "falling" from an apple tree while stealing apples from a nearby farm. What still amazes me is that I did not really fall; I swung from the lowest limb, my feet only a few feet above the ground, and dropped my body. But apparently my left arm hit a

protruding rock, and it fractured my elbow. How well I remember the car ride to the hospital in Clifton Forge with my counselor, Ben Cubbage. My elbow felt every bump in the road. I spent two weeks in the hospital with my arm in a cast, hinged midway so I could bend it as it healed. To this day I cannot straighten that arm completely. Possibly because I didn't carry a bucket of sand to school as the doctors advised?

Reflections on my boyhood certainly must include a glimpse at Mountain Meadows, the North Carolina property that my Grandfather Miller bought about 1900 and that later was obtained by my mother. It seems that Grandfather had come down with TB and, following the prescription of that day, was advised to take up residence in the mountains. So off to the Asheville area he went, where in due course he put together some 1,800 acres of land northeast of the city. The centerpiece was Mountain Meadows Inn, a substantial summer resort that included a two-story inn, two large cottages, a tennis court, and other facilities. Without doubt, the view from the veranda of the inn to the Swannanoa Valley, the community of Oteen, and the mountains beyond was a breathtaking panorama seldom equalled anywhere in those mountains.

Mountain Meadows eventually took Deer Island's place as our family vacation spot — probably by the time I was about six or seven — and is where I spent many summers, even after my marriage. At first, Pine Tree Cottage took care of all of us, but it was a bit crowded until a lean-to was erected a few yards away — just large enough for three cots for Miles, George, and me.

It was during our summers at Mountain Meadows that I saw more of my father than at any other time. Father had a warm affection for my sisters, but it was the boys he took on overnight hikes, walking several miles and always accompanied by Fate Burnett, a mountain man who played his banjo and sang songs as we camped around a fire in the evening on Lane's Pinnacle and slept under overhanging rocks. We all loved Fate, whose real name was Harrison Lafayette Burnett, but I'm afraid that as manager of the properties he took my family for a ride and became an alcoholic. But there was no one like Fate on those trips, and we loved to be with him and Father.

We always liked to follow Fate and the mower when he cut hay, each of us hoping to stone a rabbit when it ran for cover. One day there was great excitement because George ran a rabbit down and caught it. I can't recall what happened after that except that George was considered quite a hero.

Among Fate's songs is this one that George wrote out for me. He tells me Anne knows others, but this will give you the flavor of Fate.

Dear Charlie, since you left this city
I've found I've change my mind
I hope you don't think me unfaithful
Or feel the least bit unkind
I know'd we'se both mistaken
And I know'd you'd never suit me
And I owed my heart to another
I'd hope that you would agree

And here's your picture, dear Charlie
It's almost faded away
Because I've kissed it so often
I've had it a year today
And there's your ring, dear Charlie
Don't give it to another, I pray
I'll always love you, dear Charlie
Respectfully Nellie Gray.

Father also took us squirrel hunting at Mountain Meadows. We would get up early, be in the woods before daylight, and wait for the sound of cracking nuts dropping on the ground. Only then did we aim our guns and shoot; and we never went to pick up a squirrel until we were ready to leave.

There was a tennis court on the side of the mountain where Mother played with us, but woe be to the ball that went over the backstop on the down side. It was gone!

In 1924, prompted by a desire to sell Mountain Meadows, my family decided to move for eighteen months to a farmhouse on the property. It was just an everyday house surrounded by chickens, geese, hens, pigs, and a woodshed. I was away at school during

most of this time, but during holidays and summer vacation I remember driving on Sundays with my entire family in a horse and buggy the seven miles each way to Trinity Church, Asheville, where we had become members. The rector was Floyd Rogers, a man everyone liked but a terrible preacher. I often wondered how he could fill the church, but he did. I think the answer is that, in the long haul, people will support a solid pastor even though his sermons are dull and drab.

Father and Mother sold Mountain Meadows in 1925 during the Florida land boom for about \$1 million, but when that market collapsed in 1927, after only two payments had been made, the property reverted to my family. Mother finally sold it (with the exception of a few acres she gave Randy) in 1956 for \$100,000. It was a giveaway by today's prices when lots of one acre sell for that amount and sometimes more. The development of only a small portion of what Grandfather bought has since been sold for millions of dollars. As my friend Bill McKee, who owns the High Hampton Inn in Cashiers, North Carolina, and who knew the property well, says, "Each member of your family would have been very comfortable today if you had kept it."

Mountain Meadows is the source of many happy memories for each child in our family. What a happy event it would be if we could spend an evening together and simply share stories of who did what to whom and why. We would doubtless hear of the day a green apple hit Miles in the eye and of the subsequent trauma, not only for him but for all the family, as we faced the possibility that his vision would never return. And perhaps some of us would remember the gentle and sturdy horse, Jean, that I sometimes think chuckled to herself as one child after another clamored for a ride. Or the rattlesnake someone caught and put in a screened-over wooden box, allowing us to taunt it and watch as it struck like a hammer at the sides of that box.

Yes, those days bring back many happy memories, and they fuel a yearning for a time and place that can never be again. Today I look back and also see those days as something of a bridge as I moved from childhood to adolescence, from home to boarding school, from the playground to the playing field.

As I conclude this chapter and look back over my early years,

I am increasingly conscious that with the exception of our summers at Mountain Meadows, we had no real family life. Of course, for eleven years there was no Randy. Miles, George, and I were closer to each other than we were to Anne, Mary, and Helen, for to the three of us they were very much younger sisters — little girls who were not really part of our lives. Randy, in contrast, was much closer to them.

I can't recall that as children we had any pets, though Father's pointers and English setters (usually the latter) were a real part of our lives. They were beautiful bird dogs, well trained and certainly well fed with large corn-pone-type meals prepared in the kitchen. But they lived outdoors in their own kennel. They were always near at hand, however, and we knew them as family members. I remember You Frisky Piece, a registered setter, and the day a lady visiting Amphill House asked Father the dog's name and he replied, "You Frisky Piece." It stunned her for a moment.

I did little reading and was never read to as a child, but I recall a special favorite, *Lorna Doone*, as well as books like *Treasure Island* and *Captain's Courageous*.

It was a relatively happy childhood — one in which I was very conscious of being the oldest and, if not the favorite, certainly the favored one. It was also a period during which I was aware of no severe criticism and offered no resistance to those in authority over me.

2

Episcopal High School

During the years 1924 to 1929, while a student at the Episcopal High School in Alexandria, Virginia, I began to find myself and wished, if not to be identified as a leader, at least to sense acceptance among my peers.

My first day in school an older boy said, "You see those words across the front of the gym? They mean 'You gotta beat Woodbury Forest.'" And I believed him. As far as I was concerned, "Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano" meant just that. It was only later that I learned the true translation, "That there be a sound mind in a sound body."

From the beginning I sought recognition in athletics, though I didn't know at first in what sport. I knew basketball and baseball weren't for me. Instead I went out for football, beginning with the "Cake Team" of younger boys and finally making the varsity squad as an end my last year. I never got in many games and didn't earn a letter, but I enjoyed every minute of it.

My best bet looked like track. I tried out for indoor track (running on an abbreviated oval wooden track in the middle of the football field) in the winter and for outdoor track in the spring. For three years I was an "also ran," but finally I drew the coach's attention as a half-miler, made the team my fourth year, and was captain my fifth year, setting a school record — which held for more than thirty years — of 2:01:6 in the 880-yard run. As high-point man that season I won the Thomas Carter Dulany silver cup for the best track athlete in 1929.

Life at EHS, as in most preparatory schools, was very regimented. Daily activities went by the clock: breakfast, classes, lunch, athletics, dinner, study hall, and bed. On Sundays there was church at the Virginia Seminary chapel next door.

Mondays were holidays, and unless we had to walk off demerits (one mile per demerit), we took Bun Donaldson's bus — seats facing each other on either side — to Washington. We crammed as many movies as possible, hoped to get in a vaudeville show on Ninth Street, and hurried to the Occidental Restaurant next to the Willard Hotel for lunch, which we always hoped would include oysters on the half shell.

Although Miles and George overlapped with me at school and were my friends, we didn't see much of one another and had no real interaction. I saw the rest of my family when I went home for two weekends during each of the three school terms, over Christmas and spring vacations, and briefly before and after two months each summer at Camp Yonanoka. Father and Mother made frequent trips to EHS on weekends for football and other events.

EHS is predominantly a southern school, conservative, waspy, Episcopal in name only, comprising congenial young men who come from comfortable, middle-class homes and who move in concert along familiar paths. When I attended there were no foreign students and certainly no blacks (there are only a few of her today); music had no place in the curriculum; and nonathletes enjoyed little status. Its academic standing, as now, was excellent.

Far and away my favorite courses were those with Willoughby Reed, an excellent English teacher. Nothing could beat his line-by-line exegesis of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. And he had an ear for the sound of words. He once said he thought the most beautiful sound in the English language was "cellar door." And it was Mr. Reed who coached us for reading and declamation contests. I owe much of my feel for language to him, though I recognize that speaking and writing good English derive especially from one's home.

Two faculty members who particularly left their mark on me were Charlie Tompkins and Pat Callaway. Mr. Tompkins coached

our track team and encouraged me from the beginning. I think he knew me pretty well. In a dual meet one day, I broke before the gun sounded and was put back one yard in the 440. When the race was over, he took me aside and said, "When they put you back, I knew we had won the race. Your face told the story." He and his wife also started Camp Yonanoka in Linville, North Carolina. As a student I was a charter member, later moving up to junior counselor and then counselor. Those were great summers, with hiking all over Grandfather Mountain (how it has changed with land development), swimming, baseball, track meets, and golf. Well do I recall the day I drove a ball through the back window of a car parked off to my right! I haven't improved much since then, but now as then it is fun.

Mr. Callaway was also a camp counselor, and he and I enjoyed a mutual affection. Now in his nineties, he is still in good shape and the only retired faculty member left at EHS who was there sixty years ago. He was a professional baseball pitcher, a bachelor, was loved and respected, and had a good, quiet sense of humor. I'll never forget the day he found me up in a tree at camp and proceeded to throw green apples at me — and they all hit their mark! We laugh about it to this day.

Through my years at EHS I became increasingly impressed by several students at the Virginia Theological Seminary, which is separated from EHS only by a grove of trees. Several of the seminarians had been top college athletes: George Cadigan, football at Amherst; Chuck Carpenter, National Intercollegiate Wrestling Champion at Princeton; Russ Hubbard, football at Harvard; and Charlie Leavell, track at Virginia. There were others, too, who though not athletes were warm and attractive personalities. These men, as well as Episcopal clergymen I had known through the years, struck me as thoroughly normal, unusually happy, outgoing, and anything but stuffy and pious. It was these role models, I am sure, that prompted me to write a letter to my parents when I was seventeen telling them I was considering going to seminary some day. Quick as a flash, I received a reply from Father telling me I had no idea how much my letter had meant to him and Mother. When I was so sick following my birth, he said, each of them knelt beside my bassinet and prayed that if I were restored

health they would do everything by prayer and example to direct my life to the ministry. My letter, he said, seemed to be an answer to those prayers.

My last year at EHS I was appointed Head Monitor and lived, as was customary at that time, in the one room on the second floor of Alumni Hall with my roommate, Ross Cauthorne, who was also from Richmond. (The other students lived in cubicles.) Every Thursday evening during study hall, our room was the gathering place for the H. M. and a group of six senior monitors. A prime responsibility of our quasi-student council was to summon to these meetings students we thought needed a "talking to." One evening we called for young "Flick" Hoxton — the son of the headmaster, "Big Flick," Archibald Robertson Hoxton — who was living not in a dormitory but in his parents' home. He appeared promptly with two bright, shiny apples and said, "Mother thought you would enjoy these." That did it! We were not interested in these favors, and we told him so in no uncertain words. That is not the end of the story, however. Flick went on to become Head Monitor and a great athlete both at EHS and Yale. After he became EHS's headmaster, following in his father's footsteps, and a few years ago he made reference in a school publication to that evening with the senior monitors.

Commencement exercises were always a moving experience, much so that it was not unusual for seniors to have tears in their eyes. The commencement I attended in 1929 was particularly rewarding, for I received the gold medal for excellence in English composition. My article was entitled "Twenty-five Years of Oratorical Composition, 1903-1928." (I recently wrote for a copy and sent it to my son.) I also received first-place awards in reading and declamation, the latter being a memorized rendition of Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death," which he delivered in St. John's Church, Richmond.

Despite all of these goodies, however, I did not graduate (only about a third of the seniors did in those days), not having completed calculus. But I had nineteen college credits — four more than I needed — and would find my freshman year at the University of Virginia to be almost a repeat of those at EHS.

3

Richmond to California

"Richmond, Virginia, to California." Those were the words painted on the trunk attached to the running board of an A-model Ford that took me and two friends, Ross Cauthorne and Henry Mitchell, to California in the summer of 1929.

Ross, as I have noted, was my roommate our last year at EHS. Henry lived in Boyce, Virginia, and had also gone to EHS. A husky fullback on the football team, he had many friends, all of whom knew him as "Mitch."

The three of us had made plans to drive to California the summer before we entered the University of Virginia. It all worked out well. Ross's father put up the money for the Ford with the understanding that when we returned we would split the loss of equity. What that car cost I don't recall, but when we returned we sold it for only \$150.00 less than we paid for it — not bad for two months and 10,000 miles! (The A-model Ford replaced the old T-model and was so popular people stood in line to buy one; that's a major reason our equity held up so well.)

We set out on the Fourth of July from Estouteville, Allan and Larned Randolph's home outside Charlottesville. I can't recall our exact route, but we headed west, for the most part on U.S. Route 40, through West Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, Kansas, and Colorado, dipped down into New Mexico and Arizona, and then went into California.

We were well prepared. Our tent, when attached to the top of car, came down at a 45-degree angle, was pegged at the corners, and allowed exactly enough room for three folding army cots. The trunk on the running board held our clothing (such as we had), and a wooden box on the back seat held our groceries. We camped out at night, fixed our own breakfast and dinner, and occasionally stopped along the way for lunch, which was never more than twenty-five cents.

On an average day we covered about 250 miles. Most of the roads were hard surfaced with asphalt and occasionally concrete, but they were not as wide or as well graded as today's are. Fortunately we had little trouble with flat tires. We had no air-conditioning, of course, so when we felt the heat we traveled with the windows wide open, except when we hit an occasional dirt road where we had to do battle with dust. One aspect of our driving was a surprise: we didn't have the heavy traffic you now find almost everywhere.

The summer gave us many exciting and memorable times. I remember what a special feeling it was to cross the Mississippi River. I thought of countless early settlers and the daring that took them across, as well as of Mark Twain and his riverboat stories. It was like I was seeing a world of which I had often dreamed. There was a night in Kansas City with family friends of Ross or Mitch. I have forgotten their names, but I do recall that they arranged a picnic of young people for us and that there were beer and whiskey, libations we had not yet touched. We enjoyed the evening, but for us it was still the age of innocents abroad.

When we reached Colorado Springs we knew we had to go to the top of Pikes Peak (14,110 feet) but decided against using our own car because we had already learned that it overheated when climbing. Such were cars in 1929. Instead we signed on with a tourist car. What fun it was at the top to throw snowballs at each other in July and to enjoy the breathtaking view.

When we reached New Mexico and Arizona, the heat really hit us. In Albuquerque we found ourselves back on Route 40 and on the way to the Petrified Forest in Arizona, a natural forest containing the greatest concentration of petrified wood in the world. Logs of all sizes lie on the ground. Buried in mud, sand, or

volcanic ash ages ago, they have turned into stone, and rains have washed away the ground on which they were buried. I was not especially excited about this area, but it was certainly unique and interesting.

What lay ahead was one of the high points of our trip: the Grand Canyon. I can understand my father's comment when he once told me that as he stood at the rim of the canyon, the sheer beauty of it all brought tears to his eyes.

How ignorant the three of us were about what we faced though. Having camped as usual, we set out the next morning bright-eyed, sandwiches in hand, disdaining the opportunity (and cost) to ride a burro down the Bright Angel Trail. How wonderful it would be to lie in the shade beside the Colorado River and to relax after our hike and have a bite to eat, we thought. Believe it or not, no one had told us what we should have surmised on our own: that the canyon was there because a mighty, rushing river had carved it out over a period of millions of years, leaving nothing but barren rock along the sides. So strong was the current that we didn't even feel comfortable along the shore and backed away.

Another thing we hadn't reckoned on was the altitude. Whereas the bottom of the canyon is 1,850 feet above sea level, the rim is about 9,000 feet. Between the two are the trails, zigzagging constantly.

The descent was a snap, the return another matter. We were very tired even before we reached what was known as Halfway House, and we struggled to put one foot in front of the other. Each of us was tempted to phone the rim and have a burro sent down — at some expense, of course. Ross and Mitch did just that, but I was stubborn and determined to go the rest of the way on my own. Never will I forget that last mile or so. Every few feet I stopped and rested before moving on. Finally, when I reached the rim, a group of tourists applauded, apparently because so few people made that climb. Applause or no applause, I was more overcome with fatigue than at any other time in my life. All I wanted to do was lie down. It was particularly remarkable when I consider that I was in excellent shape, having just finished a track season running the 440 and 880.

Crossing the Mohave Desert into California was also quite an experience. Before doing so we spent the early evening in an air-conditioned theater in a small town. The desert road was little more than dirt covered with a bit of oil — bumpy and dusty. At 100 a.m. we stopped at a gas station, and the thermometer stood at 110° F. When we reached Needles, California, the next morning, we pulled into a motel for the first time. (Sixty years ago, motels were few and far between.) Bed, showers, and more air-conditioning. How we enjoyed it!

After a good rest in Needles we went on to the home of a distant cousin of mine, Nancy Parker, and her mother in La Jolla, where we enjoyed three very pleasant days. In this small community just north of San Diego we were given guest privileges at the yacht club and spent a memorable afternoon aquaplaning. I do not hear the term today, but I believe it was the forerunner of waterskiing. A long, narrow board, unattached to the motor boat, was controlled (at times!) by the rider, who held a rope extending from the boat. We thoroughly enjoyed it.

Knowing that we were just north of the Mexican border, we drove one day to Tijuana to see the sights in what we were told was a wide-open gambling city. We were not disappointed. Slot machines were everywhere — the longest row of them in the world, or so we were told — and of course we played some. (I've never been able to resist them completely, but with limited means we never been in danger of going for broke.) We didn't visit the racetrack or turn our attention to other enticements.

From La Jolla we headed north to Hollywood and another hotel and the next morning set out for Los Angeles to take a small trip to Catalina Island, twenty-four miles southwest of the city, where tourists enjoy glass-bottom boats from which you can see many kinds of fish. Once the home of pirates, the island was developed as a resort in the 1920s. Our plans came to naught, however, for after two hours of driving (Los Angeles even then was a huge, congested area) we arrived at the parking lot just as the boat pulled away.

So it was north again and on to Sequoia National Park, site of an amazing stand of giant sequoia trees, several hundred of which are more than ten feet in diameter. The largest is known as the General Sherman Tree. It is 272 feet high and has a circumference

of 101 feet. According to *The World Book*, the base of its trunk is 36.5 feet wide, wider than many streets. It is probably about 3,500 years old. For me, it was utterly amazing to walk among these trees at midday and scarcely be able to see the sunlight as it filtered through leaves and branches. Nor could I be other than amazed to realize that most of these trees were there before Christ was born.

I can never forget Yosemite National Park, located in the heart of the Sierra Nevada Mountains about 200 miles east of San Francisco. It has been well called "a region of sparkling lakes, rushing streams, and jagged mountain peaks." As we pitched our little tent beside the car and prepared for a night in the midst of this spectacular scenery, I became increasingly conscious of the new world that was becoming so much a part of me. My eyes were beginning to open, not simply to new physical wonders but to an awareness that life in Virginia, as much as it had meant to me, needn't last forever. That summer I knew I could never be like my friends who said, "I can't imagine living anywhere but in Virginia." Yosemite became a part of that transition — Yosemite with its bears and deer, its sharply rising rock masses such as Half Dome and mighty El Capitan, and its famous Fire Fall where every evening during the summer a great fire was built at Glacier Point and glowing coals were pushed over the cliff to the bare rocks below, an unforgettable sight which I believe visitors still see today.

As we traveled up the coast of California nearly sixty years ago, perhaps I can be forgiven for not remembering many details. And yet if I'd kept a diary, I would be as likely to bore you as do friends who invite you over to see their pictures of last summer's trip. In any event, we continued up the California coast, where beauty lay at every hand, until we reached Portland, Oregon. As we drove east out of that city, I was very impressed by the Columbia River which we followed for several miles, often catching glimpses of it through large apertures that had been carved in the rock that rose up from the water's edge. I will never forget that strip of highway.

Portland also meant that we were heading east — and home! As with all journeys, departing had been an experience of high anticipation, but it was equally exciting to move into the home

h. In a sense, this part of our trip was less stimulating. There were exceptions, however, a notable one being Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming where we camped for two days in this amazing wonderland. Referring again to *The World Book*, the park lies on a plateau of about 8,000 feet and occupies an area one-third as large as Connecticut. Much of it is covered with Engelmann spruce, fir, and Douglas fir. It is the oldest large wildlife preserve in the United States and home to many animals, including deer, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, buffalo, and grizzly bear. Hunting is forbidden, and for that reason these animals have lost their fear of people after many years of protection.

Among the wonders of Yellowstone are some 200 geysers ranging from tiny fountains to larger ones such as well-known Old Faithful which spouts on average every sixty-five minutes around the clock. Its silvery cascades reach up to 175 feet, last about ten minutes, and send forth 10,000 gallons of water at a temperature of 200° F. I can never forget Old Faithful!

In the southeast corner of Wyoming is the city of Cheyenne where we visited friends of Ross's family. I think their name was Warner. In any case, they really went out of their way to introduce us to other young people, one of whom was Warren Pershing, son of the famous World War I general. (He later moved to San Francisco, but we never ran into each other.) And there was Nancy Brimmer, who Mitch decided was one of God's great leaders. It was interesting to Ross and me that Mitch, by no stretch of the imagination a lady's man, was so head over heels for her. On our way out of Cheyenne he told us he just had to get a present for Nancy. He decided candy was the answer, so we stopped at a store while Mitch went in. When he came out he was all smiles and told us he had sent her three pounds, but since the store only carried one-pound boxes, he sent her three. I'm sure you have guessed the end of the story: when we got home, each of us received a thank-you note from Nancy. It just about undid poor Mitch.

The rest of the trip home was uneventful as I recall. We arrived in Richmond two months after our departure, covering more than 10,000 miles the last day as the horse headed for the barn.

Looking back on this summer and others, I realize I never had a job during my high-school or college days. What a contrast that is to my son and grandsons. He worked, among other places, for the railroad in Youngstown. (I went one day to watch him switch tracks before a train came roaring by and told him I certainly was impressed by his performance. "Well, Dad," he said, "you wouldn't be if you saw some of the other men.") He also worked for a landscaping outfit, a job that was highlighted by his power mower getting away from him one day and ending up in a pond. Hu and Will for many years had paper routes that got them out of bed at early hours in every kind of weather. How much I admire those boys for sticking to their jobs with a minimum of complaining. If there's anyone I admire more it's their dad, who took over for them many a day when something else intervened. I'm sure he would be a better man today if I had known the discipline he experienced in a year-round or summer job.

The University of Virginia

It never occurred to me that I would enroll at any college other than the University of Virginia. Father had indicated from time to time that he hoped one of his sons would attend the Virginia Military Institute, from which he had graduated in 1892, but he never gave us any hard sell. Many of my friends went to the University of North Carolina, and occasionally one headed for Yale, Princeton, West Point, or Annapolis. For me, Virginia was a natural transition.

When I landed at the university I found a room in the home of Miss Betty Cocke and set my mind on joining a fraternity. This meant that my first two weeks at school were occupied almost completely with the rushing season. (Fortunately that system has been changed so that first-year students — never called freshmen — now become academically oriented more quickly.) I think I had four invitations, two of which interested me: DKE and St. Anthony Hall (Delta Psi). DKE, known as the fraternity of athletes, appealed to my ego and I seriously considered them. St. Anthony, on the other hand, included a number of Richmond boys and was rated highly. What probably made the difference was that the girl I was going with, Lelia Graham Hobson, urged me to go St. Anthony, a decision I never regretted. It was a great group, representative of leadership in many areas of university life and the source of many life-long friendships. With less than fifteen active chapters it is not a large national fraternity, but at nearly every school it is top rated.

A typical day at the university included most classes in the morning, sports in the afternoon (either as a participant or spectator), meals at a boarding house or the University Commons, and evenings reserved for study.

The state of Virginia had the largest number of students, followed by New York. There were no women except graduate students, who were considered "blue stockings" and were seldom dated. The "nice girls" were the ones you invited to the dances, whereas the townies were available for a fling. As far as living together, both the expression and the custom were unknown. It was pretty much a man's world which, quite frankly, would have risen in revolt at any thought of coeducation. That lay for the future. I formed many good friendships during those years in a school that was far smaller than it is today.

After my first year I lived in our fraternity house, which was known as "the Hall," rooming with Norwood Obear from Winnesboro, South Carolina. All of us have our idiosyncracies. His was an ability to name the number and schedule of every train that roared by our house day and night. I can hear him now, "There's old number 52; she's four minutes late tonight."

My last two years I lived on West Range and West Lawn in rooms that were almost identical in size as well as in their lack of toilet facilities.

Track, as it had been at EHS, was an important part of my life. I ran indoors in Memorial Gymnasium in the winter and outdoors in the spring. I was on the cross-country team one fall, for conditioning, but found it a pretty dreary exercise and gave it up.

We trained every weekday afternoon during the track season except Saturdays when we had meets. This regimen was supplemented by strict adherence to the following rules: no smoking, no drinking, no sex. On an occasional weekend, smokers were allowed two cigarettes, defined as a total of forty drags (on one or more cigarettes) or down to a pencil mark (on one or more) until the zero mark was reached. No one checked up on us; it was all part of an honor system that extended to many areas of our college life.

We had a top-notch coach in the person of Archie Hahn, who came to the university from Princeton my first year. He was a

at sprinter in his day and is the only man who ever won three sprint races in one Olympics — the 50, 100, and 200 meter in the 1932 games. (The 50 meter race has since been dropped.) I can see Archie now, more than forty years old in 1930, getting set at the starting blocks and beating our best sprinters for the first thirty yards. He was a very small man and always had a lighted cigarette dangling from his mouth.

Two experiences in track still stand out. The first was my second year when Virginia sent seven men to the Southern Conference meet in Birmingham. In those years that conference included all the major colleges and universities in the south. The newspapers predicted we would get a total of two points. What a surprise we gave them. Frank Wisner picked up fourteen points in the 100, 220, and broad jump; Billy Lauck won the mile; I came third in the 880; and Lem Mayo placed in the pole vault. I don't recall the final score, but we came in second, only two points behind Louisiana State University.

My third year, which was my most productive, I won the South-Central Conference half mile indoors at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill and outdoors at Georgia Tech in Atlanta. In the latter on the worst track imaginable, on a weekend of rain, heavy rain. It was so bad the Friday heats were cancelled, putting the runners in one race Saturday afternoon. The track was little better than the previous day, being not only wet but muddy. I don't recall my exact time, but it was about 1:56, prompting Archie to say it would have been about 1:51 or 1:52 on a good dry track. In any event, it was the best race of my career.

While I'm on the subject of track, I should say a word about my friend Billy Lauck. He was captain of the track team at Woodbury the year I was captain at EHS, and at Virginia — where we belonged to the same fraternity — he was captain of every team on which we ran. He was a great miler. In fact, he ran the fourth fastest mile in the country his senior year (1933) in a dual meet against Navy with a time of 4:15:7. By today's standards that's not so fast (high schoolers have done as well), but when you consider the world record then was 4:09:6, held by a Frenchman, that's an exceptionally fast time. Compare that with the world record today of Steve Cram of Britain — 3:46:32.

Billy Lauck and I remained friends throughout college, but I

never saw him again in later years. He married Charlotte Lee, whom I had courted at Sweet Briar College and whose family I visited in China (more of that later), and I was his best man. He graduated in architecture but never seemed to cut the mustard and developed mental problems.

When George entered the university two years after I did, he asked me what I thought he should try out for in sports. He had made his letter in track at EHS as a miler, but I didn't think he could compete at the college level and suggested he go out for boxing. It was the most popular sport at Virginia and never failed to fill Memorial Gymnasium with 5,000 people for a dual meet. Our top boxers, in fact, were better known than our football players. Virginia has since dropped the sport, but when Johnny La Rue was coach, it reigned supreme. George took my advice and made the freshman team. Well do I remember one of his first fights. Father and I were sitting on the team bench when George was knocked out and landed almost in our laps. When his opponent took off his gloves, it was discovered that he had wrapped his hands with adhesive tape, making his fists as solid as metal.

George went on to become a very good boxer and won the Southern Conference championship in the 125-pound class. Many who knew boxing thought if he had entered the National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) contest that he could have won. George has always been fast and quick, and he is to this day. His tennis friends can vouch for that.

I cannot talk about athletics in my family without a word about Miles, who was one of the best varsity high-school centers in the state. He was also a top high-school hurdler, and many believe he should have been awarded the Thomas Carter Dulany Cup, which I won in 1929, at EHS.

I would be less than honest if I did not come right out and make it clear that I liked a good time at college better than academics. I majored in English literature with a goal not to achieve but to pass. As one of my friends said in later years, it was "planned mediocrity." I was one of those who took the "crip" courses, the two best

own being public speaking with Dr. Paul and music appreciation with Dr. Hammerstrand. When Dr. Paul gave us the opportunity to "quell a mob" it was a hilarious if empty venture, but it was worth an A. Exams in music appreciation brought A's to those who came forth with the most flowery language. I will say, however, that these two classes were not the norm at Virginia. Two years of Latin or Greek were required for a Bachelor of Arts degree, and I opted for Latin. As far as math was concerned, when I completed the one-year course in simple trigonometry and solid geometry, I was ready to soar like a bird. No more math exams! That was a happy day.

Like many students, especially those who had attended prep school, I found college life my first real opportunity to cut loose. There had no restraints, and many of us made the most of scattering wild oats here and there. Because my friends knew I was considering seminary, they singled me out as the "Mad Monk," a moniker that unfortunately has followed me through the years.

One memorable weekend took me as a cheerleader to New York City when our football team played Columbia. (It was one of those close games that we lost in the last few seconds with an accepted pass.) That evening hundreds of students went to the Roosevelt Grill where Guy Lombardo, a favorite band of our era, was playing. Well do I remember dancing with an attractive girl, "Ike" Ferguson from Newport News, directly in front of the grandstand during a thirty-minute coast-to-coast radio hookup. I was yelling into the microphone, "This is H Cary and Ike Ferguson saying hello to everyone in Richmond." When I returned home my mother said, "I hear you had a *very* good time in New York City." Our social life on campus was not wanting either and centered in the fraternity houses where the usual amount of college drinking took place. In general, though, Virginia students prided themselves on learning how to drink as gentlemen and deplored the university's general reputation in that regard.

Prohibition, of course, was in full force, which meant there were no liquor stores. But there was Shifletts Hollow and Mr. Shiflett, who had a ready supply of white corn-whiskey for two dollars a gallon — fresh from the still with fuel oil all too apparent on the

Mason jars in which it was delivered, prompting many people to purchase a charcoal keg to pour the raw product into for aging and coloring.

I can't think of Mr. Shiflett without recalling Scoville Tilton, who later married my sister Anne, telling of the day he went to Shifletts Hollow to buy whiskey. He was a bit ill at ease because his family lived in Charlottesville (his father was the university alumni secretary and a very good one) and he felt he must be very careful. When Mr. Shiflett saw him he said, "What's your name, son?" "Scoville Tilton," Scovie replied. "You McLane Tilton's boy?" "That's right," said Scovie. "Lord, boy," came the comment, "your grandmother comes out here all the time to buy whiskey."

No one attended the university without a thorough understanding of the honor code, whose bottom line was a student's word. As a result, we were free to take exams in our rooms, and we often left books and jackets lying about the grounds with no fear they would be missing when we returned a bit later. I did think one unusual custom (since abandoned) put a heavy strain on the honor system, but it worked: no student who had taken an alcoholic drink since the noon hour could attend an official university dance in Memorial Gymnasium. Of course this rule also gave rise to some humorous situations such as when a student, deciding he wished to back out of a date, had to do no more than touch a finger in the bottle, wet his lips, and proclaim he was honor bound to miss the dance.

I maintained my interest in the church during college and attended St. Paul's (on the same block with my boarding house and fraternity) where Bill Laird, the rector, was also chaplain to the Episcopal students. He soon gathered a small group of us and suggested we serve as lay readers in small mountain missions within a radius of some twenty miles of Charlottesville. Not all of us who accepted were considering seminary, nor were we disposed to be unusually pious or what today we might call charismatic or born-again Christians. In fact, these terms weren't in vogue then. But we did enjoy ourselves and had to laugh at some of our bumbling efforts. One evening in Lent, the Great Litany

as read and the phrase "illuminate all bishops, priests, and
acons" became "eliminate." A prayer one Sunday morning
ferred to our Lord not as "our only mediator and advocate" but
neciator and aviator." Perhaps we were no worse, however,
an one of our bishops who, in reading the invitation to the
ucharist, intended to say, "Ye who do truly and earnestly repent
u of your sins...and intend to lead a new life," came forth with
ewd life." It was during these mission services that I preached
y first sermon, but for the life of me I have no idea what I said.
oubt the little congregation did either.

My only adventure into politics came at Virginia in 1933 when
st of nominees was published for the GAA, the General Athletic
sociation. This was a body that awarded all sports letters and
oyed some supervision, in conjunction with the athletic direc-
of the athletic program. It was a status group elected by the
dent body. The original names put forth that year were well
own, but there was talk, beginning among the Jewish students,
ause Bobby Goldstein, probably the greatest boxer in the
ool's history, was not among them. Knowing that I enjoyed a
d relationship with Jewish students (Goldstein was among
closest friends) and that I was regularly invited to Jewish
ernity dances, some students asked if I would allow my name
e added to the list along with Goldstein — an obvious attempt
ick up Jewish and non-Jewish votes. Jewish enthusiasm was
u. I remember sitting in a movie theater the evening before the
tion and hearing a group of Jewish students I didn't know
ng, "Don't forget to vote for Cary and Goldstein tomorrow."
l, when the results were published, Bobby Goldstein came in
and I won the fifth and last spot. It was a real taste of politics,
I think it got into my blood, for politics has always interested

ne of my most interesting college experiences took place one
lay morning as Larry Peyton of Staunton, a first-year law
ent and my next-door neighbor on the Lawn, and I were
ing back to our rooms from breakfast. As we passed two
couples, one of the women turned to us and said, "Are you
ents here?" When we replied that we were, she introduced

herself as Mrs. Darrow. "And this is my husband, Clarence, and his partner, Mr. Thompson, and Mrs. Thompson." Wow! For a law student to be face-to-face with the nation's best known criminal lawyer was an opportunity to be seized upon. We invited them into my tiny room (number 35) on the Lawn and for twenty minutes had an intriguing conversation. Larry was quick to ask, "Mr. Darrow, how can you defend a person you know is guilty?" "Well, young man," he responded, "suppose you drove up to your home this evening and saw police cars very much in evidence. Your first question would be, 'What has happened?' And suppose the reply you got is that your father killed someone. Your answer would be, 'I don't believe it,' or 'If he did, there must have been a very good reason.' I go on one of those two theories: either the person didn't do it or there was a very good reason."

Then Mr. Darrow turned to me and said, "And what do you plan to do with your life?" I indicated that I was thinking of going to seminary. "What?" he replied. "Are you going to throw away your life on something like that?" Whereupon Mrs. Darrow said, "Tut, tut, pay no attention to my husband. He always talks that way." It was the first I knew that Clarence Darrow was an atheist.

Another unforgettable event during my college years was the day of the student riot. I was leaving the gym after track practice one afternoon when I heard talk of a meeting at The Corner, a popular gathering spot, to protest the fact that the downtown movie theater had raised its price to seventy-five cents. That was a huge sum, and it was greatly resented. Word must have gotten around pretty fast, because when I arrived there were already hundreds of students in the street, and some were handing out torches dipped in gasoline. Within thirty minutes the crowd increased rapidly — the next day's copy of the *Richmond Times Dispatch* carried the front-page headline "1,000 STUDENTS RIOT AT UNIVERSITY" — and we soon started marching, singing the familiar university song that begins "From Dawson's Row to Vinegar Hill we're on a tear tonight/The faculty's afraid of us because we're in the right."

We were quite a sight, a surging, singing mass of humanity moving down Chancellor Street and rounding the bend as we approached the downtown area from Vinegar Hill. When police ap-

armed with drawn guns I found myself jammed against a storefront window and feared that at any minute someone would be shot. All the while, would-be-leaders mounted a wooden box in front of the theater only to be pushed or pulled away. Finally, the front door of the theater opened and the president of the university appeared. Dr. Alderman was a tall, distinguished man, robust and vigorous in appearance. Known as a great orator, he had once addressed a joint session of the Congress. Silence suddenly fell upon the crowd, and Dr. Alderman, without histrionics but in a forceful manner, spoke. "Gentlemen," he said. "Gentlemen of the university, there has been enough of this; go home to the university which is your home." With those words he entered the building from which he had emerged, and what moments before had been a group of rioters became a calm, light-hearted group of young men who turned and moved slowly and readily along the streets where they had so recently vented their anger. As long as I live I will never forget the power of persuasion that man's brief admonition.

During my final year at school I thought constantly about what I wanted to do following graduation. I knew what I didn't want to do. I could not imagine being a dentist with my hand in someone's mouth for the rest of my life, and anything that lacked of mathematics, such as accounting, was out because that was an area that was always my Achilles' heel. Law seemed a definite possibility. I knew I could speak on my feet, my father was a lawyer, and I had friends in law school. But when the chips were down, when my better self came to the fore, when I thought of my parents' prayers following my birth, when my baptism at the age of ten days came to mind, I added them all up and began to feel I had been saved for a purpose. So it was that I applied to and was accepted at the Virginia Theological Seminary in Alexandria, Virginia, as a junior student in the fall of 1934 (seminarians were classified as juniors, middlers, and seniors) following my graduation with a Bachelor of Arts degree.

5

Seminary Life Begins

In 1934 the Virginia Theological Seminary in Alexandria, Virginia, was a close-knit community where students and faculty members knew one another not only in the classroom but in the homes of seven professors who guided and, in many respects, molded the lives of about seventy students, all of whom were single men with one exception: an older student who brought a wife with him. The rule was strictly observed that a student could be married before or after enrollment but not while in school. Since most of us came directly from college, young marrieds were rare.

Then, as today, we came from all parts of the country and from overseas, notably Japan and China — countries where many Virginia Seminary graduates have served. One of my good friends, John Masami Sobagaki, came from Japan and brought with him a great sense of humor. During Christmas vacation one year he spent a few days with our family in Richmond. When he returned to school he was asked, "How did you like Richmond?" "Very much," he replied. "It reminded me so much of the Orient; they worship their ancestors, too."

My favorite professor was Dr. "Tommy" Nelson who taught us Old Testament. Early in my first year, he said to our class, "Gentlemen, when you get out into your parishes you will come across members who are fundamentalists. Remember two things about

them. First, some will be finer people than you. And second, never try to reason out of a person's head what never was reasoned into it."

All students were assigned to a mission, most of which were small churches in Arlington County. During World War II that county grew faster than any in the country and became the bedroom of Washington," with the result that most of those churches are now substantial parishes. I was one of three students Mr. Nelson assigned to EHS, a natural for a former student. Our job was to lead an informal (and optional) service for EHS boys during a thirty-minute break on Friday evenings between supper and study hall. We lead a few hymns, read brief prayers, and took turns giving a talk. When we returned to school we met with Dr. Nelson, whose first question was always, "In three words or less, what did you talk about?" Trying to answer that question week after week left its mark on me.

The student body lived in four buildings: Sparrow, Bohlen, St. George's, and Aspinwall. I drew the latter, an odd building with high-ceilinged rooms and a tall tower that still dominates the surrounding landscape and that every generation of students has referred to as the "Chinese Revenge." Its name reflects its unorthodox design as well as memories of those students who went out to that country.

Our hours were not confined to classroom and chapel. Far from it. Touch football in the fall, walks along country roads in all seasons, and afternoons watching practice on the EHS fields and the gym were important parts of my life. We even had water fights at night, with terror erupting as we engaged one another with bucket upon bucket! I sometimes wondered if Phillips Brooks (St. George's Hall 1856-57, author of "O little town of Bethlehem," and Bishop of Massachusetts) would have joined in such revelry.

Our classes included, among others, the study of the New and Old Testaments, systematic theology, Christian ethics, homiletics (teaching), pastoral theology, church history, Christian education, liturgics (public worship), and the Book of Common Prayer. As encouraged by my grades, which normally were A's and B's.

Little did I realize when I entered school in September 1934 that my journey would be interrupted before it was well underway. A few days before Thanksgiving I opened my eyes one morning and discovered that my vision in my left eye was clouded. I immediately went to see Dr. Julian Burke, a well-known ophthalmologist in Alexandria. He examined me in a dark room and diagnosed my problem as chorioretinitis, an inflammation of the choroid, an inner-eye tissue that surrounds the retina. He described the condition as small precipitated spots, no larger than a pin point. My eye not only lacked vision but was very sensitive to light. I soon discovered that reading for any length of time was impossible because my eyes tired so quickly. This meant that I sat in classes and simply audited them — not a pleasant experience when I wanted to complete a course.

The doctors knew what my illness was but not the cause. There was infection. That they knew. But what was its source? In an effort to find out (and no one ever did come up with a definitive word) I went first to the University of Virginia hospital and later to Johns Hopkins, the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, and finally the Cleveland Clinic.

Meanwhile my problem continued, sometimes better, sometimes worse. When it was better, I returned to school; when it wasn't, I dropped out. The faculty certainly made a virtue of patience with me.

If you ask why I didn't chuck it all, the only reason I can give is that I'd had enough of seminary to know that this was the life that had meaning for me. Nothing else seemed to challenge. As the present generation would put it, I wanted to "go for it." Had my illness come earlier, it might have been a different story.

In the meantime, let me interrupt the story of my seminary years to look to the summer of 1935 and tell you about a trip I took to China for two months.

China in the Summer of 1935

You may recall that I mentioned earlier my friendship with Billy Lauck, a good friend at EHS and the University of Virginia. He was Billy's best man when he married Charlotte Lee, whom I had met at Sweet Briar College. Charlotte often visited friends in Richmond and was a "cousin." As we Virginians are aware, one remotely related often qualifies as a cousin. For instance, Charlotte always called my mother "Cousin Mary," and she had a sister who was Mary Cary Lee. When Charlotte's younger sister came to Sweet Briar, I found myself dating her also. Charlotte and Betty were daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Claude Lee, medical missionaries in Wusih, China.

When the Lees suggested I come to China for a summer visit in 1935, I jumped at the chance. Frankly, my primary motive was not to live with a missionary family in another land, though that was partly part of it, but to see Betty Lee. I was quick to remember that my maternal grandmother had stipulated in her will that as long as her husband lived, each of their grandchildren would receive \$100 a year. Checking the account, I found I had \$700. (It's amazing how far money stretched in those days, as you observed when I went to California in 1929.) My parents added a bit more, but not much.

I obtained my passport and went cross-country by train to Tacoma, Washington, where I had a friend, Jack Fishburne, who had

recently graduated from the University of Virginia Law School and had set up practice. Jack and I had a good time together for three days. He managed a few dates for me, and we saw a bit of the city.

Tacoma was also close to Seattle, where I had booked passage on the *President Jackson* bound for Shanghai. We stopped briefly in Victoria to take on a few more passengers and then headed by the great northern route for Japan.

How much fun I had on that ship! Scores of schoolteachers from the West Coast were on vacation, and women far outnumbered men. The table you are assigned to on shipboard makes all the difference, and fortunately mine was a very congenial group. There was an older man who kept us all roaring and an attractive girl who sat next to me. These and the rest of our companions provided laughter enough to last for weeks.

Our first contact with land after leaving Victoria was Tokyo, which gave me a chance to leave the ship, walk along the downtown streets, and mingle with the crowd. My one distinct observation during a period of about two hours was that though shoulder-to-shoulder among crowded pedestrians, I never once experienced shouting, shoving, or angry eyes. These are a peaceful, quiet people, I thought to myself. I was also struck by the illuminated cross, visible for many miles, that stood above St. Luke's Hospital — a visible reminder of the presence of our church in the midst of a country where less than two percent of the people are Christians.

Leaving Tokyo we stopped briefly in Kobe and arrived the following day in Shanghai where, as we moved slowly through the harbor, I saw sampans for the first time. Most of them were propelled by a single scull over the stern and were covered by a roof of mats. I was told that entire families lived on those boats for a lifetime, collecting much of their food from what had been cast off from ship galleys.

Dr. Lee met me at the dock and we went immediately to the train station, headed for Wusih (spelled Wuxian on today's maps), 100 miles west of Shanghai.

Looking out the window I noticed flat fields that were broken frequently by mounds of dirt. They seemed strange, and I asked Dr. Lee what they were. "Those," he replied, "are the graves of

Chinese people." He went on to explain that when death comes, the family often seeks out a diviner who studies the constellations and the position of the moon. It is then established that the departed soul will enjoy a maximum of comfort and peace if buried in a particular spot. This gave me my first glimpse of the unique opportunity of the Christian teacher and preacher in China.

The story of Dr. Lee is a great one. Graduating from the University of Virginia Medical School about 1908, he went directly to China with his bride, believing he would be located in Shanghai. On arriving, however, he learned that his bishop wished to build a church in Wusih and had determined that before anyone could preach the gospel and minister there, the church must first heal the sick and put clothes on the backs of suffering people. Show; then go.

So it was that bride and groom arrived in a town of some 10,000 people (occupying an area that would house 30,000 in this country) at a time when the words of the old dowager empress were still on the lips of the Chinese people: "Drive the foreign devils back into the sea." The impact of that hostility was immediate. People spat upon the Lees, threw rocks at them, and called them names. Mrs. Lee urged her husband to reconsider and return to Shanghai and a safer environment. Dr. Lee's answer was, "Let's stay two more weeks and see what happens." During that period he was summoned to the house of a man whom he diagnosed as needing an appendectomy. He had little in the way of surgical equipment but went ahead with the operation on an outdoor table, the home being too small and dark. Of course he knew that failure would mean the end of his mission in the community; fortunately the patient survived.

It was the beginning of an extraordinary ministry that led to the founding of St. Andrew's Hospital with 100 beds and 40 nursing students (many of whom were baptized and confirmed before his graduation), bronze tablets on the hospital walls to "the surgeon with the skillful hands," the only license to drive an automobile in the city, and next to the hospital a compound, complete with tennis court, where the family lived. As the Lees

explained, the compound was an important part of their lives, for it gave them an opportunity to separate themselves from life in the hospital and to relax as a family. In this country we can hurry to the suburbs, but not so in Wusih. Moreover, the Chinese are a curious people, and without a wall between the Lees and them, they would have been underfoot constantly.

The Lees raised five children — a son and four daughters — whom Mrs. Lee taught at home until they were ready for SAS, Shanghai American School. Marshall went on to the University of Virginia and the girls to Sweet Briar College.

As I look back on my trip, how much I regret not having kept a diary to help me recall so many details that now escape me. There are, however, days that will always be a part of me.

My first Sunday was spent with the Rev. Cameron MacRae, an Episcopal priest who took me with him to a mission outstation. When I asked how we would travel, he said, "You will see." What I soon saw was a small junk, a vessel whose bow and stern were elevated and which was poled along a canal for several miles, or so it seemed, until we reached a simple frame building where Mr. MacRae prepared for the morning service. Facing a modest altar was a congregation of some fifty people who sat on plain wooden benches like football teams use — men on the right side of the aisle, women on the left. Most had walked some distance, in some cases several miles, for this monthly gathering of the faithful.

The language for the service of Holy Communion and the sermon was, of course, Chinese. More accurately it was the dialect of that particular area, which I was told can differ markedly from that of even nearby communities. It is a safe assumption that I understood nothing, with one exception; when I received the bread and the wine I heard the familiar words "Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee" and "Drink this in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for thee." What a distinct echo this was of one of the 39 Articles of Religion in the Book of Common Prayer (No. 24) which reads in part, "It is a thing plainly repugnant to the Word of God, and the custom of the Primitive Church, to minister the Sacraments in a tongue not understood of the people."

Later, when I asked Mr. MacRae what he had preached about,

he said he had spoken of the Christian belief in eternal life — that the body, as we know it, is destroyed but that there is another body, the spiritual body, that will live, resurrected in the nearer presence of God. In this belief, he continued, it is not necessary to pile food upon the graves of loved ones so they may find greater strength and comfort in some nebulous life. The train ride from Shanghai with Dr. Lee came into focus again. I thought of those mounds of earth in the fields as we moved across the countryside. Yet in these latter years I have often asked myself if we Americans really differ much from those Chinese peasants. How we lavish attention upon the graves of our loved ones with flowers and expensive coffins that we cover with reinforced concrete vaults. Can it be said of us that

We have seen a great mystery:
We shall all be changed.
We shall be raised with Christ
as we were buried with Christ
Death is swallowed up in victory.

Revelation 21

When I had been in Wusih about two weeks, I left with the Lees for their summer vacation in a small resort area, Mokanshan, above the timberline. I cannot find it on the map, but I do recall that "shan" is the Chinese word for mountain. It was a favorite community among English-speaking missionaries. I remember in particular the family of Dr. Gus Tucker, a physician in St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Shanghai, and one of the eleven Tucker children and brother of my Bishop Tucker, of whom you will hear here. It was a warm, congenial group that enjoyed hiking, dining, and the company of friends in an area where cooler weather brought a welcome change from the heat of Shanghai and other cities.

Toward the end of our stay in the mountains I made plans to go to Peking (now Beijing) and, on the way, a friend from EHS who I graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy and was stationed at Tsingtao (now Qindao). This began a new chapter in my trip

and one that was a high point.

First I had to get down the mountain and catch a train for Shanghai. I left Mokanshan in the early morning and met two coolies who literally carried me down the mountain to the train in a portable chair. The Lees had given me a list of all the don'ts, the number one being don't drink anything on the train. I found out why later.

It was a hot summer day when I boarded the fourth-class car (the cheapest fare, to be sure), and it was crowded with men, women, and children boarding at frequent village stops along the way. I was the lone foreigner, unable to speak with anyone, stared at by some, unnoticed by others, sleeves rolled up, without a jacket, hot and sticky, growing more thirsty as we gradually made our way to Shanghai.

After a bit I looked down the aisle and saw a man carrying a large cauldronlike receptacle. As he came closer, I realized he was selling a mixture of hot water and large tea leaves. Of course, obeying instructions, I would have none of it — and soon discovered why I shouldn't. As the vendor returned to each passenger who had made a purchase, he took their tin cup and emptied it into his large vessel. I pulled a bottle of Welch's grape juice from my pocket instead. Superior as I felt at the time, my pride was short lived when I realized I had no bottle opener. Fortunately I found some change in another pocket and used the old coin trick to open the bottle.

I reached Shanghai late that afternoon and went immediately to a ship, where I slept on deck during the night trip to Tsingtao and a meeting with my friend Sam Moncure, at that time an ensign in the U.S. Navy. Sam took me to the home of his sister, the wife of the local Episcopal priest, where I stayed for three days. Interestingly, I discovered in my room an open letter of Mrs. Roberts's, which was to be mailed to a relative in Virginia, bemoaning the fact that her brother had unloaded me on her!

Well, Sam and I certainly had a great time in Tsingtao, which I recall as one party after another. I slept late every morning but really kicked up my heels in the evening. There was one nightclub in particular where Navy officers, their wives or girlfriends, and others gathered until the wee small hours. How Sam could get up in the morning, join his ship, and shoot his guns I will never know.

aw little of the Roberts, who were perhaps relieved not to have me their hair. (I saw them once years later when he became the rector Fox Chapel, Pennsylvania.)

From Tsingtao I took the night train to Peking, which I learned had been fired upon the previous evening, probably in a skirmish with the Japanese, who had seized provinces in northeast China and set up a puppet state in Manchuria (1931-33). I joined a group of Americans, some of them friends of the Lees, who had arranged for me to stay at the Language School, the place where all foreigners in that area went to learn Chinese.

Peking remains a walled city of some three and a half million people and is one of the most beautiful cities in China. Since ancient times it has been the capital of China. In fact, Peking means "northern capital." It is a city of culture and the home of several universities (one of them, Peking University, I think, being the school where my mother's cousin, Julia Miller, a Presbyterian missionary, taught for many years).

I was conscious of architecture throughout China but nowhere more than in Peking. Chinese builders seem to know the beauty of the world about them and have made buildings fit into natural settings very well. So often they seem to have grown where they are. There are many temples, the Confucius Temple and the Lama Temple being the best known. And there is the statue of Buddha, about seventy feet high, which stands near the Lama Temple. These I will always remember, as well as the Imperial Palace in the Forbidden City (only members of the imperial household could enter it) with its magnificent entrance known as the Gate of Heavenly Peace.

Our second day in Peking was one of the most exciting of all, for I drove thirty miles out to the Great Wall of China. If I could name a dozen of the most meaningful experiences in my life, one of them would be looking out upon the Great Wall and a few minutes later walking on it. The longest fortified line ever built, it stretches more than 1,500 miles, winding over mountains and deserts of northern China from the east coast to the center of the country. The Chinese often refer to it as the Wall of Ten Thousand Li (the li being a measurement equal to about a third of a mile).

If you want measurements, I can tell you that the Wall stands

about 25 feet high with towers from 35 to 40 feet high built into it every 200 to 300 yards. It tapers from a width of about 25 feet at the base to about 15 feet at the top. Its sides are made of earth, brick, and stone, and the top is paved with bricks set in lime, forming a roadway for horsemen. It was built entirely by hand over hundreds and hundreds of years, some portions probably being built as early as 200 B.C. And, as with many human creations, within its walls are buried many workers who labored in its building.

If you never have the thrill of seeing the Great Wall, by all means find a book and look at the pictures. At this writing I am looking through one with a picture that shows it stretching out mile after mile over rugged mountain country. It is a scene of which I never tire. Well do I remember the day in 1972 when I saw President Nixon and his entourage on television standing where I had stood, looking out at what I had seen, and I hoped, sensing similarly deep emotions.

If seeing the Wall was a special event, it also marked the end of my summer in China. From Peking I went by train back to Shanghai and embarked again on the *President Jackson*, the same ship that had carried me across the Pacific, through the East China Sea, and along the Whangpoo River on which Shanghai is located.

Meanwhile, I am sure you must be wondering what happened with Betty Lee! Well, there was no roaring romance, nor could there have been, for I was twenty-six and she was sixteen. We played tennis and enjoyed our days together in Peking and Mokanshan. Certainly she was one of the loveliest girls I had ever known. But when I thought of touching her, I drew back as I would from a fragile piece of china or a frail leaf. I did, however, kiss her one evening. But wouldn't you know, the next morning she said, "I told Mother that you kissed me last night." My reaction was one of embarrassment and perhaps a sense of guilt. In any event, no other girl ever bounced one like that back at me; but perhaps no man had ever kissed her before.

We dated occasionally when she was at Sweet Briar and we were good friends, but it ended there. Little did I dream that after marrying and having two children she would commit suicide.

Some years later her brother Marshall also took his life. One of the great mysteries of my life is why. Theirs was the background of a caring, loving family. Nor had there ever been any hint of abnormal behavior or emotions. There are some things we never understand.

I look back on my summer in China, having touched only a small part of the country, to be sure, as an experience that few in my generation enjoyed. It brought me into contact with another world in a way and to a degree that the average tourist misses. I saw, touched, and felt people and places on the other side of this globe we call Earth.

The tragedy, and that is not too strong a word, is that I did not begin to realize the magnitude of my experience, the opportunity to enter more deeply into the lives of those people and to feel the wonder of that great nation. If only I could do it all over again today! But perhaps many of us say the same thing when we look back at meaningful events long past.

I certainly did not anticipate the upheaval that came to China later: civil war between nationalists and communists, with the latter winning control of the mainland (1946-49) and April 23, 1949, when Chiang Kai-Shek's government withdrew to Formosa and the surrounding islands, though he continued to fight the communists with large numbers of guerilla troops in remote areas of China.

In more recent years our two nations have enjoyed a closer relationship. The opening of China to the West has made a real difference both for them and us. Let us hope that our two nations will draw even closer and that each may increasingly share the blessings of peace and goodwill.

In conclusion, let me tell you of a strange experience I had ten years after I'd been in China. Shortly after I arrived in Sandusky in 1945, a man walked into my office, identified himself as an FBI agent, and said, "You were in China in 1935?" When I confirmed that fact, he asked if I had any pictures taken there. "Only a few of the Great Wall," I replied. He had plenty of those and was not interested. When I asked why he wanted pictures, he said that our military forces wished to plot as fully as possible the terrain in

China. For the first time in my life I began to realize that the quiet pursuits of a powerful nation are seldom revealed to its citizens — a necessary fact but one that can bring weal or woe, depending on the character of its leaders.

n and Out of Seminary

The fall of 1935 found me back at the Virginia Seminary hoping my eyes would improve and that I could continue as a full-time student. It was a disappointing effort. I sat in on classes, took a few exams, and continued my work on Friday evenings at EHS. But by the first of the year, it was apparent I had best drop out again.

Returning to Richmond, I looked for a job that would take into account my eye condition and found what appeared to be an answer: a volunteer visitor for a social-work agency. I can't remember the agency's name, but I do recall the faces of clients and the homes in which they lived. The job provided an excellent opportunity for me to see a side of Richmond I hadn't known before and to visit with people whose problems made me very aware of the contrast between their lives and mine. In fact, it was this experience, reinforced by seminary life in general and by one professor, Dr. Albert Mollegen (we all called him "Molle"), that triggered in me a sense of the inequality that exists between people in every area of life and a desire to speak and work on behalf of those who know poverty, illness, homelessness, or discrimination.

The year 1937 and part of 1938 also went by the boards as far as seminary was concerned. As much as I enjoyed my volunteer social-work, I looked for a paying job during those two years. In

1937, when I sold new automobiles for the Jones Motor Car Company on West Broad Street in Richmond, I at least enriched my knowledge of human nature.

Billy Jones was a friend of mine from the university who had just graduated from law school when his father died. Rather than practice law, Billy took over his father's company just when I was looking for a job.

My perks included the use of a car, a monthly allowance for gas, and of course percentages on sales. I can't say I would have survived if I hadn't lived with my parents, but it was certainly a fun job and one that gave me a glimpse of what to expect of other people when the bottom line is money. Working as a salesman was an education I never could have gotten in a classroom. Some things I learned quickly. Rarely did customers ask to look under the hood of a car, for instance; what interested them most was color, upholstery, and design.

Each new-car salesman had a certain day on the floor, meaning he received credit for any walk-on who bought one of the four cars sold: Cadillac, LaSalle (a baby Cadillac), Buick, and Oldsmobile. I never knew what to expect when I saw someone come on the floor. Shortly after I arrived, a man came in asking for an appraisal on his Packard. My hopes were up, but the amount offered him was well below the book price. When I checked this out with the sales manager, I found out why. "He knocks every car he's ever owned," he told me, "and I'd much prefer he buy another Packard."

I learned another lesson when a baggy-looking black woman came on the floor, looked around, pointed to a Buick sedan, and said, "I'll take this one." When I asked her how she planned to pay for it, she opened her pocket book and large bills started tumbling out. I later learned she was reportedly in the abortion racket. Judge not by the outward appearance! So much for my days as a car salesman. I will never regret the experience for one minute.

Early in 1938 I returned to seminary and that summer was very pleased to be selected by the seminary faculty to attend the School of Applied Religion in Cincinnati. Beginning in the early 1930s, three seminarians were chosen annually from each of our eleven Episcopal seminaries. Somehow a couple of Unitarians were

rown in — for a bit of cross-fertilization, I suppose — and we
ed together in two houses on Oak Street, directly across from
e Swedenborgian Church. The school had been the brainchild
a very active Episcopal layman, Dr. Keller, a physician who
believed that effective leadership in the ordained ministry should
clude much more knowledge of “the other side of the railroad
cks.” (Today many people think the clergy know too much
out the other side.) Each student was assigned to a particular
cial agency, attended lectures three evenings a week, and
sited various institutions from time to time.

I was placed with ADC, the Department of Aid for Dependent
ildren, a federal agency still with us (now known as AFDC) that
sists mothers and young children who have no father in the
me. Then, as now, most of the fathers had either abandoned
eir families or were in prison. This system has often been
ticised for encouraging women to have more children in order
increase their subsidy, but there is no substantive evidence to
pport that claim. In fact, recent studies indicate that no more
an one percent of AFDC mothers are encouraged to bear chil-
en because of the program. There is every reason to see this
ency as a humanitarian effort that makes it possible for mothers
able to enter the job market to care for their children.

The facility that provided the most interesting visit of the
summer was the Ohio State Penitentiary in Columbus where we
ere shepherded about by the chaplain on an extensive tour,
ring which I managed to sit for a moment in the electric chair.
an ardent opponent of capital punishment, I would decline
at opportunity today.

The school Dr. Keller set in motion no longer exists, but it
oved to be the forerunner of today’s clinical pastoral-care
ograms which play such an important part in the training of
minarians and graduate students of many denominations.

My summer in Cincinnati was followed by almost a full year in
exandria during which I managed to take a limited number of
sses. As the year drew to an end, Bishop Tucker, my rector in
hmond who had been elected Bishop of Ohio two years earlier,
ntacted me and said he had arranged with the Diocese of
ginia for me to serve St. John’s Church, Tappahannock, which

was without a minister, for the summer. He also suggested that I take one year at Bexley Hall — the seminary of Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio — and then, he hoped, begin my ministry in his diocese.

I was delighted at this turn of events and promptly went to Tappahannock, on the Rappahannock River, where I was welcomed as a border in the home of Mrs. Henry Burgwyn, who gave me a comfortable room and good home-cooked meals.

Tappahannock was a close-knit, warm, friendly community some sixty miles north of Richmond that enjoyed the advantages of boating and fishing. It was a busy summer with pastoral and preaching opportunities that were new to me. Despite my lack of experience, I felt accepted. Years later in Palm Beach I had lunch with the president of the University of Florida and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Marston, and she exclaimed, "Oh, I was twelve years old the summer you were in Tappahannock, and I remember you well." It was in that same town that I read my first funeral service (a tragic suicide, as I recall), preached regularly Sunday after Sunday in a lovely wooden Gothic church, and knew the joy of being part of a caring and accepting congregation. I will never forget that community and the people of all ages who supported me and gave me my first taste of parish life and a sense of what the Christian ministry is all about.

As the summer drew to an end, I prepared to leave for Ohio. Before I left, though, Bishop Tucker advised me that the faculty at Alexandria had serious questions regarding my "vocation for the ministry" and, in a vote, had come to a three-to-three tie. This, he said, freed him to encourage my move to his diocese. Had the outcome been negative, his hands would have been tied. So much for the power of one voice!

As I look back, I can readily understand the attitude and judgment of the faculty. They had been extremely patient and had real questions as to whether I should continue. After all, I had been due to graduate in 1937, and here it was 1939 and no prospect of a degree.

So it was that I set off for Ohio. Quite frankly, by now I was eager to leave Richmond and Virginia. After twenty-nine years of hearing about the families of Virginia, attending debutante par-

es, and living in Ampthill House (which, more than most know, made me very self-conscious), to say nothing of wanting to get away from friends who "knew me when," the time was ripe for me to make a break. I traveled to Bexley Hall in the beautiful rolling country of central Ohio with a renewed sense of confidence and hope, for ordination now appeared to be a real possibility and I was determined to give it my best shot.

I found at Bexley a school of theology that was accredited but clearly an inferior appendage to a superior liberal-arts college, Kenyon College. Bexley's location at one end of the campus was symbolic of the separate existence of the two schools. All students ate in the refectory of the college, all degrees were granted by the president in the name of the faculty and trustees, and the bishops of Ohio and Southern Ohio served alternately as chairman of the trustees. Otherwise students pretty much went their separate ways.

Founded in the early nineteenth century during the episcopate of Philander Chase, the first bishop of Ohio, Kenyon and Bexley were both named for titled Englishmen whose generous gifts made possible these institutions. As a Kenyon song goes,

The kings, the queens, the lords, the earls,
They gave their crowns, they gave their pearls,
Until Philander had enough
And hurried homeward with the stuff.

Bexley made a move that strengthened both the seminary and Kenyon when it relocated in the 1960s to Rochester, New York, and became part of an umbrella of theological schools known as the Rochester Center for Theological Studies in association with the University of Rochester. The benefit to Bexley is that a small, isolated student body with an undistinguished faculty now enjoys the stimulus of a solid Protestant/Catholic environment, and Kenyon College has expanded and become coeducational.

My year at Bexley was supplemented with weekly trips to Mason, Ohio, where I assisted the Rev. John Stalker, a senior priest who for many years had been the rector of St. Timothy's Church. In addition to working with young people, assisting in services,

and occasionally preaching, I noticed many things about the secular world of that city.

The first was the accent on football. I was amazed by the attendances at high-school games — thousands and thousands with their marching bands, crowds that were often larger than those I had seen in Charlottesville. The Massillon-Canton game was the event of the year. Small wonder that today the Football Hall of Fame is located in Canton, where professional football got its start.

Dirt in the air was another surprise. I recall going out for a walk my first Saturday evening, having bathed within the hour, and using my handkerchief only to discover that it blackened quickly. Only then did I begin to realize that in a steel town one contends daily with the mills' offerings.

Academically my year at Bexley went well. But again my eyes flared up, and I was forced to seek medical help. An area of inflammation reoccurred in March and presented a double problem: the necessity to get at the cause of it as well to get some reasonable assurance that, should I be ordained, I would not end up as a statistic with the Church Pension Fund.

I went immediately to the Cleveland Clinic and was placed in the hospital section where I found myself involved in a medical procedure I would liken to what some psychiatric patients endure in electric-shock treatments. That's an exaggeration, perhaps, but it went something like this: they gave me a typhoid shot every other morning, doubling the dosage each time, for ten days; shortly after each shot, I would break into a chill and shake, so badly that I needed a belt in my mouth and multiple blankets on my bed; and within an hour my temperature would rise to 105 degrees and then slowly recede, leaving me as limp as a rag. The purpose was to knock out the unknown source of infection. Whether it made a difference or not, no one knows. In any event, I have never experienced another flare-up, though to this day my eyes are not strong and tire readily.

I went back to Bexley and completed my studies, but because I never took all the courses, I never received a degree. What I did need before ordination, however, was to pass the canonical examinations — oral and written tests given by diocesan clergy known as the examining chaplains. When I passed those, and

with the approval of the Bexley faculty, the rector and vestry of St. Timothy's, and Bishop Tucker, I stood at the threshold of ordination, six years after my graduation from the University of Virginia. It was a long road but one I would willingly travel again.

On June 9, 1940, I was ordained a deacon by Bishop Tucker in Kenyon College's Harcourt Parish Chapel and was advised by the bishop that I would become the minister-in-charge of St. Matthew's Church, Toledo.

8

St. Matthews, Toledo

If any of you are ever in the city of Toledo (it isn't holy Toledo), take a good look at the northwest corner of Sylvania and Parrakeet (take note, birdwatchers). It is a modest blue-collar neighborhood — there may or may not still be a church there — where I spent the first five years of my ordained ministry in a small white clapboard church named St. Matthew's. We fronted on Sylvania Avenue, a commercial street where our nearest neighbors were a filling station, a liquor store, Lane's Drug Store, and an empty lot.

For twenty-some years until about 1936, various "lay popes" had taken the services and a priest had come monthly for communion. Between 1936 and my arrival on July 1, 1940, three priests had served the congregation, the last one leaving under something of a cloud when he got himself smashed on Easter Eve and didn't make it to church the next day.

Bishop Tucker had warned me that he would give me the toughest job he could find because, as he said, "My clergy will all know you are one of my boys." Well, he was right. There had been no growth at St. Matthew's for years, the congregation had become a monkey on the diocese's back, the annual income was \$1,800 (matching my salary exactly), there were few resources, and our building was in poor condition.

Where does one start under those conditions? The answer came within a few weeks when I arrived at church one morning to find that the plaster ceiling above the chancel had fallen in.

at a mess! But I had an idea. I had discovered a parishioner who owned a small moving-picture camera, and he was willing to take pictures of families as they entered church the next Sunday. During the service I announced that these pictures would be shown at a special parish meeting two weeks later. Believe it or not, 100 people showed up that evening (how we love to see ourselves in pictures), and we asked for money and pledges to fix the ceiling. For the first time, we had a problem and didn't have to run to Cleveland for help. We took in well over \$100, enough to do the job.

The church could seat about 100 people if you put up extra chairs. A small room on one side of the nave provided an office, and a little hallway that connected the church and the one-room parish house made a sacristy. In a corner of the parish house was a kitchen. That was it.

I took a room at the YMCA (a dollar a day) where I spent little time within my narrow confines. In fact, with a single bed, a bureau, and a chair, I did little more than sleep there. But there was a gym for workouts and a cafeteria for breakfast, and my dinner meals I picked up here and there. I knew few people and did only occasionally until I met Bobbie. It was a good start as far as housing — comfortable, economical, and convenient with a near-downtown location — but it certainly was unexciting and devoid of any sense of community.

I never felt alone as a priest, however. There were other Episcopal churches in Toledo and the surrounding area, and the friendships I shared with their priests allowed me to be part of a larger church. In fact, I felt closer to that group than to any other focus with which I've ever been associated. Those men gave me advice and counsel that were invaluable to one who had not worked out as an assistant. In particular there were George Selway, Mark's and Ben Williams at Trinity, older and wiser men who made a difference. And I will never forget Father Gruetter, my first Anglo-Catholic friend, a devoted Christian for whom I felt a real affection. Never before had I known a "Father," little realizing that the day would come when the title would be widespread in our church. Father Gruetter's low moment came one Sunday morning. My phone rang as I was preparing for the

early service, and Father Gruetter, overcome with tears, said, "My church is burning down." Later that day I looked at what was a heap of rubble. It was indeed a sad and dreary scene.

I soon discovered that I could not remain in the church apart from other Christian bodies and the world about me. I found fulfillment to some extent when I became involved with the ministerial association of Toledo, which met monthly. My high moment with this group was the day I successfully moved a resolution to change the constitution to allow Jewish rabbis to be members.

I was also appointed Protestant Chaplain of the Toledo Fire Department, although how it came about I can't recall. It meant that I attended monthly union meetings (I was an honorary member of the American Federation of Labor), opened gatherings with a prayer, drank beer with the men afterwards, and was on call for all four-alarm fires. The most memorable was the Colony Block in west Toledo, when the better part of a block burned and two firemen lost their lives. Never will I forget the smell of burning human flesh as I stood near the spot where they died. During this all night conflagration, I found that the most effective thing I could do was organize a coffee brigade among the nearby residents to assist the scores of firemen at the scene. The men of that department were solid citizens, and as a consequence of my days with them I have always felt an affinity with firemen.

We had an abundance of children at St. Matthew's, many of whom were not members. One year as Lent began to appear on the liturgical horizon, I made a list of all the unbaptized children I could think of and asked the young people's group if they would visit those families and encourage them to have their infants and young children baptized on Easter Eve. Each young person was given a list of families to visit. Lo and behold, as Easter drew near I realized those kids had really done a job. Would you believe it? Seventeen children were baptized that afternoon, far and away the largest group I have ever baptized at one time. There's a lesson for clergy there: give lay people, young and old, a sense of responsibility, an opportunity to do something that counts, and they will surprise you with their effectiveness.

As our church and parish house began to be used more extensively, we became increasingly conscious of how untidy the building looked. The result was a good-sized crew of men who gathered for two Saturdays to paint while a number of women brought sandwiches and soft drinks. These gatherings not only made the church shine but helped bring people together as a church family.

In those days, one usually traveled any substantial distance by car or train. While I was still single, I went by train one year to Richmond after the Easter services. Looking out the window as we traveled through a rural area of Virginia, I said to the man beside me, "It certainly will be nice to be in this part of the country where you can wear the same white shirt two days in a row." He looked puzzled, turned to me, and said, "I'm from Michigan; give me that part of the country where you have to change your shirt twice a day — that's where the money is." For me this was a parable that pointed to the difference, as I saw it then, between Virginia and the Midwest. Whereas Virginia put an accent on family background, the part of the country that was now my home had an accent, equally strong, on material values. One said family; the other said money. Each had its shibboleth.

The most important event during my ministry at St. Matthew's was meeting, courting, and marrying Bobbie, who was born Dorothy Elizabeth Plummer on April 11, 1918 (because of a mixup we celebrate on April 10), in Towson, Maryland. She was the third of four children. The two oldest, Jesse (known as Bo) and Kathleen, died several years ago of cancer. The youngest, Edward, Jr., has always been called Budge. He lives in California, and we hadn't seen him for years until the summer of 1988 when, thanks to ham radios, he and I made contact and all of us met in Lynchburg.

The name Bobbie, like most monikers, surfaced from a chance comment. As a young girl Bobbie loved to follow her mother around from one chore to another, and one day Mawmaw exclaimed, "Bobbie the General Manager," the title of a book she was reading.

Her family certainly moved around the country, for she lived in

East Orange, New Jersey; Wheaton, Illinois; Richmond, Indiana; and Toledo. When I caught up with her she had lovely dark hair, weighed ninety-five pounds, and was twenty-two years old. She didn't exactly catch my eye at our first meeting at the door at St. Matthew's after the 11:00 service the first Sunday in February 1941. She had come reluctantly with her parents because Maw-maw's twin sister, Pit Cauthorne, had known me at Mrs. Burgwyn's home that summer in Tappahannock and had written to say, "Hunsdon would make such a nice beau for Bobbie." But Bobbie would have none of it; she had met students from the Virginia Seminary while she was at Arlington Hall (a junior college that no longer exists) and had not been impressed. She yielded, however, when her mother said, "Pit is entering Johns Hopkins next week for surgery, and I can't face her if I don't meet that boy." Several days after that Sunday, I phoned to say I would like to call — not to see Bobbie but, I hoped, to land a new family. The upshot was an invitation for supper with batter bread, something I hadn't had for a long time. To this day I kid Bobbie and tell her that's what hooked me.

When I met Bobbie she was the leader of a Girl Scout troop at the Ottawa Hills elementary school and taught first aid at Scott High School and the YWCA, two afternoons a week at each.

As we began dating, I was very conscious that I did not wish to have our relationship known in my small congregation. Why provide all those eyes and ears with word of the rector's romance? (I thought I'd never hear the end of it when Mae Brereton, our spinster organist, found lipstick one day on my handkerchief in the sacristy.) We thoroughly enjoyed "hiding out" at drive-in movies and at theaters in other parts of the city, and we often ate meals at the El Pinto restaurant near Bobbie's home. All the while we found that our shared interests centered more and more around the church. I had no secretary, so Bobbie cut the stencils for the Sunday bulletin and would go with me to the church on Friday evenings to run them off.

We hid but just so long, for in the summer of 1941 she provided the leadership for a vacation bible school that became a magnet for children in our community. The theme that year was Indians, and for two weeks the premises looked like an Indian camping ground, with villages, totem poles, teepees, canoes, firepits, ropes stretched

tween trees to dry paper food, and headdresses.
It brought back warm memories when I picked up the 1982
mnal and found that it included hymn No. 114, which we sang
every day during those two weeks:

Twas in the moon of winter-time,
When all the birds had fled,
That God the Lord of all the earth sent angel choirs instead;
Before their light the stars grew dim,
And wondering hunters heard the hymn:
Jesus your king is born,
Jesus is born, in excelsis gloria.

Within a lodge of broken bark
The tender babe was found,
A ragged robe of rabbit skin
Enrapped his beauty round;
But as the hunter braves drew nigh
The angel-song rang loud and high.
Jesus your king is born,
Jesus is born, in excelsis gloria.

The earliest moon of winter-time,
Is not so round and fair
As was the ring of glory
On the helpless infant there.
The chiefs from far before him knelt
With gifts of fox and beaver pelt.
Jesus your king is born,
Jesus is born, in excelsis gloria.

The day came, of course, when our secret was no longer our
n. That summer I proposed one evening on the front porch of
npthill House, overlooking the James River, and we announced
e good news on Christmas Eve. Bobbie gave up her white
sses on the Pennsylvania Railroad (Pawpaw was the division
ight-agent in Toledo) and prepared for our coming marriage.
We were married in St. Matthew's at 2:30 p.m. on April 20, 1942
Bishop Tucker (by now you are doubtless aware that for me

he's the fourth member of the Trinity), who was assisted by Comer Lile, archdeacon of the diocese and a close friend. Miles was my best man, Kathleen was Bobbie's matron of honor, and Martha Plummer, Bobbie's niece, was the flower girl. The church was packed and overflowed into the parish hall where I waited, so completely confused that someone had to tell me when to enter. A reception for family and friends was held at Mawmaw and Pawpaw's home on Robinwood Avenue.

Afterwards it became wild when my friend Neil Robinson, whom I had known at EHS and Camp Yonanoka, drove us to Detroit where we had reservations at the Book Cadillac Hotel. I say wild because that's how Neil drove and because we thought he would never leave our room after we checked in. Finally, when he called his wife about 11:00 p.m. in Lexington, Kentucky, and she said, "Neil are you still there? I think that's damned indecent," he left us in a room of closed suitcases. The next morning we would discover the rice that became part of our lives for weeks to come.

The following day we drove to the summer cabin of friends on Devil's Lake in Michigan and spent a quiet and relaxing week before heading back to real life and a lower duplex apartment. We soon met Mrs. Dreschler, a solid German woman and our neighbor across the street, who proceeded to teach my bride some of the fundamentals of good housekeeping: how to iron a man's shirt, how to pluck and clean a chicken, and how to clear the dust out of a corner with a screwdriver! We also soon learned the meaning of an "act of God" when a hailstorm leveled part of the victory garden we had so carefully nurtured on the vacant lot next door.

Those were happy days that became a springboard for greater maturity in our marriage and that cemented our growing conviction that our life together in the church was one we shared enthusiastically.

One Sunday in early 1945, I spotted several men and women at the 11:00 service whom I had never seen before. As I greeted them at the door after church, I asked who they were. None of them told the truth. One lady said, "We're just passing through Toledo on our way to Detroit." Well, no one ever did that. If they stopped, it wasn't at St. Matthew's. Soon thereafter I learned that they had

come as a delegation from Grace Church, Sandusky, sixty miles east of Toledo, to scout me. They had fibbed like pros, but I later accepted the call to be their rector.

9

World War II

It is hard to believe it is nearly fifty years since Pearl Harbor was bombed on Sunday, December 7, 1941, "a day which will live in infamy," as President Roosevelt declared. Everyone who remembers that day recalls where he or she was. I was at the Toledo YMCA when word came over the radio and people piled into the street to share the startling news with one another. The following day Roosevelt addressed the Congress and asked for a declaration of war against Japan. The vote was unanimous in the Senate; in the House there was one negative vote.

Fear and sometimes panic spread in many quarters. Security around the president was quadrupled. Machine guns were set up on the roof of the White House, and there was a temporary bomb shelter in the basement. An Army Air Force bomber was kept nearby in case of need by the president, who for a time kept a gas mask slung over his wheelchair. An army recommendation to paint the White House black, however, was ignored.

To me, the most amazing reaction to the panic came in 1942 when FDR signed an order to evacuate all Japanese-Americans (most of whom lived on the West Coast) and to intern them in camps located in western states. At the same time, he was drafting those of military age. It hardly seems possible now, but many of those 127,000 people were unable to cash checks; their insurance policies were canceled; and milkmen and grocers often refused to deliver or sell goods to them. "A Jap's a Jap — Ameri-

an or not" was a familiar refrain. Henry Fukui, my assistant at St. John's, Youngstown, when asked why he went to Bates College in Maine, replied that it was the farthest he could go from California. When Shunji Nishi, a priest of our church in Ohio, talked to our youth group at Grace Church, Sandusky, I heard criticism in several quarters. Chester Emerson, the bachelor dean of Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland, was unable to keep a male Japanese servant for whom he had great affection. The removal of these people from their homes to camps barricaded with barbed wire remains to this day one of our nation's darkest moments.

Support for the war was overwhelming, and enlistment rates were high. On the first day of registration, more than sixteen million men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five signed up. Each was given a number, and selection was made by lot. After physical and mental exams, they were classified as 1A (available) or 4F (unfit).

College graduates made up a large part of those who were selected for officer training. Miles and George, for instance, became officers through this process, and Randy, graduating from West Point on D Day, went almost immediately overseas as a second lieutenant. And Mary, bless her heart, entered the WACS (Women's Army Executive Corp) and came out of the service a first lieutenant.

Everyone wanted to lend a hand somewhere. Bobbie was trained as a nurse's aide and spent several hours a week at Toledo hospital. From the day it all started, I had mixed emotions as to whether to go as a chaplain or remain at St. Matthew's. My decision to continue at the church was prompted by an increasing awareness that what St. Matthew's needed was a period of continuity. With three predecessors in four years, I just couldn't see leaving.

The problem was solved for me in January 1944 when all National Guard units were federalized and State Guards took their places. This was a chance for me to have my cake and eat it, so I went one evening to the Toledo armory and enlisted as a private. What a military career I had! It was one night each week for the tune of \$8.00, which made quite a difference to us financially. The following April a sergeant looked me up one evening

and said, "The colonel wishes to see you." I went with him, and as I approached the colonel — a brusque, coarse-appearing man — he looked at me and said, "The boys tell me you're a good guy, and I'm getting ready to reorganize the Fourth Infantry Regiment. Would you be interested in being my chaplain?" "Yes, sir," I replied. "Well," he continued, "what church do you belong to?" "The Episcopal Church," I said. "Never heard of it," he told me, "but come back next week and I'll talk to you." The next week I went directly to him and he said, "I'm appointing you chaplain of the Fourth Infantry Regiment with the rank of first lieutenant. If you're OK, I'll see that you're a captain in six months." So it was that I became a captain in the Ohio State Guard for two years, until I left Toledo and resigned.

A great period for me in this role was two weeks of summer training at Camp Zaleski, a former Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) camp in southern Ohio where I refereed baseball games, drove the jeep for the mail every day, and with the rest of the staff (including Mike DiSalle, who later became Governor of Ohio) reviewed the troops daily. And on Sundays I conducted a service atop a raised wooden platform for 800 men, who marched onto the field without their pieces. Those were the largest congregations I had ever addressed.

There were constant drives for one thing or another during these years — scrap metal, war bonds, knitted socks, and newspapers, tin foil, and tires (the Boy Scouts alone collected more than 84,000 tons of rubber) for recycling.

Bobbie and I were among millions of families who planted a victory garden. Ours had the perfect spot, the vacant lot next door to our first-floor duplex apartment. We planted cauliflower, cabbage, tomatoes, beets, carrots, eggplant, potatoes, onions, peppers, lima beans, and spinach, and all survived except the pole limas, which were ruined when a heavy hailstorm hit one afternoon. The rest we canned, as we did peaches, processing them in the pressure cooker and hot-water baths.

One of the real areas of shortage was housing, a reality that gave rise to many stories. One that made the rounds described a drowning man whose cries for help attracted a passerby. "What is your name and where do you live?" demanded the passerby.

"John Jones, 14 North S Street. HELP!" the drowning man gasped frantically. The passerby immediately rushed to that address and told the landlady, "I want to rent John Jones's room. He just drowned." "Sorry," replied the landlady, "it was just taken by the man who pushed him in."

There were shortages in many other areas, too. When we were married in 1942 it was impossible to buy a new refrigerator, so we bought an old one for \$25.00. Washing machines were completely unavailable (driers had not yet been invented), so we did our laundry once a week at Mawmaw and Pawpaw's. When H was on the way, diapers were so scarce that a friend who worked in a department store bought a dozen every time the store had a shipment until Bobbie had six dozen. (I'll add that she washed every one by hand!) Items like emory boards and bobby pins simply disappeared, and you learned to take care of what you had.

Wartime measures had such a great impact on the home front that rationing and price controls were imposed by the government through district offices of the Office of Price Administration, or OPA. (My father was appointed to the OPA board in the Philadelphia district and moved there temporarily.) Sugar and coffee were the first items to be rationed, starting in 1942. The next year, processed foods such as soups, vegetables, and canned juices were added to the list, followed by meat, fish, and dairy products.

Every individual was issued ration books with coupons. This meant that a visit to the grocery involved calculating not only an item's cost but the number of points that were printed beside the price.

Mawmaw had lived in Canada during World War I (1915-18), and she pulled out recipes for us from that period. One I remember was whipped butter. With an egg, some cream, and half a pound of butter you could whip it all together and end up with over a pound of butter. She also gave us recipes for cakes that took only a tablespoon of butter (and sometimes none) and for icings made without sugar, using sour cream or honey and egg whites instead.

Gas rationing hit people to varying degrees. I had an E book, for instance, because of my need as a clergyman to meet emergencies and to visit homes and hospitals. Physicians and others were

granted similar increases. Gas rationing was a bother to many, but it yielded benefits other than saving gasoline. Automobile fatalities dropped forty-two percent in some areas, the car pool came into being, and walking came back in style.

Wartime meant weddings for many of us, but at none of them was the entire family together. Miles and Charlotte, for instance, were married in Texas by an army chaplain with Father the only Cary present.

One the other hand, here is an amazing story of how the war brought two brothers together overseas. George had written Randy that he had a three-day leave coming up in Paris and hoped to meet him at a particular hotel one afternoon. He received no answer but, hoping for the best, showed up and kept his eye on the front door anyway. Soon he saw a figure with the mannerisms and walk of RJC, but he didn't recognize the man. Nevertheless, George followed him to the desk and when the man turned around there was Randy — who had grown a mustache. What followed was a night to remember. They took in Pig Alley and drove ten to fifteen miles across Paris to Worth's, where George wanted to buy a gown for Cora Louise, having remembered the last lines of a poem Father had written as George prepared to go overseas:

And O, yes, George, when you return
From Worth's in Paris, fetch a gown
To add to your dear wife's renown.

Of that venture, George writes, "The handsome models started appearing with long and attractive gowns. We offered them cigarettes which they accepted! But down to the nitty-gritty, the gowns were over \$1,000 and we left smiling in a downcast way at ourselves."

George financed his trip by selling a Horner accordian, which he had taken from a German and brought with him to Paris, to a Frenchman for \$300.

The next day George returned to his base in Gmunden, Austria, located on a lovely lake and surrounded by snow-capped mountains and beautiful villas, one of which he lived in. He was

involved with political prisoners who had managed to survive the SS tortures and gas chambers.

On another occasion George saw Helen's husband, John Stewart, coming through his outfit. "I located him and my captain lent me a jeep to visit with him overnight. That was the night we went into a freight car and retrieved all the Luftwaffe boots and leather jackets which I sent home in boxes"

George's description of life overseas is vivid and worth every penny. He was a member of the 11th Armored Division which was part of General Patton's 3rd Army. "I didn't get into combat until after the Bulge and before Patton's push to the Rhine. At one point, we stopped in a field and were confronted with 60-millimeter German mortars dropping around us. There I was with my half-tracks in line, only to turn and find that all of my ten men had left by the back door. Well, if I didn't have control of them here, when would I? I got them back into the vehicle and moved to a deflated spot. My first baptism by fire! We made it! My captain was from somewhere in Texas and was an engineering graduate of Texas A & M — a military school whose motto was 'Join the army and help Texas A & M win the war.'... One evening we did get pinned down. Smith, my runner, and I located a hole and dug in with our helmets. We found a piece of cardboard near us (no blankets and frosty air) and took three heat tablets, which were used for cooking, put them in a helmet placed between our butts — and did they feel good!"

"The most satisfying feeling I had was when I earned my infantry combat badge which I wore proudly. It meant thirty days combat. I didn't want a purple heart!"

I find George's thoughts of a soldier away from home particularly meaningful. "I remember times when you could not help but think of home," he writes, "but you couldn't afford to concentrate on it too much. But riding in blackout with those two little blue lights in front and behind, your mind did turn to home at times. With so much that was unknown, you just had to have faith and put one foot before the other and make the most of what was there. During combat, you were so occupied that you didn't have time for other thoughts. Time went by quickly and was almost unaccountable."

"I remember one night sleeping in the bedroll which was on the

fender of the half-track. Inside there was a bottle of bourbon which no one knew about. (I selfishly managed to keep it for myself.) Some nights you had a thin cover of ice or snow on the blanket when you woke up, but you never had a cold or sore throat because we were out in the air all the time and we had to be healthy."

I cannot recall the war years without an awareness that in our country this was a time when thirteen million blacks were beginning a struggle for equality. Their only national leader of consequence in the past had been W. E. B. DuBois, cofounder of the National Negro Committee, which later became the NAACP, National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Aroused by hiring practices in the defense industries and by rigid segregation in the armed forces, blacks began to press for their rights. There was great cynacism and despair as millions shut them out and lynchings continued. The Red Cross refused their blood, hotels and restaurants were closed to them, and one defense plant in Indiana had a bomb shelter "for colored only." A student at a black college spoke for many when he declared, "The Army jim crows us. The Navy lets us serve as messmen. We are disenfranchised and spat upon. What more could Hitler do than that?"

President Roosevelt issued an executive order that forbade racial discrimination in defense industries and established the Fair Employment Practices Commission to enforce the ban. Though the FEPC had the power only to investigate complaints, not to compel compliance, it immediately became a lightening rod for Southern hostility. One newspaper called it "dat cummittee fer de perteckshun of Rastus and Sambo." The FEPC was able to resolve successfully only a third of the 8,000 complaints received, but it was the beginning of a march that has carried black people to ever greater self-respect. Though even today they and other minority groups still have many more miles to travel, a leveling process had begun.

I cannot look back to the closing days of the war without recalling that the production of the atomic bomb was known to scarcely a dozen people. Indeed, so well-kept was the secret that

when Roosevelt suddenly died of a cerebral hemorrhage on the afternoon of April 12, 1945, the existence of the Manhattan Project, as it was known, was not even suspected by FDR's vice president and successor, Harry Truman. The new president was informed of it the following day, could hardly believe what he had heard, and said, "This is the biggest fool thing we've ever done. The bomb will never go off."

The question of whether to use the atomic bomb rested with Truman. Germany was already defeated and would surrender on May 7, 1945. But Japan was thought to have real resistance left. Meanwhile, the bomb had to be tested. On July 16, 1945, the monumental test took place in a lonely New Mexico desert tract aptly named Jornada del Muerte, or Journey of Death.

William L. Lawrence of the *New York Times*, the only journalist present, wrote of that historic event: It was "a sunrise such as the world had never seen, a great green supersun. Up it went, a great ball of fire about a mile in diameter, changing colors as it kept shooting upward ... an elemental force freed from its bonds after being chained for billions of years. One felt as though one were present at the moment of creation when God said 'Let there be light.'" Three weeks later, Truman took the advice of his advisors and dropped the bomb on Japan, dealing the final blow to the war with the most savage weapon man had ever devised.

VJ Day was proclaimed on August 15, 1945. Bobbie and I were with H at Mountain Meadows enjoying our annual vacation. When word reached us, my first thought was to drive to Asheville. So I left the two of them (H was about two and a half months old) and found a city whose streets were filled with people — parents holding babies in their arms, men and women singing, dancing, shouting, and cheering wildly with a sense of abandon, all in all what I would picture as a scene from a New Orleans Mardi Gras.

Looking back on those years, I cannot omit a look at Franklin Roosevelt, for no attempt to picture World War II would be complete without doing so. Few people in American public life have evoked stronger emotions than he did. Charming, self-assured, and adroit, he was one of the most effective politicians America has ever produced. Occupying the presidency longer than any man in history — twelve years, one month, and eight

days — he steered the nation through two of the worst crises since the Civil War: the Great Depression and World War II. During the war years, he was the president, commander in chief, and a father figure all rolled into one.

Many people hated him and are still ready to villify him. For me, he remains a leader who was worth the following, a contagious personality who attracted people of all ages, especially those whose lives had been shackled in poverty, hopelessness, and despair. He gave these people strength to live in spite of ugly and demeaning odds.

Roosevelt and Churchill, of course, were great friends. "It's fun to be in the same decade with you," Roosevelt cabled "Winnie" in 1941. The English war leader's reply was that being with FDR was "like opening a bottle of champagne." Many of us who loved him could speak the same words. With his fireside chats and the simple eloquence of his determination to achieve victory over the enemy, he drew us together as a nation.

His life was so much a part of ours that the news of his death struck many people with the same impact as the loss of a family member. A shopkeeper in Pittsburgh closed and hung up a sign that simply said "He died." In New York a taxi driver got out of his car, sat down on the curb, and wept.

A special train bore Roosevelt's body north from Warm Springs, Georgia, to Washington and then to his home in New York State. All along the route crowds gathered to say farewell. At the White House his coffin lay in the East Room near where Lincoln's body had lain. In a steady downpour the train traveled the last leg of the journey to Hyde Park, New York, where Roosevelt was given a solemn military funeral. "All that is within me cries out to go back to my home on the Hudson River," he had said nine months earlier. At long last he was home.

Shortly after Roosevelt's death, Bishop Tucker dedicated a full issue of *Church Life*, the Ohio diocesan paper, to him, an issue that included several articles commending his leadership. The business community of Cleveland, which took a dim view of Roosevelt, to say the least, was somewhat aghast, but they said little, for they knew and loved Bishop Tucker and reacted as though one of the gods had simply been mistaken.

A world at war! A world that saw millions dead, wounded, homeless. A world out of joint, much of it without hope. A world of families wiped out, separated, grieving, numb with despair. The agony of it all did not hit the U.S. as it did Europe and Japan, for our losses were small by comparison. Bombs did not touch our shores, nor did our land become a battlefield.

Many of my generation knew those who died, those whose families agonized while awaiting word of sons missing in action. But because our trauma was far less than that of other nations, we have been less prone, I think, to recall the pain, the sorrow, the heartbreak.

For those of you who did not know those years and find them difficult to comprehend, you may be tempted to glorify war. But think again. Can you really imagine another world war? Would it not mean the end of the world as you and I know it? The U.S. and Russia alone have many times over the nuclear power to wipe one another from the face of the earth. Nor can we escape the reality that regional conflict can easily become global. Today we live under the threat of death and destruction such as our world has never known. A veritable sword of Damocles hangs over our heads!

I shudder when I consider that people have never invented weapons that have not eventually been used. Small wonder that there are people today, old and young, who have no hope for the future, who fear to have children, who ask, "Why bother?" They sincerely believe that the odds are stacked against them. I, too, feel afraid when I realize that the act of one person with his or her hand on the button could set off a chain reaction with fearsome consequences.

On my desk I keep a postcard on which are splashed in bright colors seven words attributed to Paul VI: "If you want peace, work for justice." The struggle for justice is the responsibility of each and every one of us — whoever we are and wherever we find ourselves — but it is a primary responsibility of our government. Yet our leaders in Washington all too often do anything but work for justice.

Yet I am not without hope. It was an encouraging and splendid symbol of the increasing power of the United Nations when its secretary-general, Javier Perez de Cuellar, recently received the

Nobel Peace Prize in behalf of the organization for the peace-keeping efforts of its soldiers, who keep watch over many parts of the world. The secretary-general reminded us that the thousands of men who have served in that capacity represent the first time in the world's history that soldiers have been used to keep peace.

I am also encouraged by what I believe is a quiet movement on the part of world leaders to recognize the utter hopelessness of resolving international problems with force of arms rather than through the patient efforts of diplomacy; by the recent efforts of Mr. Gorbachev to usher in an age of more openness with the Soviet Union; and by a recent return to more references to human rights, a concept so greatly encouraged during President Carter's administration.

Intelligent men and women are affirming the fact that no one wins a war. The greatest challenge I can give you is to work for justice that peace may have outcroppings and that the threat of war may diminish. It is a challenge that begins in your home, your community, your state and that can spread to people and places beyond your imagining.

By all means pray for peace — if by prayer you include tangible efforts to bring to pass that for which you pray — and never allow the sun to go down without committing your life to that goal.

10

Grace Church, Sandusky

We arrived in Sandusky in March 1945 and spent two weeks in the home of Jack MacLeod, our senior warden, before being ushered into an old Victorian rectory at 622 Wayne Street. It was a real barn, with five bedrooms, an attic running the length of the house, and on the first floor, a dining room and double living-room separated by sliding oak doors. And, of course, there was a cellar with a coal furnace. If ever there was an argument favoring the present-day housing allowances for clergy, 622 was it! What a joy it was nine years later to move into a newly built rectory at 127 46th Street.

Grace Church had been established in 1835, making it one of the oldest churches in northern Ohio. During the nineteenth century it also had the distinction of being one of four Episcopal congregations in Sandusky, a city that on our arrival had a population of about 30,000 people. As the twentieth century dawned, two of those churches folded, leaving Calvary and Grace. For once the Episcopal Church had been in on the ground floor.

Located downtown, the church faced a lovely city park and had as neighbors Sandusky High School and the Masonic temple. Two blocks north was Sandusky Bay, where boats of all kinds were a familiar sight in summer and where ice fishermen put up their tin shacks, cut holes in the ice, and fished in winter.

The dominant stock in the community was German, with names like Loudenslagle, Dorn, Krueger, Homberger, and Bech-

berger making up seventy-five percent of our vestry.

Dominant industries included American Crayon and Hinde and Dauch, a corrugated-paper-box company that was responsible at times for very unpleasant odors. One evening shortly after our arrival, I was coming home with Jack MacLeod, a vice president, and asked, "What's that smell?" "Quiet," he replied. "Breathe deeply and say 'Dividends.'" It was an accurate observation of industrial life in what, at that time, was part of an industrial crescent that stretched from Detroit down to Toledo and eastward to cities such as Akron, Canton, Cleveland, Youngstown, and Pittsburgh. Sandusky was also a fishing center until pollution in Lake Erie brought the industry to a halt, and before the California wineries came to the fore, it was well-known for its wines.

Bobbie and I will always have a special feeling for Sandusky, for this is where both our children were born. The arrival of our first child, our son H, on May 29, 1945, at 8:35 p.m. was a time of rejoicing not only for us but for the entire parish family. With Donald Wonders, my predecessor for twenty years, having been a bachelor, the news of a child in the rectory was greeted with enthusiasm on every hand. We named him Hunsdon III when he made his appearance at Good Samaritan Hospital weighing six pounds, ten ounces. My first phone call, to my parents in Richmond, was tougher than I had anticipated. I choked up when I told them we had a son, reminding me of my own father who, on one occasion, having choked as he read aloud portions of a memorial he had written on the death of a friend, looked at my mother and said, "Damn it, Mary, why do I get this emotional?" I've done it many times, sometimes while preaching, and have always felt embarrassed.

From the first day we saw him, H was a joy — alert, healthy, and so energetic that eventually we had to put chicken wire over the windows in his room because he was breaking them with his blocks and other toys. At an early age he accumulated quite a vocabulary watching an older neighbor, David Fuller, and his friends as they shot baskets next door. He also survived a principal who, reprimanding him for throwing a snowball at a little girl, said, "I'm surprised at *you*, the son of a minister." What PKs have to endure! It's also a miracle that he survived the public schools

of Sandusky, where his first-grade teacher put him in a corner wearing a dunce cap and where his fourth-grade teacher discovered he was on the books with an IQ of ninety! He was soon upgraded to a thoroughly normal score, but such experiences certainly didn't give him much self-confidence as a child.

Don Wonders visited us from time to time, often stopping for lunch on his rounds of the diocese. One day he appeared in the front hall at noon, spotted H who was halfway down the stairs, and said, "Hello, young man," — whereupon H looked at his bald head and said, "You don't have any hair on your head." Shortly afterwards, with all of us seated at the dining-room table, I asked Don to say the grace. In his customary booming voice, he responded, only to have H look at him and say, "We speak softly in this house."

When H was less than a year old, I almost lost my life in a bizarre accident. I was driving home in our 1934 Chevrolet from a visit to Port Clinton, fifteen miles west of Sandusky, when I looked up and suddenly saw a train engine to my right on the narrow-gauge track leading into the grounds of the Medusa Cement Company. It is impossible to recall what goes through your mind in such a situation when you must make a decision in a split second. I knew I couldn't avoid a collision, so I headed toward the open gate to my left, through which the train had to pass, and arrived there at the exact moment the train did. To my amazement, I was able to open my car door and walk. I could see blood on my hands as I rubbed the back of my head, and I was stunned. Then, after what seemed like a brief period of time, I walked on my own power, with those who had gathered round, to the company offices where I sat down and felt relieved by the warmth of the company manager's concern. He knelt in front of me, inquiring as to my condition. A few weeks later, when I met him at a party, he said, "You know, Cary, what I was doing; I was smelling your breath."

Who took me to Good Samaritan Hospital in Sandusky I don't recall, but I phoned Bobbie at once to report that I was there. When she asked whom I was visiting, I said, "I'm a patient here." Then I told her what had happened, not to worry, and that I would soon be home. Unable to leave H, she called our friends Mike Bechberger and Jake Homberger, who hurried to the hospital and

brought me home a few hours later.

I had a gash across the back of my neck, a few stitches, and a wide white bandage around my head. It was enough to scare H, who wouldn't let me near him for a few days. I was still wearing my halo when I conducted services the following Sunday.

It was one thing to look like a scarecrow; it was another to have no car when wartime made cars very scarce. But after a few members of the parish raised the money and, of equal importance, persuaded a dealer to release one of his cars (people stood in line for them during wartime), we were rescued with a new Plymouth sedan.

The end of this story is that, though the outward injuries were minimal, shock was deep rooted and stayed with me for nearly a year. Ask Bobbie; she will tell you I was difficult to live with for several months.

During our Sandusky years, two summers stand out. In 1950 we went to Boston where I was enrolled for two months in the clinical pastoral training course at Massachusetts General Hospital. Bobbie, H, and I lived in the rectory of St. Paul's Church Brookline, while the rector, Freddy Lawrence (later elected suffragan bishop of Massachusetts) was on vacation. It was a lovely home, but our bedroom, complete with a fireplace, had a hair mattress on the bed. We just couldn't take it, stood it on end in front of the fireplace, and covered the box springs with blankets.

I left at 6:00 every morning to meet with our group of about fifteen Episcopal clergy. We spent the first two weeks as orderlies before we received our white jackets marked with a cross and the word "Clergy." The point was well made: patients didn't turn to an orderly and a priest in the same way. Each day we interviewed a ward patient and then wrote it up word for word. Two results were evident. First, it was amazing how accurate our reports were when we put them on paper at once. And second, when we met with our instructor later, we learned when we cut a person off, when we failed to listen, when we missed asking a key question. One question we never asked was, "How are you feeling today?" The proper approach was, "How are things going?" That opened a wider opportunity for response.

I took the Sunday services at St. Paul's and was well received.

H loved Sunday school because his teacher took the class to fire stations and bought them ice-cream cones. Pawpaw and Maw-maw visited us for two weeks. Lobster was forty-nine cents a pound at the super market, and you can believe we took full advantage of it! Driving in Boston was awful. We saw a Red Sox game. Bobbie and H enjoyed Angel Memorial Hospital for animals. And H loved to ride the swan boats in the Boston Public Garden. It was a good summer.

In 1956 we accepted an invitation to take six weeks of Sunday services at All Saints' Church, Southport, Maine, two miles from Boothbay Harbor. The church, set in a grove of trees right on the shore, was quite small and lovely, and those who attended came either by boat or car. We were given a furnished house on Linekin Bay and had access to a small motorboat, which H and I used occasionally. It was also the only summer we ever took a maid on vacation with us — a black woman who helped with babysitting Liz and cooking.

We were invited to return to Boothbay the next summer, but the water was so cold we declined. Liz, however, three years old, had wanted to swim constantly! The cold didn't seem to faze her. Little did we know that someday Maine would be her home.

I had no sensational successes at Grace Church. My years there saw the building of a new rectory, the rebuilding of the organ by Herman Schlicker, and the renovation of the undercroft (which included a small chapel) and chancel. My ministry was pretty traditional, certainly not innovative, with an accent on preaching and pastoral duties. I was the only priest in a parish of 800 souls. I made frequent visits in homes, and on Saturday afternoons I stopped at every room in Good Samaritan Hospital to leave a leaflet and a word of greeting. I was also responsible for three Sunday services, a forum, and the church school. I look back on those days and wonder how I managed.

In fact, I really didn't. There was no balance between my life at home and church, and we had little family life. I appeared for three meals a day, was always on tap for H's birthday party, and enjoyed hosting our annual choir dinner and being with Bobbie for parties with friends. We also enjoyed a tradition of inviting people home for an informal lunch after the 11:00 service each

Sunday, never knowing just how many would appear. When all was said and done, however, I was a true workaholic.

The one who suffered most during this period, of course, was H. Today I am keenly aware of a major reason for my failure: I hadn't yet come to grips with the question mark in the minds of some of the Virginia Seminary faculty. Looking back, I see myself as a parent who was unaware of the handwriting on the wall. I can see H now, standing with me at the front door of the church, holding my hand as the congregation left. The picture is also still vivid of a young boy beside me as I shaved in the morning. I didn't really sense that those were hours when he knew he could be close to me. In my desire to put to rest any questions about my "vocation for the ministry," I failed him. Nor can I escape the fact that my ego came between us. I can never excuse that period in my life, but I am grateful that by the time Liz arrived, too late I got smart, as the Amish say.

Liz also greeted us at Good Samaritan, appearing on March 10, 1953, at 12:35 p.m. and weighing five pounds, fifteen ounces. Among all my memories, none is more vivid than the moment I stood beside Bobbie's bed and told her she had a little girl with blue eyes. Well, that was enough; she broke down and had a good cry as a happy, happy mother.

When Liz was two years old we lost our first dog, Bucky, a red cocker that had landed at Bobbie's door two days before she and I met. The loss of a pet is a time of sorrow, and Bucky was no exception. But there were other days of joy and sorrow in a household that always had a dog. Cindy, a black standard-poodle puppy, was a problem from the beginning. A gift from Cora Louise, she was a jumper of the first order. First we tried keeping her in a box, but she scaled it easily. Then I phoned an undertaker friend who drove up to the house in a hearse and gave us an outer casing that protects coffins in shipment. That, too, was of no avail. Finally we sent her back to Cora Louise, who presented her to her hairdresser, who in turn gave her oil treatments and groomed her elegantly. But, alas, poor Cindy came to a tragic end when she was hit and killed by a train.

Buffy, another cocker, was with us for two years and was succeeded by Tippy, a beautiful Irish setter who one year presented

us with four puppies in the kitchen. (That was a night to remember.) The dog Bobbie and I loved most of all, though, was our most recent — Sheila, a golden retriever we had for twelve years and whom we still mourn. She is buried in the woods below the terrace at the George Cary's.

Sandusky was a time when I became more conscious of the larger world about me and of the responsibility of Christians to avoid parochialism. It was perhaps more than symbolic that at Grace Church we carried in procession not only the flags of our country and church but the flag of the United Nations. In the community I shared in the beginnings of a mental health association, worked with alcoholics, and joined a group of local clergy in an effort to shut down a well-known gambling casino on the outskirts of town. Regarding the casino, one evening a man came up to the side of our car and said, "I hear you're taking a trip to Washington, and I want to help out." He then shoved into my hand a large roll of bills, which I immediately tossed out of the car. I've often wondered just how much money lay on the ground as Bobbie and I drove off. In any event, our campaign moved the county to throw out the sheriff and prosecuting attorney in the next election. When the new officials came into office, one phone call closed down a place that had been drawing customers from as far away as Cleveland and Detroit.

In Sandusky I also began to find greater recognition in the diocese. I was named dean of the Adult Summer Conference, elected to the diocesan executive council, and was chairman of the Department of Christian Social Relations. How disappointed I was, however, when I was elected first-alternate clerical deputy to the 1955 Generation Convention in Hawaii and no deputy broke a leg or became ill!

What a boost it was both to me and the parish when Ted Jones came to us as our assistant minister following his graduation from the Virginia Seminary in 1954. He was loyal and capable, won the hearts of all ages (as a small child, Liz expressed the affection of many when she called him "Teddy Boy"), and knew the meaning of discipline and how to put in a full day. He went on to Christ Church, Oberlin, Ohio, and is now Bishop of the Diocese of Indianapolis.

By the time I had been at Grace Church for slightly more than a decade, I began to sense that the day was approaching when I should move on to another congregation. When and where I did not know, but I was convinced the Lord would lead me when he was ready.

I thought the answer might have come in 1956 when I received a call to become the rector of St. Thomas' Church, Owings Mills, Maryland. Bobbie and I went to look over this lovely old church in a beautiful and affluent suburb of Baltimore, and it certainly was tempting. Several people gathered at the parish hall to welcome us and encourage us to accept their invitation. They assured us of scholarships for our children in local private schools and of complimentary membership in the country club. Most tempting of all for Bobbie was "the only rectory I ever felt called to" — a large field-stone house, located on the church property, with walls two feet thick, window seats, wide pine floors, and a lovely yard and garden.

We went home to Sandusky, took a pad, drew a line down the middle, and listed the pros and cons — and concluded that we were called for all the wrong reasons. When we declined, the vestry waited a day or so and then phoned and urged us to reconsider. Never did a congregation appear more eager to receive us. They made it tough for us, but Bobbie and I will always believe we did the right thing.

Within a year of our call to Owings Mills, we discovered we were being scouted by St. John's Church, Youngstown, a large congregation whose rector, John Burt, had accepted a call to All Saints' Church, Pasadena. After several visits from members of St. John's, I was invited to meet for lunch with three of their vestrymen: John Ford, senior warden and a common-pleas judge; William F. Maag, junior warden and owner/publisher of *The Youngstown Vindicator*; and William Hitchcock, a wealthy and long-time Youngstown resident. The meeting must have gone well, for I soon received a letter from Judge Ford informing me of my election by the vestry as rector. No mention of salary was made, but I presumed it would be satisfactory. That would never happen today, when either a contract is signed or salary and other considerations are clearly stated.

Our twelve years in Sandusky culminated in an exciting dinner, held in the junior-high-school auditorium, which was attended by more than 500 members and friends of Grace Church. It was an evening we will long remember as the final scene that brought down the curtain on an unforgettable period in our lives.

11

St. John's, Youngstown

The city of Youngstown is located on the Mahoning River two miles west of the Pennsylvania state line and midway between Cleveland and Pittsburgh. Once one of the great steel-producing centers of the world, it began to decline about forty years ago, a decline that culminated about 1970 (shortly after we left) with the sale of Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company to the Lykes Steamship Company and the subsequent bankruptcy of that merger. The downfall of the mills spilled over into many other steel-related industries, making this community of 150,000 people one of the most economically depressed areas in the country.

Settled in 1797 and named in honor of John Young of New York, who bought the site of the future city from a Connecticut company, Youngstown was incorporated in 1848 and developed as a city of contrasts. On the one hand it is a typical mill town, dirty, drab, and unattractive; on the other hand, it maintains beautiful parks and recreation areas and is the home of Youngstown State University (the largest employer) and the Butler Institute of American Art.

Into this community of twenty-seven nationality groups we moved in 1957. I began my ministry at St. John's Church on Sunday, May 12, after settling into a church-owned rectory at 249 Redondo Road on the north side of the city.

It was not an easy move for H, age twelve, who viewed leaving his sixth-grade friends in Sandusky as just about the end of the

world. It helped him a bit to remain with friends until the school year was over. Moreover, new friends in Youngstown on nearby Alameda Avenue (a "stork alley" if ever there was) soon made possible a new and happy life for both children.

The rectory was a pale yellow brick house that faced a deep ravine across the street. The exterior was not particularly attractive, but a large front porch spoke of warmth and welcome, and it was a very comfortable home. Upstairs were four large bedrooms and downstairs a dining room, living room, study, and kitchen.

All of us loved that house, no one more than Liz, who years later wrote movingly to me of our life there: "We had many good years there as a family (in my opinion it's the only place we were ever together as a family really), and it will always have a special place in my heart. To this day, every time I have a dream in which I'm at home, that home is the rectory in Youngstown. I can close my eyes and see it like a photograph in my mind. Also, when I lie in bed at night before I fall asleep, especially when Jan is away, I often fly back in time to lie in my big double bed in my cozy pink bedroom there. I remember everything about it: what the coolness of the sheets felt like, how the light from the lamp on the hall bureau glowed softly in my door, how I could hear Mom putting around in your bedroom across the hall, how you would come in and lie down with me and tell me stories when you came home from work, how the leaves of the big elms outside my windows rustled in the wind, and how cold the night air smelled in winter."

Two blocks west of our home was Crandall Park where in spring, summer, and fall we found swans and ducks and where in winter we enjoyed ice skating and never-to-be-forgotten fires that warmed cold hands and feet. Those neighborhood gatherings have a special place in my memory.

H enrolled in Hayes Junior High School where two years left something to be desired. Liz fared much better at Harding Elementary where three-fourths of the students were Jewish. It was at Harding that we learned how important education is to the Jewish family. If there were problems, word went all the way to the school board if necessary. Those parents knew what was

going on and cared. And the results were evident. When Liz was in the fourth grade, her principal phoned one day to ask if we would like to come over and see how Liz had done on her Iowa tests. We sat with Miss Fleps while she went through the percentile ratings for each of Liz's subjects. When she read ninety-two, ninety-five, ninety-three, etc., Bobbie and I looked at each other as though we had a genius on our hands. Our euphoria didn't last long, however, when we heard the scores of Liz's classmates: ninety-nine, ninety-nine, ninety-nine, etc. Liz was in the middle of her class.

It meant a great deal to our family to live on the north side of town in "the ghetto," as our many Jewish friends put it. They enriched our lives greatly, Liz's in particular because school, birthday parties, and bar mitzvahs opened her eyes to another culture.

There's no question that as far as schools were concerned H got the short end of the stick. Bobbie and I shuddered when we thought of him going on to Rayen High School and enduring four more years of terribly inferior schools. Luckily, good fortune came his way when our friend William Hitchcock asked if he could pick up a sizable portion of the cost at Virginia Episcopal School in Lynchburg, Virginia, which had accepted H. It was great news to us, but not to H. On the eve of his second year there he was still not convinced and said he didn't want to return; he wanted to go to Rayen. Our spirits fell, to put it mildly, but I think we played it well when we said he could make up his own mind and let us know his decision in three days. Those were the longest three days! When the time was up, we met with him, crossing our fingers and holding our breath as we waited for the worst. "Well," he said, "I don't want to go back, but I guess you want me to." Thank goodness. Bobbie and I could relax again.

H had his rough moments in high school, due, I believe, to the hurdles his early school years put in his path. We were extremely happy when he graduated from VES in 1964, though upon our arrival for the great day he phoned us at the George Carys' to say he might not graduate because of his math exam. Imagine our surprise when he appeared a few hours later and announced that he'd received the highest mark in the class!

Life in the rectory would not have been the same without Pawpaw, who lived with us for the last three years of his life. When we invited him, he reluctantly said, "I don't want to leave Towson, but I guess I should." Arriving in Youngstown with all his power tools, he set up a well-equipped shop in the basement and loved working there, often disappearing for the better part of the day. Bobbie and I and H and Liz all have in our homes today some of the furniture he made. He and H shared a strong affection, and I think Pawpaw's death was probably H's first experience with grief. Pawpaw and Liz were not as close, and even as a small child she felt it. But she compensated. One day she told us, "I think if I had been older, he would have liked me more."

A bright note for Pawpaw during his years with us was his friendship with an attractive widow, Marian Kennedy, for whom we had real affection. The two of them frequently went out to dinner together, and Pawpaw always left the house with a lighter step than usual on those evenings and would tell us the next day what was on the menu and what a good time they had. They were good for each other.

St. John's parish, organized in 1859, saw the first church building consecrated in 1863. The present building is a solid, gray stone Norman structure, hardly likely to blow over in a hurricane. Located on a hillside two blocks above the downtown area and across the street from Youngstown State University, it is accessible to residents on both the north and south sides of town. When we arrived it had 1,000 communicants.

What particularly appealed to me about St. John's was not the building but the people, who represented a complete cross section of the city. It was just the kind of parish I had hoped to have someday. Our members included unionized steel workers who operated blast furnaces and open hearths as well as leaders in the professional and business lives of the community.

It was a parish of diversity, activity, and challenge, with three men — John Ford, William Hitchcock, and Will Maag — who formed the heart and core of our lay leadership. Their names will mean little to you, but I share sketches of them, not only because each of them was a distinctive and interesting personality but because, as in any organization, it is usually a handful who set the

tone and goals and make the difference between success and failure.

Judge Ford was Youngstown's leading citizen. Married to a prominent Roman Catholic and very active in the diocese of Ohio, he was the key person at St. John's. Our personal relationship had its ups and downs. He always addressed me as "Mr. Rector," and one Sunday after I had received some publicity for my stand against right-to-work laws, he said, "Mr. Rector, I disagree with you wholeheartedly. But if that's what you believe, don't let anyone shove you around." On another occasion the two of us had a public debate on the subject of capital punishment, the Judge being very much in favor of it.

When the question of a new organ came up, things did not go as well, for his family had given the previous organ as a memorial. Looking back, I could and should have handled the matter more effectively. When the vestry voted to sign a contract for a new organ with the Schlicker Organ Company in Buffalo, the Judge and I unfortunately drew apart for some time. This concerned me greatly, but try as I could I saw no opportunity for reconciliation. Then one day, realizing that it was the anniversary of his baptism and that this had always been a special day for him, I hurried to a florist and purchased the largest azalea plant I had ever seen and sent it to him with this note: "Judge, do forgive me for ever hurting you." The next morning the phone rang, and in a choked-up voice he said, "Mr. Rector, thank you. That was most kind of you." From that day until he died, we had a good relationship. The day of his death in St. Elizabeth's Hospital, I went to see him early in the morning, turned up the flap of his oxygen tent, and said good morning. Later in the afternoon I returned, turned up the flap again, and said, "How's it going, Judge?" Barely able to speak, he said in halting words, "One thing I'll say: you certainly are persistent." An hour later he died.

His funeral was a great celebration. Bishop Burroughs was there as was the Roman Catholic bishop, James Malone. The entire local bar association appeared to be present, and the church was filled. It was my only evening funeral, but it made sense. The next morning his family attended the committal service, joined only by a Roman Catholic priest and myself.

A great leader and a great soul, the Judge taught me three

things: a split infinitive is never viable grammar; mixed marriages can succeed beautifully when each spouse is active in another church; and it really is divine to forgive.

William Hitchcock, "Hitch" as we knew him, was tall, slender, given at times to a smile and even to contagious laughter, but more often somber and aloof. He traveled extensively every year, always returning with a generous gift for Bobbie: a silver cross from Nairobi, a wooden madonna, an olive shepherd, a gold and turquoise cross from Brazil. H received \$100 at Christmas every year, and Liz was given a full set of Gorham's Old English Tipt.

Unfortunately our friendship with Hitch ended in the 1960s when the civil rights movement came to a head. Hitch (along with several other vestry members) could never accept the fact that I allowed my assistant at that time, Denny Serdahl, to march in Selma (I wished I had been there too); my deep involvement with the Youngstown Council of Churches, a group he felt was far too liberal (it advocated low-cost housing and opposed the Vietnam War, for instance); and my membership in other leftish organizations. It was a rude shock to Bobbie and me and even more of one, I think, to H and Liz, who knew him as "Uncle Hitch." My only comfort, in a sense, was that Hitch also dropped off the world and became something of a recluse, abandoning all of his friends and attending, after we left, a small Episcopal church whose membership was predominantly Italian. This I never really understood. On a trip to Youngstown in 1985 we stopped to see him at his lovely home, and he was polite and gracious — but it was clear that our friendship was a thing of the past. Few experiences have left me as disappointed and empty as that loss.

William F. Maag, Jr., owner and publisher of *The Youngstown Vindicator*, was bright, alert, and warm but terribly shy. At an annual parish meeting he was asked to say a few words. His response was more than brief: "Thank you very much. I am not good at talking on my feet. God bless all of you and St. John's." Keenly interested in the church, he was a man of learning, a graduate of Harvard, a bachelor who lived with a nephew and niece, and owner of a radio and TV station, WFMJ (his initials), which televised our 11:00 a.m. Easter Day service every year. He

wrote well-reasoned and moderate editorials, was a member of the board of trustees (with Judge Ford) of Kenyon College, and was a quiet but powerful influence in the life of the community.

One of the exciting events of our church year at St. John's was the annual Boar's Head and Yule Log Festival which I first saw presented at Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland, and thoroughly enjoyed. When we brought it to St. John's in 1961, it was greeted by enthusiastic congregations. Ever since, at two performances on the first Sunday of the new year, people have formed long lines waiting for the doors to open for this lovely event. In a sense, it is all of Christmas and Epiphany rolled up into one glorious procession of mince pie, plum pudding, shepherds, waits, wise men, King Wenceslas, pipes, drummers, and beefeaters.

The history of the Boar's Head reaches back to the days of the Roman Empire when the boar was the sovereign of the great forests, a menace to man, and a symbol of evil. The serving of the boar's head represented the triumph of Christ over evil, and the yule log, lit from last year's embers, represented the warmth of the family fireside and the rekindling of love. The old year was passing, the new year was born, yet the same love lit each.

No one knows who planned the first Boar's Head procession, though Queen's College, Oxford, records the festival shortly after the founding of the university in 1340. It was a popular event of the great manor houses of seventeenth-century England and was brought to this country by the colonists.

Our month-long vacation every summer was a time we always enjoyed. It brought a refreshing change of scenery, a welcome chance to relax, and most importantly, more time to be with Bobbie, H, and Liz. Two vacation spots during our Youngstown years are especially memorable: Chatham, Cape Cod, and Leland, Michigan.

We spent three summers in Chatham on the recommendation of Bishop Burroughs, who had a home there. There were two good beaches — one at Oyster Pond, the other by the lighthouse — and the water was certainly warmer than in Maine. There was also Nauset Beach, where we had a cookout with the Burroughs every year. We enjoyed lobsters and fried clams, the band that

played one evening every week in the town park, the movies, and just relaxing. H and Robbie Burroughs formed a solid friendship. How well I remember the evening he came home with the news that "Robbie kissed a girl for the first time tonight." Tragically, Robbie died during the Vietnam War. H and I have had the satisfaction of seeing his name on the Vietnam Memorial in Washington. I also remember sailing from Chatham to Nantucket one summer with Don and Jackie Gillies (members of St. John's who had seven daughters, the last named Patience) and visiting there for several days — Liz sleeping in the house and Bobbie, H, and I on the boat.

Leland was a small summer resort on Lakes Michigan and Leelanau where I took Sunday services for three years in the Methodist Church — the followers of Wesley worshipping at 10:00 a.m. and the Episcopalians at 8:00 a.m. The congregation usually averaged about forty-five souls and was warm and welcoming to us.

One other trip merits mention here. The summer after we moved to Youngstown (1957), I promised H something special because he had been so upset about leaving Sandusky. We agreed on a trip to New York City — just the two of us. Traveling by train from Towson, Maryland, where we'd all gone to visit Mawmaw and Pawpaw, he and I found our way to Calvary Church, Gramercy Park, where rooms were available at reasonable rates. What to see? We began with the Staten Island ferry, which gave us wonderful views of the harbor, the Manhattan skyline, and the Statue of Liberty. A visit to the Hayden Planetarium opened our eyes to a world we had never seen before and amazed us.

The high point of our visit came when we went to see the TV show "The Price Is Right" at a theater on Forty-second Street. I had never heard of it, but H had. At the end of the thirty-minute show, a couple came on stage and asked certain members of the audience to guess the value of a small woman's bracelet. It was a gimmick, of course, to seek new panelists. H and I were sitting in the balcony and heard the question addressed to me: "The man with the bow tie — what is your name and where are you from?" Mine was the last name called before sixteen of us were asked to report to the stage for an interview. When they learned I was a

"Rev," I think it made a difference. In any event, four of us were chosen, and I was on for the next day.

H sat in the front row. It was fun for each of us, though I remember wishing it could have been him on the panel instead of me. Bill Cullin, the MC, gave us a few suggestions, and then away we went. Bobbie and Liz watched in Towson with Mawmaw and Pawpaw.

I lasted two days and received about \$2,000 worth of merchandise, including a diamond necklace, electric stove, vacuum cleaner, grass rug, TV, and evening dress. We gave the dress to the church for their annual bazaar, kept the TV, put an ad in the paper for the rest of the stuff (there was always snickering when I said I got it on "The Price Is Right"), and took the necklace — supposedly worth \$1,200 — to a local jeweler who said, "The price is not right; the diamonds are cheap French stones." He advised sending it to a friend in New York, and two weeks later I got an answer: it was sold for \$200, and I paid ten percent to my jeweler. I was never much good at math, but I knew the answer to that one: net profit \$180.

Two honors came my way in Youngstown that pleased me. In 1959 I was delighted to learn that Kenyon College had elected to give me an honorary doctorate at the commencement exercises on June 8 that year. It was recognition that meant a great deal to me since I had not received a seminary degree. I was also pleased at the invitation to give the baccalaureate sermon in the college chapel. The citation read by President Lund when he gave me my degree included these words: "In your ministry ... you have consistently shown by your preaching, and by your pastoral and family and community relationships, that the Gospel of Christ is a relevant Gospel for the world; that its concerns are for the sick and the poor, for the friendless and alone, for the confused and the searching ... that in its best and truest interpretation the Gospel is a social Gospel."

Feeling a bit pumped up on this occasion, I was soon brought back to earth when I received a letter from Bishop Tucker congratulating me on "this so-called honor" but admonishing me to remember the words of a great teacher and former rector of St. Paul's, Richmond, Walter Russell Bowie, who once said, "Re-

member that the hood of the honorary doctor's degree is like the curl in a pig's tail: it adds nothing to the brain, just decoration to the rear."

In 1965 I was named "Man of the Year" by the Youngstown Jewish community. The Jewish people are among the more liberally oriented groups in every American community and as a minority are particularly sensitive to the rights of the dispossessed, the homeless, and those deprived by their racial and ethnic backgrounds. I knew and worked with many Jewish people in the American Civil Liberties Union and similar organizations, and I'm sure it was this background that led to my award.

The year 1963 was the year John F. Kennedy was assassinated. When it happened, I simply couldn't believe it. Roosevelt's sudden death brought widespread grief, but it was not a great surprise for his poor health was generally known. But Kennedy's death stunned an entire world which had been captivated by the personal mystique he created during his brief presidency.

I recall as though it were only yesterday talking with people in the nave of St. John's when someone called to say the president had been shot. I ran into the parish house seeking more definitive information, hoping against hope, turning on the radio for any morsel of news. When the announcement came that he was dead, I cried like a child. Seldom have I found myself so emotionally overcome as I was on the afternoon of November 22, 1963.

I had been drawn to Kennedy ever since the afternoon I heard him speak as a presidential candidate on the square in downtown Youngstown. His all-too-brief political career began inauspiciously, for as a senator his record was no better than lackluster. But to the nation's highest office he brought a sense of vitality and elegance, and he marketed glamour, wit, and personal style. He set in motion our journey to the moon. He saw beyond the boundaries of our own country, best illustrated perhaps when he stood at the Berlin Wall and spoke the famous words "Ich bin ein Berliner." He had great charisma and an ability to communicate that brought people together. Yet, interestingly, he was unable to translate his personal popularity into effective leverage in Congress. It took his successor, Lyndon Johnson, a master legislative craftsman, to pass Kennedy's tax cut and to usher in historic civil

rights legislation. We will never know what Kennedy's place in history would have been, for he was president for less than three years.

About 1966 Bobbie said she was tired of doing volunteer work at Youngstown's North Side Hospital and would like to find a job that, as she said, "can stretch my mind." I suggested she talk to Luna Kenny, the executive director of Children's and Family Service Agency and a woman with whom I had served on local boards. Within days of their first meeting, Bobbie had a job and was being trained to work with unmarried mothers in Florence Crittendon homes in Akron, Cleveland, and Youngstown. This included preparation for interviewing families desiring to adopt children and, as background for marriage counseling, three hours each week with a social worker and a psychiatrist. She thoroughly enjoyed this job until we left Youngstown.

By the time 1967 rolled around, I had thought to myself on more than one occasion that I would be in Youngstown for the rest of my ministry. I was happy and saw no need to consider a move. Nor did I anticipate that anyone would come looking for me when I was fifty-eight.

Then one evening as Bobbie and I sat reading in the study, I received a phone call from Jack Wean, president of a steel company by that name, saying he wished to meet with me in his Warren, Ohio, office as soon as possible. He added that it was important. I made a late afternoon appointment with him for the following day and, hanging up the phone, turned to Bobbie and said I couldn't imagine why he wished to see me. I didn't know him well. "Maybe he's another conservative businessman who wants to sit down and talk some sense into my head," I said.

He received me warmly and went right to the point. He was a member of the vestry at Bethesda-by-the-Sea in Palm Beach, Florida. They had lost their rector, Bob Appleyard, who had been elected bishop of the Diocese of Pittsburgh, and were interested in having me replace him. I couldn't imagine going to Palm Beach, a part of the world I didn't know and into which I didn't think I would fit. I even suggested friends I felt were urbane and suited to a ministry there. I also added that I would be leaving shortly for

Lynchburg, where H and Sue were about to celebrate their engagement, and that all in all I shouldn't be considered.

We went on to Lynchburg, and early one morning Jack Wean called us there to invite us to fly down to Palm Beach in his company jet, which could pick us up in Lynchburg. I told him this was out of the question because we had the Boar's Head in Youngstown the next Sunday. Returning home, I had another call from Jack, urging Bobbie and me to meet his plane about 8:00 p.m. Sunday evening, after the Boar's Head, at the Youngstown airport. We decided we should at least give Jack the courtesy of looking at Bethesda and should also satisfy ourselves as to whether or not the Lord was in the picture.

Off we went that evening, and two and a half hours later we were in the Palm Beach International Airport where the senior warden, Bill Cluett, and his wife, Helen, were on hand to greet us and take us to their home.

I met with the vestry the next morning, and then we flew home. In the meantime I had told Bill Cluett I was sure they wouldn't want me because I was a member of the American Civil Liberties Union, the NAACP, and other similar groups. Somehow this didn't faze him. Within a day or so I received word of my unanimous election by the vestry. Everything in me said no, but I decided to fly down again for another look. Coming home, I still couldn't bring myself to say yes, though now there was some doubt in my mind. Finally, something in me said I should accept. Whether it was the thought that I might never get another call at my age, a seeming indifference on the part of my new bishop (John Burt, whom I had followed in Youngstown), or the challenge of a new venture, I will never know. Perhaps it was a mix of them all.

The process that went into my selection as rector at Bethesda is in such marked contrast to today's that I think it merits detail. After Bob Appleyard's consecration in Pittsburgh, he returned for two months to Bethesda — something unheard of today. Equally unheard of now was a hiatus of one Sunday between the two of us. When I left Bethesda it was almost a year before the new man arrived, that date having been preceeded by an interim during which a search committee sent every parishioner a booklet giving a parish profile, complete with a history of the church and the diocese, church attendance, financial records, what qualities were

desired in a new rector, and the strengths and weaknesses of Bethesda.

Bobbie and I never moved to another parish without mixed emotions, and as we drove from Ohio to Palm Beach we had our share of them. We were taking a long jump in more ways than one. It was a change from cold winter days to a full year of sunshine, from sycamores and elms in front of our home to palms and ficus. New faces among clergy and laity in a brand new diocese meant putting down roots in another part of the world. Most of all, we were leaving behind friends in Toledo, Sandusky, and Youngstown and the diocese of Ohio which had been such a real part of our lives for twenty-eight years. In some ways it was not easy, but we were confident nevertheless that it was the right move and that the door that was opening would bring new joys and opportunities.

12

Frankfurt in the Summer of 1966

It was spring, a warm sunny day had come early to St. John's, Youngstown, and the windows were open in the parish house vestry room when Beverly Lindsay, our secretary, opened the door to say I had a long-distance call. I picked up the phone to hear the voice of the rector of our church in Tiffin, Ohio — a man I didn't know well but for whom I had preached a year or so earlier — who said he had to back out of an invitation to exchange churches that summer with St. Christopher's Church, Frankfurt, Germany, and asked if I would like to go. The rector of St. Christopher's, Don Wiseman, would come to Youngstown.

It was an exciting moment and one I will never forget. All my life I had dreamed of going to Europe and wondered if the day would ever come. Now it was possible. I wanted to say yes right then and there, but instead I said, "Give me until tomorrow to let you know."

Bobbie was as eager to go as I was, and we quickly agreed to accept the invitation. Calling back the next day, I learned that the exchange would be for six weeks and that a house and car would be provided for us. St. John's agreed to continue my salary and St. Christopher's (now known as Christ the King Parish) to provide me with a modest stipend.

Of course we hoped that H and Liz would go with us, and we were quick to let them know that. Liz, thirteen, said very little but

confessed after we had returned home that she "didn't want to go *at all*." She added that she was very glad she did, however, and I would note that we haven't been able to keep her home since. Two months with a French family when she was sixteen and then two summers in Labrador with the Grenfell Mission were only the beginning of her travels.

H, twenty-one, gave us an emphatic no. And we understood why: he was courting Sue and had a good job in Youngstown on the railroad.

On June 13, H drove us to the Cleveland airport for our evening flight to New York and then London. Arriving with jet lag, Bobbie, Liz, and I all fell into bed for nearly four hours before venturing out. Liz has a memorable quote in her diary about our arrival at the hotel: "When the baggage came up I was in unsuitable dress, so I hid in the closet. Mom told the porter he couldn't go in the closet, but I don't think he heard her. He opened the door and I slammed it in his face. He and I nearly died."

Later in the day we had our first view of 10 Downing Street, the Houses of Parliament and Big Ben, the Thames River, and St. James Park, where Liz noted, "We saw a whole lot of lovers, lying on the ground, kissing. Great fun to watch." (No exaggeration!)

During the next two days we did up Trafalgar Square with its famous Landseer lions, ubiquitous pigeons, and fountains. Liz wrote, "The pigeons aren't afraid of anyone and they just come and sit on your head. I bought a tin of food and they all came and sat on my head. They tickled so much though that I dropped the can, and that was the end!" In one of our photo albums I have a picture of that scene.

Not far from Trafalgar Square we visited the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, where in the undercroft there is a modest wood statue of St. Martin, one of my favorite saints. The story is told that as a young soldier traveling by horse through France and seeing a beggar at dusk, Martin dismounted, took his sword, cut his cloak in half, and gave one half to the man in need. That night as Martin slept, he had a dream in which he saw Christ wearing the other half of the cloak.

There were also visits to the Tower of London with its royal crown jewels and beefeaters; a boat trip on the Thames; the Tate

Galleries (modern art and beatniks); Hyde Park; Lambeth Palace (home of the archbishop of Canterbury); Westminster Abbey; and Buckingham Palace and the changing of the guard.

After four full and thoroughly enjoyable days in London, we flew to Frankfurt. The senior warden at St. Christopher's, Mr. Cate, and his chauffeur, Gunter, met us and drove us to the church apartment to meet Janet Wiseman (pregnant with her fourth child), whose husband was by now in Youngstown. We chatted briefly and then were taken to a spacious residence — four bedrooms, four baths, living and dining rooms, kitchen, and a large backyard — that would be our home away from home. It was far more than we expected and certainly far more than we needed.

Checking *The Episcopal Church Annual* before I left Youngstown, I had learned that we had eight churches in Europe: Brussels, Paris, Munich, Wiesbaden, Florence, Rome, Geneva, and Frankfurt, all of them under the jurisdiction of the presiding bishop and having the grand title of the Convocation of American Churches in Europe.

St. Christopher's in 1966 consisted of a parish house and an upstairs rectory apartment. Services were held across the road in the Old Catholic Church (a group comprising European congregations that had broken away from Rome about 1870, professing to be truly catholic but rejecting certain modern doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, especially the dogma of papal infallibility.) It was in this church that I had my first experience with a freestanding altar — literally, one that stands free of a wall. I immediately felt the difference. The congregation was no longer behind me as I celebrated the Eucharist (we referred to it as the communion service in those days) but in front of me, physically as well as symbolically drawing priest and people together.

The congregation was made up primarily of Americans, though a few German nationals were regular members. Needless to say, all services were in English. We felt thoroughly accepted by the congregation, some of whom were kind enough to take us on day trips here and there.

One such occasion was a drive up the Rhine valley and a visit to the Köln Cathedral. It was a beautiful church, but we couldn't quite accept the fact that it claimed to have the bones of the three

wise men. Liz summed it up well when she wrote, "Phooey, it's all trash." This was also the day when I refused to buy some article in a shop and the woman called me a "cheap Jacob," obviously a German expression for a cheap Jew.

The height of strawberry season in Frankfurt calls for celebrations. Mr. Cate rose to the occasion when he welcomed a group of friends to an evening gathering that featured strawberries that had been soaked in cognac and placed in a huge bowl filled with champagne. Bobbie, having carefully told Liz not to drink the punch, was surprised when we returned home and found her more than a bit woozy. When we greeted her the next morning, she told us she hadn't touched the punch. "I just ate lots of strawberries," she said.

One of the real joys of this exchange was the opportunity to travel during the week. And travel we did, wherever distance and cost permitted.

A four-day trip in the Wiseman's Volkswagen bug took us through the Black Forest to Freiburg im Breisgau at the western foot of the Black Mountains where we found a bed-and-breakfast in a room over a pub. Then it was on to Zurich where Liz bought a recorder and we found watches for all the family. H was very much in our minds, and we wished to take him a special present since he wasn't with us. We went all out on a waterproof watch with an alarm clock and stopwatch. When we gave it to him, his face fell because it wasn't gold. We should have known better; the silverlike finish just wasn't the same. He still has it today but never uses it because repair is quite expensive. If only we could relive the day we bought it!

We spent three nights in Zurich, a special event being an all-day bus trip to Lucern. This lovely city on beautiful Lake Lucern will always be a part of me. And I can never forget the famous Lion of Lucern, the huge sleeping lion carved in solid rock, a memorial to the Swiss guards who died defending the Tuileries.

A memorable one-day trip took us to Heidelberg where Liz bought the cuckoo clock she still has in her home and where we rode the funicular to the top of the mountain that overlooks the city and the nearly 700-year-old University of Heidelberg.

If some of this sounds like the travelogue I have sought to avoid, bear with me. There are two more trips I simply can't omit.

When we learned we could get fifty percent off on a flight to West Berlin, we grabbed it. And how glad I am we did. Landing in Tempelhof Airport, we found an attractive city, well restored after the bombing of World War II, clean by daylight and sparkling with lights at night.

Shortly after our arrival, we hailed a taxi whose driver was a young man who asked whether we would be interested in a private tour of East Berlin. When we declined, he gave us his card and suggested we phone him if we changed our minds. I put the card in my wallet and still had it several months later when I read in the *New York Times* that he had been picked up by West German authorities as a communist spy.

We did go to East Berlin, but it was as part of a bus tour. Making our first stop at Checkpoint Charlie, we were greeted by armed guards who examined every square inch of our vehicle. A woman guide (who we thought was Russian) spoke to us in a monotone voice and pointed out such places of interest as the Brandenburg Gate, the Olympic stadium, and the huge Soviet war memorial. There was virtually no mention of the bombed-out areas that extended block after block — a veritable ghostlike panorama — or of Hitler's bunker, where he took his life in the waning moments of the German state he created during the Nazi period.

Throughout our travels we were constantly aware of the ruin and devastation that are an ever-present reminder of World War II in Europe. It stands out like open wounds in city after city, particularly in East Berlin.

Our last overnight trip began with a day-long drive to Amsterdam and the nearby towns of Volendam and Marken where we saw people in their native costumes. In Amsterdam we saw many fun-loving, beer-drinking groups of young people, carefree in their singing and waving as they saluted life with a sense of abandon. We also found other dimensions to the city: a candle-light cruise on the canals; the Anne Frank House; the Rijksmuseum with many Rembrandts, including the famous *Night Watch*; Dom Square; and a Delft store where we bought candlesticks and a

glass crucifix that immediately struck me as a unique work of art.

On July 26 we took a taxi to the bahnhof and said goodbye to Frankfurt. Some six hours later, our train was in Paris and we were headed for a nap in our hotel.

Paris is said to be one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Having seen much of what has made it famous, I would agree with the author of a guidebook who writes, "We are certainly aware of being in Paris and nowhere else."

Our first evening in Paris it was our good fortune to arrive at the Place de la Concorde — a wide plazalike area — just as the lights were coming on. It was a moment to remember.

We walked the Champs-Élysées and visited the Arc de Triomphe which stands at one end of this great boulevard and underneath which the perpetual flame burns, a memorial to those who died in World War I.

Notre Dame, the earliest Gothic cathedral, is located in the heart of Paris on the Ile de la Cité, an island in the Seine River. Begun in the twelfth century, it took 150 years to complete. I took several pictures of the exterior, some of which are framed and hanging in our mountain home.

The metro took us twelve miles southwest of Paris to Versailles, a palace half a mile long with enormous wings and hundreds of rooms, all of it surrounded by a park of magnificent lawns, walks, and fountains.

Of course we could not skip the Louvre and such art treasures as *Mona Lisa*, *Winged Victory*, and *Venus de Milo*..

We had hoped to see the Episcopal Cathedral on Avenue Georges V, but we arrived there at noon when, like many other places, it closes down for two hours. This was a real disappointment, for we were unable to squeeze it in later.

We will never forget the day we went to the Eiffel Tower. Bobbie climbed only to the first platform, but Liz and I were determined to go all the way to the top platform (981 feet high) where we saw what seemed to be just about all of Paris. It was a trip that consumed one and a half hours and was worth every bit of it.

We had arranged to sail back to the States instead of flying, and after four days in Paris we took the three-hour boat-train along the

Seine from Paris to Le Havre. The scenery was beautiful as we passed little towns and big ones and many chateaus. When we reached Le Harve, our Dutch cruise ship, the *Rotterdam*, had just come in, and soon we were on board. That night, just off Southhampton, we stood on deck watching tugs push us into the harbor and, later, other passengers getting on. The next morning, up early to celebrate the communion service, I returned to our cabin to tell Bobbie and Liz we were passing Land's End.

There's nothing quite like life on a cruise ship. It's eat, sleep, read, and play — and we did our share of each. But before we knew it, six nights had come and gone and we were looking at Long Island, getting in the channel for New York City, passing under the Verrazano Bridge, greeting the Statue of Liberty (or being greeted by it), moving slowly toward the pier with four tugs at our bow and one at our stern, and finally docking on a hot summer afternoon.

It was good to be in our own country again and to see the American flag. But we were a bit stunned to learn that United Airlines was on strike and that our reservations to fly home had been cancelled. Fortunately we found one of the last rental cars in the city and drove to Youngstown in air-conditioned comfort (our first experience with air-conditioning in a car, and how we loved it on a hot summer night). Liz slept on the back seat, and Bobbie and I shared the driving. We were nearing the end of a great experience on a day when the sun, setting behind the mountains on the Pennsylvania Turnpike, was lovely. Shortly after midnight, we pointed our rented Plymouth into the driveway at 249 Redondo Road. There was so much to talk about, so much for which to be thankful — not the least of which was to see H and to know that our family was together again.

13

Bethesda- By-The-Sea, Palm Beach

The history of Bethesda-by-the-Sea dates from the year 1889 when six Episcopalians gathered driftwood, built a small structure, and named it for a pool in biblical Jerusalem believed to have healing powers (John 5: 2-4). Other than a small Roman Catholic mission in the village of Miami, it was the only house of worship in an area of approximately 7,000 square miles. Able to accommodate twenty to thirty people, the first church was replaced in 1894 because of the rapid growth that resulted when Henry Flagler's dream of creating a popular resort on the island of Palm Beach became a reality. The second church, long since deconsecrated, still stands as a home on North Lake Way.

In 1922 Canon Russell left the National Cathedral in Washington to become Bethesda's rector. He saw the need for an even larger and more permanent place of worship and set about building a Gothic edifice that is recognized today as one of the most beautiful churches in the country.

The rectory we moved into is adjacent to the church on Barton Avenue. Mediterranean in architecture, it is constructed around an atrium and consists of a formal living room, dining-sitting room, three bedrooms, kitchen, family room, and study. Above the connecting garage are four small bedrooms, the perfect place for children and grandchildren. It was certainly spacious and comfortable, and we did enjoy it — to say nothing of the lovely

patio. I would often lie there in the sun in my favorite chaise and relax during my lunch hour and at other times. Although H and Liz never really knew this rectory as "home," they were frequent and always very welcome visitors.

Palm Beach, as we soon discovered, is a world unto itself, an island fourteen miles long and scarcely two blocks wide with a permanent population of 10,000 that soars to 40,000 in the season. A wealthy residential community of manicured homes and estates, it is conservative, largely college educated (though some have not read a book in years), and no longer the small, relatively isolated community of thirty years ago. Many people believe that the jet set dominates the social life of the island, but it is not true. The jet-setters are a relatively small group that stand in contrast to the average household, which is family oriented despite a background of many divorces. The average age in Palm Beach is high because most young couples cannot afford a home there.

Within this setting, the commercial life, miniscule at best, is largely confined to fine restaurants and hotels, two golf courses, three churches, one synagogue (forty percent of the island is Jewish), two filling stations, and a multiplicity of real estate offices (there are 700 licensed realtors on the island). The town is a haven for tourists, and traffic moves at a snail's pace from December to April.

In contrast to Palm Beach is its neighbor across Lake Worth, West Palm Beach. Separated from Palm Beach by three short bridges, it is so close yet so far away. A typical American city with a population of 62,000, West Palm was founded by Henry Flagler to house the servant population in the early days of life on Palm Beach. Residential sections range from the stately to the slum, shopping areas from the rather desolate downtown stores to prosperous malls in outlying areas. The largest employers are the hospitals, educational institutions (including a junior college and a four-year Southern Baptist college — Baptists being the predominant religious group), and the boating industry. Surrounding West Palm Beach is a satellite of small towns and cities, notably Lake Worth, Palm Springs, and Riviera Beach.

Should you ask about our life apart from the church, the answer would be that the two seldom parted company.

Aside from Sunday, the one day in the week I looked forward to was Wednesday. That was doctors' day off, and it meant tennis in the afternoon with Sandy and Emmy Burdett and Bill Kemp, Sandy and I regularly taking on Emmy and Bill. A beer afterwards and often a dip in the Kemp's pool rounded it off.

Bobbie, usually up before I was, loved to take Sheila, our golden retriever, for a walk in the cool morning. And the two of us frequently walked Sheila in the evening along the golf course and on quiet streets. Sheila had a marked aptitude, to put it mildly, for locating golf balls. The girls at the Church Mouse, Bethesda's thrift shop, used to tell the story of a man who came in frequently to buy used golf balls. One day he asked what had happened to the supply of balls. The reply he got was, "Our source hasn't been around lately." "Well," he asked, "what was your source?" "A dog," he was told. "My God," he commented, "I bet I've been buying my own golf balls."

We entertained modestly, welcoming close friends for an occasional small dinner gathering and once or twice a year hosting cocktail parties of as many as fifty people. And we always hosted the annual party, complete with plum pudding, for the Boar's Head cast.

Adding invitations from friends to homes and restaurants for dinner pretty well wrapped it up. We saw few movies, undoubtedly a mark of a less than adequate cultural level in the world of cinema.

Shortly after we reached Palm Beach, H graduated from Ohio University with a degree in journalism and a very satisfactory grade-point average (pretty close to a 3.0) and was accepted in the two-year degree course in hospital administration at the Medical College of Virginia in Richmond. After academic trials and tribulations, he was on his way! And, needless to say, we were very proud of him.

On June 14, 1968, he married Sue Adams in the Court Street Methodist Church in Lynchburg, a service in which I was happy to share. It was a great weekend, with a lively rehearsal dinner and a beautiful reception at the Boonsboro Country Club.

During H's year at the medical college, Sue worked in a radio station and the following year, when H was a resident in Charlot-

tesville, in a doctor's office. What a help that was to H — and to Bobbie and me.

After a stint as an assistant hospital administrator in Lancaster, South Carolina, and a few years in the Air Force, H became the CEO and administrator of Westminster Canterbury, a life-care facility in Lynchburg where he is recognized nationally as a leader in his field.

Liz was completing her first year at Chatham Hall in Chatham, Virginia, when we moved to Palm Beach. She was president of her freshman class and graduated in 1971 as student council president before heading for Smith College. She loved Chatham but said she wanted no "southern magnolias" for college.

Whereas H wished to be married in his junior year of college, we began to think that Liz and Jan Pierson would never make the leap. At long last we greeted with enthusiasm the word that they planned to be married at the home of their dear friends Chuck and Louise Huntington in South Harpswell, Maine. The wedding took place on June 26, 1977, in front of the Huntingtons' home with the backdrop of a stone wall and the countryside beyond. The service was not exactly *à la* the Book of Common Prayer, but it was a reasonable facsimile that the three of us put together and which it was my great privilege to read. Wedding and reception became one and the same when the congregation of family and friends moved to a tent a few feet away where tables were covered with refreshing food and libations.

A highlight of the day was an all-afternoon baseball game put on by the Beagles and their coach and captain, Bill Huntington. I was honored for awhile as umpire, but when my calls were questioned the game continued without me while bride, groom, and many friends played on.

When Bobbie arrived in Florida and found herself without a job, she kept her ear to the ground and came up with the name of Ron Catanzaro, a psychiatrist who had plans to establish an alcohol treatment center. Fortunately the plans materialized within two years, and when they did Bobbie began working part-time at the Palm Beach Institute, PBI, in West Palm Beach. Bobbie was very good at her work, and over the years it was gratifying to

hear from many patients how much she helped them. I cannot begin to say how proud I am of what Bobbie accomplished during those years.

At our last annual parish meeting, something of the affection and respect in which Bobbie was held at Bethesda was reflected when the Vestry Silver Cross Award was presented to her as one who "has rendered conspicuous service to the Church and in so doing has manifested an outstanding example of high Christian character in personal life." The citation read:

For her constant and devoted support of the work of this parish
For being there when needed as a friend to all and confidant of
those who seek her out

For the grace with which she has made the Rectory a warm and
welcome home for parishioners and honored guests

For devotion to keeping the Rector on the right track through-
out these thirteen years of service to Bethesda

Enthusiastically, the members of the Vestry present to

BOBBIE CARY
THE VESTRY SILVER CROSS AWARD
1981

I began my ministry at Bethesda on April 28, 1968, two weeks after Easter. Bob Appleyard had done a great deal in three years to calm a parish that had been divided by the time his predecessor, Larry Williams, resigned.

Divisions within a congregation are always unfortunate, and in this instance feelings ran high. Some thought Williams had been a blessing; others held him in contempt. It was an ugly situation that still surfaced frequently even during my first few years. My policy was to take no sides and to discourage any mention of discord, all the while carrying forward the life and programs of the parish without introducing controversy. I recalled the counsel of an older priest in Toledo: "When you are new, look around and do things the last man didn't do."

Knowing that Bethesda was a church of great wealth, I was always conscious of the need to attract what I call "everyday" people. This was an expression not only of who I am — one who

enjoys "all sorts and conditions" of people — but of my awareness that growth and a sense of community are best nurtured where a cross section of families prevails. I was shocked, for instance, when I heard that a young man from West Palm Beach, elected to the vestry a few years earlier, had been the first non-Palm Beach resident on that body. It is so easy for all of us to enjoy the comfort that comes from sharing life only with "our" kind of people, and it is deadly when it penetrates the church. The Christian church isn't much, as I see it, unless it exists as "a house of prayer for all people."

This was the danger I saw at Bethesda, and for that reason there were times when I probably was more interested in shopkeepers, waiters at the Breakers Hotel next door to us, and unknowns from the Greater Palm Beach area than in men and women who were part of the upper crust (a group that one wag has depicted as "a lot of crumbs held together with a little dough.") In any event, I think there was an awareness at Bethesda that I played no favorites, moved in no particular social group, and welcomed any and all, a fact that was reflected in the makeup of our vestry and lay readers and, most important of all, those who came to worship.

The world was stunned on September 5, 1972, when eleven Israeli athletes were slain during the Olympic games in Munich. A sense of outrage filled the hearts of people everywhere. The first person I reached when I heard the news was our organist, Bill MacGowan. I told him we would have a memorial service the following Sunday at Bethesda, that we would invite our Jewish friends throughout the Palm Beaches to attend, and that I needed his help in selecting appropriate music. One hymn I recall was "The God of Abraham Praise." The church was filled at 11:00 a.m. with Jews and Christians giving witness to our common Judeo-Christian heritage. My sermon that Sunday, "We Bow Our Heads in Sorrow," spoke to the fact that, "No people has suffered more bitterly from the disorder of man than the Jewish people." It is the only one of my sermons that has been translated, at least in part, I've been told, into several European languages. I was asked to repeat the sermon in a local synagogue and within the year (1973) received the American Jewish Committee's human relations award for my "courageous battle against bigotry and intolerance."

A high point in my entire ministry was serving as a member of the National Coalition for the Ordination of Women in 1971 and 1972. This group, composed of about twenty-five lay people, priests, and bishops, coordinated efforts throughout the country on the part of those who believed that the time had come when ordination should be open to women who felt called to be priests. The church was well divided on this issue. Opponents argued that Jesus had not had women as disciples; that the ordination of women would hinder the ecumenical movement, especially in our relations with the Roman Catholic and Orthodox churches; and that there was no warranty in scripture for such a move. Our arguments were pretty well summed up in a passage in scripture itself: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither slave nor free, there is neither male nor female; for you are all one in Christ Jesus" (Galations 3: 28).

We met in several cities, including Houston, Washington, Chicago, and St. Louis, to plan strategy and bring together groups of men and women, particularly those who would attend the 1976 General Convention in Minneapolis. In order to remain solvent as we traveled about, we decided a treasurer was needed who would seek funds wherever possible. The lot fell on me, and with some assistance we managed to avoid bankruptcy. Victory came at the General Convention when both the house of bishops and the house of clerical and lay deputies voted a change in canon law. There have been few times in my life when I felt a greater sense of joy and pride than when that vote was announced. It was indeed a wonderful moment.

On January 1, 1977, the first women priests were ordained (some had been ordained in an "irregular" service a few years earlier), and though there continues to be opposition, thirty-five percent of the students in Episcopal seminaries today are women, and six of the thirty-three members of the Anglican communion, including Canada, now permit the ordination of women.

I could never survive in a quiet and isolated corner and have always been interested in a church and a world that were not limited. Parochialism has not been one of my sins. At Bethesda I continued my interest in diocesan roles, serving on the Board of Examining Chaplains and the Standing Committee, as a deputy to

General Convention, and as a canon of Trinity Cathedral, Miami.

If you are wondering what a canon is, that's a good question. In the Anglican church, the term usually refers to an assistant clergyman on the staff of a cathedral. In the larger cathedrals, canons have their separate responsibilities spelled out, such as canon pastor, canon theologian, canon precentor (music), etc. In American churches the title can also be, as with me, an honorary one that is lifelong. The appointment must have the approval of the dean, the cathedral chapter (vestry), and the bishop. My good friend and senior warden, Parker Bryant, presented me to the diocesan convention on this occasion and gilded the lily with mention of my involvement in the diocese and national church.

"Columbarium" is a word derived from the Latin that literally means a dovecote or a niche where the dove can rest. Many churches today have columbariums, places where the ashes of the departed can be placed.

Bethesda has a columbarium on the grounds between the parish house and the Cluett Gardens, but it was built in 1972 only after several years of indecision. There was a town ordinance that prohibited cemeteries on the island, and the town council interpreted that to include columbariums. What many of us thought was being said was that there must be no appearance of death on this lovely island. In due course, membership on the council changed, the ordinance was lifted, and the niches were sought after by many families. My sister Anne's husband, Scoville Tilton, is there, and I imagine she will some day choose to be with him.

Let me touch as briefly as possible on new programs and activities that I believe enriched Bethesda when I was there.

It was inevitable that in due course I would bring the Boar's Head to Palm Beach. My instinct that it would be a natural was supported by five men and women who flew to Youngstown to observe their production. Their enthusiastic reports were followed by the making of costumes by a group of women (Bobbie among them) for more than a hundred men, women, and children and finally our first Boar's Head in 1978. Once again this colorful and dramatic presentation became an outreach to the community and, in a very real sense, a form of evangelism.

The opening of a thrift shop, the vision of a small group of women, became the Church Mouse. With a hired manager and volunteer workers, it turned a profit from the beginning. When I retired in 1981 it had a net annual profit of \$100,000, and it has since opened another store in West Palm Beach.

The continuing development of an outreach program at Bethesda was given an added boost when a friend of mine from EHS days, Jim Kenan, heir to a sizable fortune, much of it deriving from the Flagler family, sent us a check for \$100,000 with the suggestion that its income be used to provide college scholarships for high-school students in Palm Beach County who otherwise might not go to college. The first year we awarded four scholarships with an understanding that they would continue if the students' academic standings were satisfactory. Today no less than fifty students receive assistance ranging from \$100 to \$1,000 each.

Just before Lent one year we held a very successful spring festival, and it is now an annual event — a day when parents, children, grandparents, and other friends gather amid baked goods, clowns, balloons, flower mart, games, and a tempting auction.

What has come to be known as Animal Sunday was celebrated for the first time at the 9:00 a.m. service on the first Sunday in October, 1975. It was always a day when we saw people who never appeared on any other occasion. And how many different pets came into the church with them: dogs, cats, parrots, love birds, guinea pigs, gerbils, and once a baby lion that had been borrowed from Lion Safari. To my knowledge, no horses or ponies have yet appeared.

As the organ played Bela Bartok's "Bear Dance," a long procession formed, and each person stopped for a moment at the chancel steps while I sprinkled their pet with water and said a brief prayer. Cary and Bob Doyle came up from Hillsboro Beach one year and brought a love bird whose wings had been clipped and placed him on my shoulder where he remained for quite some time, prompting friends to wonder just what I did in my spare time.

And, of course, there were the pooper scoopers, Boy Scouts with dust pans who kept a careful eye on the traffic. To their delight and everyone's surprise, it was amazing how seldom their

expertise was required. Nor do I recall a fight at any time.

There were always a few church members who looked askance at this hour, but I am convinced it will always have meaning for those who identify with the collect for St. Francis, which includes the petition that "we may for love of thee delight in all thy creatures." Somehow, I also believe those pets were at times caught up in the spirit of the day. Was it an aberration that a canary seemed to sing with the organ or that harmony was so apparent among those creatures "great and small?"

Always there was a homily, the one I recall most readily being the story of *The Velveteen Rabbit*. And the hymns usually included "All things bright and beautiful" with that glorious last stanza:

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty
Who has made all things well.

Following the service, the congregation was invited to gather in the gardens for coffee and orange juice where each family looked with unconcealed pride at their special companion. Bobbie and I were no exception as we watched Sheila and thought to ourselves that she was just the most special of them all.

In 1976, after his election as presiding bishop, Jack Allin launched the Episcopal church on a capital-funds campaign known as Venture in Mission which sought a goal of \$100 million for projects in this country and overseas, as well as one in each diocese. The knowledge that some monies would remain "at home" was an incentive, but many dioceses were slow to respond.

In 1977 I was selected as the representative from Southeast Florida to attend a VIM gathering of about 100 clergy and lay persons in Denver. The meeting was designed to give us background material before we were sent out two-by-two, a priest and a lay person, to meet with bishops and key leaders in dioceses other than our own. My partner was Ed Hartley, director of the Kanuga Conference Center in Hendersonville, North Carolina, and the dioceses assigned to us were Alabama, East Carolina, Western North Carolina, Southeast Florida, and the Central Gulf

Coast. I felt that Ed and I hadn't bungled the job too badly when Huntley Elebash, bishop of East Carolina, phoned me at a later date asking me to head up the campaign in Province IV, the southeast portion of the country. I declined his invitation, noting that my retirement was closing in on me.

It was during this campaign that Calvin Schofield, our bishop, made an appointment to meet with me and Doyle Rogers, my senior warden, at the home of Bob Mueller, a very wealthy bachelor, former concert pianist, and member of Bethesda. As we sat that afternoon on Bob's patio, he asked the bishop what was expected from him. Cal told him we were looking for gifts of up to \$250,000, even up to \$500,000 and a million dollars, and then said, "Bob, I'd say you're in the upper third of the class." Bob's response was, "All right, Bishop, I'll give you a million dollars." And he did. Moreover, his gift came at a time when interest rates were at a peak, making it possible for the interest on that one gift to cover the costs of the campaign in our diocese.

VIM met with mixed results, even indifference and hostility from some bishops, but before it was over several years later most dioceses had responded positively and put the campaign over the top by a large margin.

During our years at Bethesda we came to know Ed Grove who had moved to our area after several years with the Department of Engraving in Washington, D.C. He had real expertise in numismatics, mostly designing commemorative medals. He also had some ability as a portrait painter, and Bobbie and I turned to him to paint our portraits. I can't say sitting for a portrait is any fun, but we endured the ordeal. Bobbie's hangs in Liz and Jan's home, and mine, with those of other Bethesda rectors, is in the guild room of the parish house at Bethesda.

Canon law in the Episcopal church requires that all clergy retire at age seventy-two. That meant that my terminus ad quem would be September 29, 1981.

I notified the vestry and the diocese of this date a year in advance, but I didn't look forward to it. My health was excellent, and I was happy. And I didn't feel ready to walk away from the workbench of my life with a casual wave of my hand. Yet ration-

ally I knew I didn't have the energy of earlier years and that thirteen years at Bethesda was enough.

Accordingly, we planned that my last Sunday would be May 17 and that the remaining four months would be considered sabbatical, making it possible for the church to continue my salary during that period.

In early May the vestry honored us with a gala dinner party in the home of our senior warden, Doyle Rogers, and his wife Nicola. It was a very happy evening which is recorded in a photo album.

The real bash came the evening of May 13 when more than 600 members of Bethesda and friends gathered in the Venetian Room of the Breakers Hotel for what was called a community banquet. It was a *filet-mignon* affair with a dessert billed as "*Vacherm Glace, Framboise en Parade*." It was a colorful moment as waiter after waiter entered the room, the flaming desserts held high and the lights lowered as the entire gathering applauded. Another photo album pictures this scene and many others.

There were several speakers, including Cal Schofield who delivered the keynote address. The emotion of the affair made it difficult for me to respond, but I held myself together and concluded my brief talk with this quotation of the poem "The Challenge" by a black priest, Odell Harris:

Today is ours, let's live it.
Love is strong, let's give it.
A song can help, let's sing it.
Peace is near, let's bring it.
The past is gone, don't rue it.
The work is hard, let's do it.
The world is wrong, let's right it.
The battle is hard, let's fight it.
The road is rough, let's clear it.
The future is ours, don't fear it.
Is faith asleep? Let's wake it.
Today is ours, let's take it!

A light touch that evening came when a vestryman and fellow Virginian, Dick Berryman, walked up to the speakers' table with a huge gift-wrapped package and began to unwrap it. Out came

a basketball that had been autographed by Ralph Sampson and every member of the great 1981 Virginia basketball team. It was a fun moment when I took it in my hand and threw it to Hunt Cary who was directly in front of us at the Cary family table. Sitting with him were H, Liz and Jan, Bob and Cary Doyle, Anne Tilton, Miles and Charlotte Cary, and Helen Cary Stewart.

The following Sunday, May 17, was my last at Bethesda, bringing to a close one of the happiest periods of the life Bobbie and I have shared with so many dear people. Looking back to the days when we had questioned whether or not we should go to Bethesda, we knew we had no regrets — only thankful hearts for years we will never forget.

In concluding, let me say something about the generosity of the vestry and people of Bethesda in turning over to us for the rest of our lives a condominium in the Placido Mar apartment building on North Dixie in West Palm Beach. We were also advised that a fund had been established and that income from the corpus would be more than sufficient to cover the maintenance of this unit. We signed a lease indicating we would never rent the apartment, and the church agreed it would not use the apartment as a place to “dump their visiting firemen.” This gift was a veritable godsend, making it possible for us to spend the winter in Florida and the rest of the year in the home we had built in the mountains of North Carolina.

14

England 1970

With H married and on his way to a job in Lancaster, South Carolina, Liz off for Labrador to work as a volunteer with the Grenfell Mission, and more than a year under my belt at Bethesda, Bobbie and I began to think of taking a trip as the summer of 1970 approached. But where? The answer to that question came readily: England. We had thoroughly enjoyed three days in London on our way to Frankfurt in 1966, and I had always relished the idea of seeing English cathedrals. Nor was Bobbie indifferent to the idea. In fact, I think she initiated it all, Anglophile that she is.

With amazing speed we had our passports and flight tickets, drove to New Canaan, Connecticut, left our car at the Hallenbeck's home (a Chatham Hall family), and drove to New York City and the JFK airport where we found ourselves on a TWA jumbo jet filled with 325 passengers ready to take off for Heathrow.

Life without a road map is uncertain at best. Driving from Heathrow to Canterbury without a map (Hertz didn't have one) was worse. It was one of those days I'd just as soon forget. Even now I can hear my tires bouncing off the curb and Bobbie saying, "Keep further to the left!" How I disliked driving on the "wrong" side of the road. Adding to my confusion was the traffic, the lack of directions, and the unfamiliar countryside. About halfway to our destination I pulled into a lay-by (rest area) and told Bobbie if

I was killed on the highways of England to have me cremated and shipped home. Despite it all, we did arrive at the town of Canterbury, a distance of 100 miles, in four and a half hours.

The rigors of the drive did not dim our enthusiasm for the cathedral, and after a good night's rest we devoured it in a full day. How exciting to see the mother church of Anglican Christianity!

Perhaps I can best introduce you to Canterbury with words found in the narthex of the church: "On this spot Christian worship has been offered for 1350 years continuously. The Cathedral is built on the site of an older church which was used by the British Christians of the fourth century. It is not only the Cathedral Church of Canterbury; not only the Mother Church of English Christendom; it is also a spiritual home for Christians in every corner of the globe. Here therefore are daily services offered to the glory of God for the needs of all mankind."

The church has a compelling sense of what might be called the soaring — a quality not to be equated with architecture alone but with the world of the spirit. This is our Rome. Here Thomas Becket was martyred in 1170. Here the Black Prince, who with his long bow routed the French, is buried. Here is the marble chair of St. Augustine, first archbishop of Canterbury, on which every archbishop of Canterbury, the spiritual head of the Anglican Church, is enthroned.

We attended evensong, an Anglican tradition that is both unique and beautiful. The psalms for the day were sung and the lessons read with simple dignity. Among the hymns was one I would be happy to have sung at my funeral: "Let saints on earth in concert sing." (You might also add "For all the saints" and "The strife is o'er.")

"It was lovely English countryside where we saw sheep grazing and, at times, became unmistakably aware that pigs were near at hand." That is how my diary described our drive from Canterbury to Winchester, where we stayed at the home of the Lorents Rathbones. My friend Parker Bryant's sister, Elizabeth, and her husband, a retired army colonel, welcomed us warmly to their Georgian home and gave us many moments to remember.

How well I recall Admiral and Mrs. Dickinson who were

among the dinner guests one evening. Retired, stooped with arthritis, diminutive in stature, and sixty-eight years old, the admiral was at first quite gruff. When I said, "How nice to meet you," he replied, "Just like you Americans to say that; how do you know we are not devils?" I soon learned that he was bright and witty. As he and Mrs. Dickinson prepared to leave, he said to Bobbie, "You Carys are bloody d —." She must have appeared shocked because he leaned over to her and said, "bloody *decent*."

I remember also St. Cross Hospital, an interesting alm house and chapel built in 1136 by a grandson of William the Conqueror, Bishop Henry of Blois, "for the poor of Christ." It reminded me of words from *The English Chronicle* of 1137: "Then was corn dear, and fish, and cheese, and butter, for there was none in the land; wretched men starved with hunger — some lived on alms who had been erstwhile rich The earth bore no corn; one might as well have tilled the sea It was said openly that Christ and his Saints slept." Awesome words!

Winchester is also home, of course, to Winchester Cathedral, one of the great English cathedrals and the second largest in Europe, built within thirty years of the Norman Conquest. Like others of its day, it was built not primarily for human convenience or "to meet the needs of a growing population (which did not then exist), but for *the glory of God*." This descriptive background from *A Walk Round Guide to the Cathedral Church of Winchester* is an apt one. In later years pilgrims came constantly to visit it, and on great occasions the villagers would gather in the nave, but in general the church was there not for everyday people. It was built for the use of the monks of the Benedictine monastery to which it belonged, who again were regarded as existing for the glory of God rather than for any utilitarian purpose. Like the church itself, though, the monks did do a great deal to benefit men and civilization. Indeed, many believe they restored and renewed civilization through many centuries of unrest in Great Britain and Europe.

For years Bobbie has been enamored of King Arthur, the legendary king of medieval England, and she was determined to visit Tintagel where he is said to have been born. There, on a causeway approached along a narrow neck of land, we saw the ruins of King Arthur's castle, which legend says could be defended by two men.

Wrapped in the mist of antiquity, it is an interesting story, much more exciting than the tourist trap that is the present day Tintagel.

Later we visited Glastonbury (Joseph of Arimathaea reportedly founded the first Christian church in England there) where King Arthur and his queen, Guinevere, may very well have been buried.

Our close companion all summer was *England on Five and Ten Dollars a Day*, at that time a bible for travelers if there ever was one. It was from this source that we phoned the New Inn in Clovelly for reservations. When the woman on the phone asked our name and I said, "Cary," she immediately asked, "Are you kin to the Clovelly Carys?" When I said yes, she replied, "You will make the second ones this year; and we will be glad to see you."

Clovelly in Devonshire has been described by H. V. Morton as "the old established beauty queen of England ... an English Amalfi rising sheer from the bay ... a beauty spot that has been sternly told to stay beautiful. Its washing is displayed discreetly on a certain day. No signs disfigure its bowers, no motor-cars may approach within half a mile of its sacrosanct charm."

Clovelly Court, the handsome house at the top of this village that slopes down to the sea, was the home of Carys for seven generations before being sold in 1740. In All Saints' Church are several memorials to members of the Cary family. Within the communion rail is a brass plaque dated 1540 and bearing the inscription "Praye for the soul of Robert Cary, Esquire." There is another memorial to William Cary who died in 1652 and a third to Sir Robert Cary, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to Charles II after "having served faithfully the glorious Prince, Charles I, in the long Civil war against his rebellious subjects." A fourth memorial commemorates Dr. George Cary's young daughter, who died in 1655.

The one street of cobbled stones is a winding one that becomes a series of wide steps, up and down which donkeys and scores of visitors walk. Bobbie and I well recall one incident, if that's the word, that took place on this street. We were awakened in the early morning by such a loud clatter that "I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter." The matter was a sled, overloaded with beer bottles, that had gone wildly out of control and sent a

shower of glass in every direction.

We left this lovely town with a little brass Clovelly donkey and a copy of a brass rubbing of Master Robert Cary Esquire. Later Cora Louise wrote the wife of the church vicar who sent her several large Cary rubbings. When we visited the Parker Gallery before we left London, we bought a print of Clovelly as seen from the sea about 1830.

For one who has taken what might be called a somewhat negative view of family background, I do feel it is important to have a glimpse of English places associated with the Carys. Clovelly is one, of course, but there are others.

One place I knew I wanted to visit was Hunsdon House, of which I have long had a print. This manor house was given by Queen Elizabeth I to her first cousin Henry Cary when she made him the first Baron Lord Hunsdon. In our apartment I have a framed letter, signed by Hunsdon, dated November 1598, and complete with seal.

We enjoyed an interesting trip here. Leaving the motorway north of London, we drove east about twenty miles to Hertsfordshire, inquired in a gas station, and found that Hunsdon House was just outside the village of Hunsdon. It wasn't long before we looked through the windshield of our little Fiat and saw a road sign indicating that we were entering Hunsdon. First we looked at the manor house. The present owners of what is now a stud farm, the Hammonds (also friends of Parker Bryant), were away, but the caretaker, a woman who lives in the "dog end" of the house, showed us around briefly.

Next door is a parish church known as the Hunsdon Church or the Church of St. Dunstan. A transept in the church is known as the Cary chapel and was built in the year 1610 by the third Lord Hunsdon. A splendid monument to himself and his wife was erected in 1616. On the tomb and above the entrance to the chapel are the Cary coat of arms and above them the swan. I was particularly interested to learn that reference is made to Hunsdon Manor in the Domesday Book of 1086. I also learned that Queen Mary was godmother to a Hunsdon child and probably stood at the font in this church.

Another short trip we enjoyed was a visit to the parish church

in Great Brighton. Not seen by the average tourist, it is the church of George Washington's forebears. In this place are buried his great-great-great-grandfather, Lawrence Washington, and his wife, who had seventeen children — eight sons and nine daughters. Over their slab of stone is the family coat of arms which includes three stars and several bars or stripes. It is thought by some that those stars and stripes may have influenced the design of our American flag. The Washington family is thought of as coming from Sulgrave Manor, and so they did; but falling on hard times, they moved to this village, were given a house and land by a cousin, and remained there until their emigration to America.

We were again indebted to Parker Bryant for an introduction to his half-sister, Mrs. Paisley-Tyler, and her husband, Commander Paisley-Tyler, who were our hosts for a long weekend in their house, Coton Manor, near Northumberland. It was a manor house in the true sense of the word, covering an area of many acres and open to the public two days a week.

Here we found woods, ponds, exotic birds, many varieties of flowers, a swimming pool, and tennis court, all of it maintained not primarily by hired hands but by the Paisley-Tyler family. Husband and wife and their sixteen-year-old daughter, Henrietta, gave an amazing amount of time to these properties. Bobbie worked with them most of one morning, weeding, while I (confession is good for the soul) read a book. All the family seemed to thrive on working outdoors whether in sunshine or rain. They weeded, hoed, thinned, cleared the pools, cared for the birds, and did a thousand and one other things. They were closely knit, though the Commander was a generation behind the times, especially when he questioned whether Henrietta should go to college ("They learn to use drugs") and forbade her to drive ("Something could happen to you").

The home of solid stone was attractive and comfortable but not extravagant. Our bedroom had paint peeling on one wall and a dirty ceiling, but there was no hint of genteel poverty. Lovely red roses were on our mantelpiece and white ones beside the wash stand, filling the room with fragrance. Through the open window I saw hundreds of roses in the beautiful gardens beyond.

A highlight of our visit came Sunday morning when Bobbie

and I joined some of the family for worship at Coventry Cathedral. We found it just where a cathedral should be — right in the heart of the downtown business and commercial section. What better symbol of the church in the world could there be?

This was a day to which we had looked forward since Coventry's consecration in 1962. The former church, bombed on November 14, 1940, when German aircraft gave Coventry the most sustained one-night bombing of any city in England, still remains a shell. Only its outer wall and spire remain, attached by a porch to the new cathedral — an amazing symbol of resurrection.

I had doubted that I would like the giant Graham Sutherland tapestry behind the high altar — it is seventy-four feet tall, thirty-eight feet wide, weighs almost a ton, and was woven in France by artists who toiled 30,000 hours — but was relieved to find that it was far more effective than pictures I had seen. I was particularly drawn to the font, a huge boulder taken from a hillside near Bethlehem and roughly hewn, and to Sir Jacob Epstein's famous bronze sculpture depicting St. Michael, patron saint of the cathedral, defeating the devil.

Bobbie and I were not unmindful during our last three days in London of Boswell's familiar words, "When a man is tired of London, he is tired of living." We stayed at the Strand Palace and spent our days walking, popping into funny little bookstores, visiting tearooms for tea and cake, relaxing in a pub with half a bitter, and just browsing through little shops. Of course, in every city there is a High Street, but only in London does one find Harrods where you can buy anything under the sun. Nor will we soon forget two restaurants, Lion Corner and the Angus Steak House. We spent our evenings at the theater where we enjoyed three plays: *The Secretary Bird*, *The Sleuth*, and *Hadrian*.

We did not leave London without a trip to Westminster Abbey, where we enjoyed a visit to the "gaudy Hunsdon tomb" in the chapel of John the Baptist. It's the same Henry Cary of whom I spoke earlier. The day of our visit traffic within and without the abbey was shoulder-to-shoulder; I could well believe the sacristan who told us that six million people go through every year. During our five-minute wait to enter the Baptist chapel, Bobbie had to chuckle when she heard one woman say to another, "I can't

find the tomb of John the Baptist anywhere."

We visited so many other places in England — several cathedrals, Stonehenge, Stratford-upon-Avon, and Windsor Castle among them — but an extended travelogue this must not be, but rather a brief glimpse of a very special trip.

15

The Mountain Home

Some months after our arrival in Palm Beach, Fletcher and Anne Cole, members of Bethesda, mentioned that they had a summer home in Cashiers, North Carolina, and that we would be welcome for a visit. It was a casual invitation, but we took them up on it in the summer of 1969. That weekend pointed us again to the mountains I had so enjoyed as a boy at Mountain Meadows and Camp Yonanoka. The upshot was that for several vacations thereafter we rented places in and around Cashiers, all the while experiencing an increasing desire to own a home of our own. Life in church rectories was not exactly conducive to building up equity in a home, and each year we felt the urge to do so more keenly. The only thing standing in our way was the nagging question of affordability.

At long last, in 1975, we took the plunge and asked Bill McKee, owner of the High Hampton Colony properties, if he would show us building sites. When he asked whether we preferred a view of the golf course or the mountains, we instinctively chose the latter, coming up with a lot of one and a quarter acres and a splendid view of Whiteside Mountain, *the* mountain of the area.

We then turned to a local builder, Turner Schley, who was sympathetic when I said we would have to build our house on a shoestring. We had been advised that an A-frame was economical, so we went to friends in High Hampton and got permission to

use their blueprints. With slight variations, our home is a duplicate of theirs.

Furnishing the house was another thing we had to do on a shoestring. We begged and borrowed. Lucy Cheney, for years in charge of our altar guild, owned several apartments and let us have some of her surplus pieces. Bobbie and a friend, Cynthia Perkins, scoured secondhand shops from Tequesta to Delray Beach and came up with a few pieces, the real find being a gateleg table that had several coats of paint on it but when stripped and finished turned out to be a lovely mahogany. Polly Jessup, an interior decorator, gave us lamps and chairs; we added mattresses and springs; and Cora Louise Cary gave us an old cabinet on which she had painted ducks. It was an odd collection with which we moved in during the summer of 1976.

How we got all this stuff to the mountains is another story. The hero of the move was Alan Paul, son of our good friends Ginny and Jack Paul who have a home in High Hampton. Alan was only too happy to make a trip to Cashiers. Roger Dean, a car dealer, lent us a Chevy van to which we hooked a U-Haul trailer. I drove as far as the Florida Turnpike and then turned it all over to Alan whose enthusiasm was like that of a horse headed for home. Without Alan, I'm sure I could not have made it safely all the way to Cashiers.

During the next few years we added improvements: deck furniture, an antique plantation table, a sofa and more comfortable living-room furniture. The greatest change came when David Young spent several days widening our deck, staining and painting the exterior, and making other improvements.

In the meantime, the value of our property and house has increased threefold, we have a comfortable home that is maintained with a minimum of effort and cost, and we know the satisfaction, for the first time in our lives, of being homeowners.

Ours is one of more than 100 homes in the High Hampton Colony and is located on Heaton Road, a name that recalls a legend in those mountains. Shortly after the turn of the century, Dr. Halstead (of Johns Hopkins fame), owner of High Hampton (named for the original owner, Wade Hampton, confederate general and governor of South Carolina), wished to purchase an

adjoining portion of property known as Heaton Fields. Mr. Heaton agreed to the terms, but his wife did not and threatened suicide if he sold the property. Taking no heed of his wife's threat, Mr. Heaton signed the papers and returned home in the afternoon to find his wife hanging from a tree and a white owl hovering over her limp body and "screaming like a woman." Old-timers say Mr. Heaton's hair turned white and that he left the community and was never seen again. Owls still abound in this area, and natives say that when they screech at night they echo the words "Mrs. Heaton." To this date, owls portrayed in porcelain, terra-cotta, stone, iron, and glass are seen in local homes and yards.

Rhododendron, dog hobble, and mountain laurel are the ground plantings around our house and are found in abundance everywhere. Pine, oak, maple, birch, and locust are also familiar. Unfortunately, the dogwood, for which we have such great affection, is now subject to blight and may be on the way out.

Since I retired in 1981, Bobbie and I have spent about half the year in Florida and the other half, from May until November, at our mountain home. We love these mountains; indeed, Bobbie would be happy to remain here most of the year, but my feet get chilly and I love the winter climate in south Florida.

Summer bring us cool evenings and many sunny days as well as a fair amount of rain; but rain or shine, it is a comfortable part of the world weatherwise.

Until recently I hiked regularly with a group of all ages who gathered on Monday morning at the Church of the Good Shepherd, and I played tennis. At the present time I have given these up and am riding a golf cart twice a week with contemporaries whose handicaps, like mine, are in the twenties. The reason for this switch is that I have a touch of senile emphysema (not a pleasant sounding term!), which my doctor says is not caused by smoking, which I gave up twenty years ago, but by aging. That may be true. I am not convinced, however, that a pack and a half of cigarettes over many years was not a contributing factor. Stay away from them!

As you well know, Bobbie is a real homebody who loves her knitting, sewing, and reading as well as a quiet walk through the

woods. (She's not as good as Sheila at finding golf balls, but she has an acceptable record.) She also enjoys working out-doors, roaming the woods for moss, galax, and various other plants to put in the bank that adjoins our driveway.

The employment rate in this small community is high, and it is difficult to find anyone for housework. We have solved the problem by doing the work ourselves, though as you well know, it's Bobbie who does most of it. I wash the dishes, run the vacuum cleaner, wash the car, and sweep the deck — enough to prevent a serious threat to my guilt complex.

Bobbie and I feel very much a part of the community. We have purchased lots in the church cemetery and attend services regularly, usually going to the 8:00 a.m. service and then having breakfast at the Inn. We have many friends, several of them retirees like ourselves, and we gather once or twice a week in one another's homes for cocktails and a bit of what I call party food. We also enjoy the monthly and very informal colony gatherings at the driving range for libations and dinner.

This past summer, 1988, we discovered Merriewoode, a well-known girls' camp ten minutes away where Ginna enjoyed her first of what may well be several summers as a camper.

I can only repeat that our decision to build a home in these mountains has been a source of great joy to Bobbie and me — not the least of it being those days when we have members of our family with us.

16

St. Paul's, Richmond

When we left Bethesda in May 1981, we were confident that this move meant full retirement. Moving vans had come to deliver furniture to Lynchburg, Brunswick, and Cashiers, and we had left the apartment fully furnished. We knew there would not be another church. In fact, I affirmed this when I received a phone call in Cashiers that summer from a warden of Christ Church, Greenwich, asking if I would be their interim rector. I expressed my appreciation but said I was so newly retired that I was still feeling my way. So it was back to the apartment that winter and back to the mountains the summer of 1982.

In October of that year the phone rang again, and this time it was Mate Converse, senior warden of St. Paul's, Richmond, telling me that their rector had resigned and that I had been recommended for the position of interim rector.

Something quickened within me. St. Paul's was my home parish and a church with an illustrious past. It was Beverley Tucker's old parish. Russell Bowie and other stars had given leadership to the church. And within a period of forty years, four of its rectors had been named bishops. This was an invitation to come back to my roots, back to a part of the world I had once been so eager to escape. It seemed so right, so natural, so exciting. Yes, I told Mate, Bobbie and I would meet with her in Richmond after the Lynchburg wedding of our niece, Elizabeth Randolph Cary, in a few weeks.

Arriving at Mate's apartment, we found Frank Eakin, the junior

warden, David Manning, the assistant, and Bob Gibson, the retired bishop of Virginia and also a member of St. Paul's. It was a good meeting, and it was obvious they were anxious for us to come. We had no problem arriving at a salary and other considerations, and we returned to Lynchburg with the understanding that we would begin our ministry there December 1. The church would find a home for us and would provide adequate furnishings.

We will always remember 1223 Rothesay Circle, the rectory where we lived for thirteen months, with affection. It was a one-floor, two-bedroom house that sat on a large lot surrounded by trees — cedar, pine, maple, oak, burford holly, crepe myrtle, and magnolia — and the sun came flooding in, seemingly at all hours of the day. It was a friendly neighborhood, and weather permitting, we walked the circle every afternoon and met congenial neighbors with whom we walked or passed the time of day.

St. Paul's came into being as a fully fledged church with a rector, vestry, and congregation when Monumental Church, a few blocks east, outgrew its building and in 1843 raised bonds from sixty-seven members to construct "another church building higher up town." Located across from the state capitol, St. Paul's is used on many official occasions and in a diocese that has no cathedral in a sense it is the cathedral. A church leaflet states, "St. Paul's lives to heal the broken, bring hope to the despairing, be a place of warm fellowship, and reconcile the difficult issues which are so much a part of city life." Through the years this church has indeed been a "vision of hope" and "a beacon in the dark storms of life."

We came to St. Paul's at a time of unrest. My predecessor, a man of unquestioned ability and personal charm, found himself the center of controversy when he and his wife divorced and he prepared to remarry. I do not know the details, nor would I share them if I did, but the total effect of his leadership was sufficient for him to resign. In any event, I knew it was a time for reconciliation, a time to draw families together and move forward in both the parish and community without looking back.

During the 11:00 a.m. service my first Sunday, I received an introduction in words few congregations have addressed to them.

Mate Converse, with great poise and a twinkle in her eye, stood in the chancel and set forth the following words which have their roots in local history. This is the full text:

"It is my happy privilege to introduce to you St. Paul's Interim Rector, Dr. Hunsdon Cary, Jr., former rector of Bethesda-by-the-Sea in Palm Beach, Florida.

"Dr. Cary belies Thomas Wolfe's premise that you 'can't go home again,' for he was born in Richmond and was a member of this church. It was from St. Paul's under the aegis of Dr. Beverley Tucker that he went to Virginia Seminary, and later was lured to Ohio, when Dr. Tucker became bishop there. Dr. Cary was in Ohio — in Toledo, Sandusky, and Youngstown — for twenty-eight years before going to Florida.

"Years ago when you reached the age of sixteen, that marvelous age when you can get a driver's license, it was the thing to do, if you lived in Richmond, to drive down the Petersburg Turnpike to visit a horse named Lady, which told your fortune or answered questions by pointing her nose to letters on an alphabetized board. I remember going with a car full of teenagers, among them one of Hunsdon's girls. She asked Lady Horse, 'Where is Hunsdon?' who at the time was living it up at the University. Very slowly and deliberately, the horse spelled out the answer, 'He works for God.' Well, that was the last type of employment we thought suitable for Hunsdon Cary, so we never thought much of that horse afterwards.

"But looking back it seems that Lady was a very prescient horse, proving once again that God does move in mysterious ways. In the intervening years Hunsdon Cary has worked for God in countless and wonderful ways. We are indeed blessed that he, with the loving support of Mrs. Cary, felt called to come home again to work for God here at St. Paul's, leading us to do likewise."

It was obvious from the beginning that this congregation was ready to receive me and to put its imprimatur on almost anything, within reason, I requested. As one example, I recall a Sunday morning soon after my arrival when at the announcement period I spoke of how happy the Carys were to be at St. Paul's. I had hardly finished when Elizabeth Bocock, one of Richmond's most delightful and beloved older women, stood up in her front pew and said in a voice that all could hear, "And I want you to know

that we are delighted to have you." If I ever felt any doubts about acceptance, they disappeared at that moment.

As I look back to the year at St. Paul's, two clergymen stand out: Ben Campbell and David Tetrault. I mention them to show what diverse personalities we have among the priests of our church.

Ben is a former Rhodes scholar, sometime editor of *The Virginia Churchman*, and presently adjunct to the staff of St. Paul's and executive director of Richmond Hill, an ecumenical center in the Churchill section of the city. In the introduction to his Forward Movement pamphlet *No Alien Power*, he writes that he has "worked for some time on the border of the Episcopal Church." I know what he means; he's never been the rector of a parish, continues with his doubts as well as his affirmations, and is not a day-in, day-out round-collar priest. In that same introduction, I was surprised but pleased when he made mention of me in this line: "There was an interim priest at St. Paul's Church, Hunsdon Cary, who gave me the courage to preach what I felt." I love Ben as a person and because he really believes in the efficacy of prayer and sees the "good news" not as "some pseudo-pious shell game masquerading as an answer to the world's problems." To know Ben is to know the simple faith of an uncomplicated man who goes deep.

David is a priest of many talents. Through the years he has been pastor to the deaf-mute congregation at St. Paul's; Episcopal Circus Chaplain (and clown); ceremonial organist of the U.S. Navy; and Director of Music Special Events at the Smithsonian. The husband of a pediatrician, he lives in Williamsburg, where he is now on the staff of Bruton Parish Church. David knows the meaning of warmth, good humor, and a zest for life.

St. Paul's is one of the few Episcopal churches in the country that maintains an annual lenten noonday preaching program, each week offering outstanding preachers of different denominations and races and afterwards providing luncheon in the parish house for hundreds of people.

These luncheons are a tradition in themselves, bringing together workers from other churches as well from St. Paul's.

Cooks, waiters and waitresses, ticket collectors, and others work their way up the performance ladder in terms of seniority. Bobbie still remembers the woman who saw her working at the steam table one day and said, "You don't work the steam table your first year." There is also the story of the lenten preacher who said that on Monday he noticed there were 100 people at the service; on Tuesday 150; and on Wednesday 300! He was deflated when the rector said, "On Wednesdays we have cheese soufflé." This lenten program is but one of many ecumenical opportunities that are built into the very fabric of the church.

There is great diversity in this downtown parish. Some families have been members for generations, many are newcomers to Richmond. Together they share in varying degrees creative and meaningful outreach programs.

The walk-in-ministry, in cooperation with other downtown churches, opens the church doors to street people who are often homeless and constantly in need of food and counseling. One day each week lunch is served to seventy-five to a hundred people. There is a prison visitation program which provides active rehabilitation for former prisoners and transportation and other services for families of inmates. The church building allots space for an adult development center for handicapped persons. And members give long hours of leadership and financial support to such projects as alternative schooling for potential dropouts and a Vietnamese refugee program, the latter having begun when I was there.

For the first time in my ministry, I experienced the discipline that comes when you know your Sunday sermon will be mimeographed and available the following week at the front door of the church. This meant I spent more time in preparation and often found myself editing before the final typing. Most of these sermons can be found in my two loose-leaf notebooks entitled "Sermons From St. Paul's."

If I did one single thing that really made a difference at St. Paul's, it resulted from my desire to loosen up a substantial endowment fund, a classic example of an account that, at the time

totaling several million dollars, was growing substantially as interest was ploughed back in and relatively little of the corpus was spent. Furthermore, no member of the vestry was on the board that governed those funds. If the vestry saw a particular need, they submitted it in writing and hoped for the best.

This situation concerned me and the vestry greatly. As a result, I took it upon myself to drive to Washington to seek out Loren Meade, an Episcopal priest who is nationally known for his consultation work with congregations of many denominations. He received me warmly, was sympathetic to our problem, and agreed to come to Richmond to meet with our vestry.

Loren's coming was providential. Not only did our vestry of professional men and women listen carefully when he spoke of his work with Trinity Church, Wall Street, our heavily endowed cathedral in Indianapolis, and others, but they learned there was a group known as the Consortium of Endowed Episcopal Parishes — congregations with substantial endowments — which meets every year to consider mutual problems and opportunities. The immediate result of his visit was a vestry request to add two of its members, including the senior warden, to the governing board, a request that was quickly affirmed. The results have been amazing. A real loosening up of the fund has taken place, and in a January 1988 bulletin I read that St. Paul's was sending the rector and five lay people to a meeting of the consortium in Denver the following month.

I don't believe Bobbie ever enjoyed a year more than the one in Richmond. It was an opportunity for her to catch up with friends I had known at EHS, Virginia, and in Richmond. And she particularly enjoyed the Richmond public library and the art and science museums. Garden Week gave her an opportunity to work as a volunteer at Sherwood Forest, the home of President Tyler. One of her happiest experiences was a visit to Williamsburg when the outdoor Christmas decorations were in place. She and three friends promised each other they wouldn't go into any of the buildings, just walk and look. The high point of her day was dining on crab at the lunch hour in the Williamsburg Inn.

Richmond was also an opportunity to see a bit more of H and Liz. We were, of course, nearer Lynchburg, and Liz and Jan

visited at least twice. It was about this time that Ginna came forth with her memorable comment, "My Dampa owns lots of houses." When we thought about it, we realized she had seen us in Palm Beach, Cashiers, the West Palm Beach apartment, and Richmond.

It was also in Richmond that I realized more than ever before how much I had been separated from my brothers and sisters and other relatives during forty years in Ohio and Florida. Though I would gladly relive my years in those two states, there's a touch of sadness as I look back. Richmond made a difference. We found Anne Tilton in her cozy apartment on Franklin Street and later at Westminster Canterbury. Art and Lloyd Backstrom (I can see Lloyd now waving from the balcony at St. Paul's) were mighty good to us. Bill and Elizabeth Spell, we discovered, made a good team and were frequent visitors. We caught up with my two cousins, Courtenay Marshall Gresham and Betty Cary Campbell. Well do I remember the day many years ago that Betty and I stood with her brother, Lucius Cary, and his bride, Virginia Augustine. Bless his heart, Lucius died while we were there (and what a huge crowd there was at his funeral), and then his son Landy also died of cancer not too long afterward. Within the year Betty has been a victim of that dreadful disease. Some deaths are hard to understand and much sadder than others.

What a joy it was to see cousin Mary Noland, my mother's first cousin, whom I will always remember as a very special person. In her nineties, she walked every day and enjoyed "reading to old people." Bright and enthusiastic about life in general, she will never be forgotten. We saw something of Scovie and Alice Tilton but not enough. Mary Babiak's visits to Anne gave us a chance to see her occasionally. Randy Cary popped up for lunch one day at the New York Deli in a section of Richmond now known as Carytown. Most of all we missed sister Helen in California as well as Miles and Charlotte in Washington — my only trip to the capital city being the hurried one to see Loren Meade. Nor will we soon forget Trafford and Catty Hill, cousins of an older generation, who made us feel at home. And it goes without saying that it was always good to see George and Cora Louise.

Bobbie's real bon mot for Richmond was expressed beautifully when she said, as we were about to leave, "Richmond has more lovely women than any city I've ever known." And then she

added, "I really enjoyed the restaurants in Shockoe Slip, especially the Tobacco Warehouse."

We left Richmond on December 27, 1983, in our Volkswagen Rabbit—jam-packed with everything we had, including Sheila—and started our two-day drive to Hobe Sound, Florida, to begin a new ministry on January 1 at Christ Memorial Chapel. How we managed to fill that little car and find room for ourselves is still something of a mystery.

Some months after leaving Richmond I opened a package that was certainly not expected: a framed "Tribute to Hunsdon Cary" from the vestry of St. Paul's.

There may be times when humility is the road to travel, but this is not one of them. I just have to share with you the words of this extravagant document. It is greatly exaggerated, but I wouldn't hide it from you for anything in the world. I'll never have another like it and will make the most of every word. Here it is:

"With you grace has come to St. Paul's. Although you had earned retirement and were most comfortable in the house given you by a grateful congregation, you willingly returned to serve the church into which you were born because you perceived our urgent need.

"Calmly, steadily, you have given us your abundant love. With the wisdom of your long ministry you have pointed the way toward unity. Gently you have helped us to see our weaknesses and with prophetic insight have shown us where they were leading us. At the same time you have held up to us your own shining vision of service and have called us to follow. Your wholeness, your kindly humor, your total commitment to our Lord have healed us. You found us lost and you have brought us home.

"For this beautiful year that you have given us we can only offer our abiding love and gratitude. We will miss you sorely but because you walk in the footsteps of our Lord we are happy in the knowledge that you will continue to live in the joy that is His and yours."

17

Christ Memorial Chapel, Hobe Sound

Hobe Sound, twenty-five miles north of West Palm Beach, is a small Florida township that is divided by the inland waterway and is part mainland and part island. Though legally one community, it is in every respect two: a typical small town with its shops, churches, lower-income housing, library, and filling stations, and Jupiter Island which is the home of Christ Memorial Chapel, luxurious homes, an exclusive golf course, private clubs, and restricted beaches.

The *New York Times* and other well-known publications have described Jupiter Island as Florida's most exclusive winter haven for the rich. It is not a hideaway for stage and screen stars but for "old money" families, many of them familiar to those who read *Fortune Five Hundred*.

Jupiter Island is indeed another world, isolated by bridges to the west and by conservation areas to the south and north. These provide a buffer against encroachment and protect this jeweled island from invasion.

Life on the island is one of understated great wealth and relative simplicity. Privacy is the most valued commodity, entertainment centers in clubs rather than in homes, the outdoor life of golf and tennis holds sway, and Alan Truscott's six weeks of bridge lessons from 10:00 a.m. to noon capture the attention of many. A good friend of ours there made the delightful comment that, "Nowhere is the game of Trivial Pursuit as skillfully played as on Jupiter Island." (He also added that the poolside at the Beach Club looks like the waiting room at Lourdes.)

It is in this setting that one drives up to Christ Memorial Chapel and finds a simple structure facing the sixth tee and its long fairway. A walk down the center aisle to the chancel focuses attention on a stained-glass window above the altar (the side windows are colored glass). The church is not large; with a few extra chairs it accommodates 200 people.

A few yards away, to the rear of the chapel, is a lovely rectory with two bedrooms, living and dining rooms, kitchen, screened-in front porch, and an attractive patio in the rear from which one enters a guest bedroom. Last but not least is a connecting double-car garage.

All of this, as well as a golf cart and complimentary membership in the three clubs, provide a comfortable life for anyone serving this forty-five-year-old congregation which ministers to some ninety communicants — a number of Episcopalians from other parts of the country (primarily the south and New England) as well as families from other denominations. One might call it a community church except for the fact that the hymnal and prayer book are those of the Episcopal Church, the governing body is the vestry, and it is a congregation within the Diocese of Southeast Florida.

There was every reason to be happy in this community where golf and tennis were close at hand. It was a great place to entertain our children and grandchildren. Liz thoroughly enjoyed the Olympic-size pool, and Hunt loved to stand offshore and fish. Hunt, Will, and Ginna enjoyed riding in the golf cart, Bobbie and Sheila renewed their early morning walks, and the Beach Club's cheeseburgers with bacon on top were the best I ever ate.

It has been said of Virginians that they are a very hospitable people — if they know who you are. The same could be said of the people who make up the congregation of the chapel and Jupiter Island. Knowing who you are often means you are a resident of the island. People were friendly and, whether church members or not, gave every evidence of acceptance. But Bobbie and I increasingly felt an attitude that reflected individuals whose norm was to be cautious and safe.

We felt it when a "good morning" greeting at church was considered out of place; when the child of working-class parents who

were not island residents was baptized; when the vestry was questioned regarding endowment funds that increased each year as income was added to the corpus; when the word "Episcopal" was placed on the bulletin board.

A small but vocal group maintained leadership control on the island, and it extended to the church. There was no vision of the mission of the church. It seemed to be little more than an extension of the clubs — a pleasant place to meet friends, sing familiar hymns, and listen to adequate preaching before gathering for lunch.

During my tenure, George Bush, then vice president, visited briefly several times with his mother, who has a home on the island. On two of these occasions he read the Sunday lessons for me. I found him to be pleasant, very much a gentleman, proper, relatively quiet, not particularly warm, and certainly not gregarious. His mother, Dottie Bush, was the most loved person on the island.

Bobbie and I spent three winters on Jupiter Island, and we were encouraged during that time by a substantial increase in attendance, income, and membership at the chapel. I suppose it should not have come as a shock, but it was exactly that when my senior warden informed me in February of my second year that my contract would not be renewed after my third year. "Because of your age," he said, "we think you should quit while you are ahead." Of course, I knew immediately that he was circumventing the truth, and I was very angry. One's ego does not easily withstand an assault like that.

Today, as I look back some four years later, I realize that leaving Jupiter Island was a blessing in disguise. I was not destined to change the course of history at Christ Memorial Chapel. A stone wall will remain a stone wall until its foundation is shaken or decays. The structure of the chapel will remain, but the tragedy is that its congregation will never know what it could have become.

I close this chapter of my life and Bobbie's with a quote from a solid friend who wrote to the senior warden these courageous words:

"How profoundly saddened I am by the news of the vestry's decision to replace Hunsdon Cary. I have been attending the chapel off and on for some thirty years now, and it seems to me that no minister who has ever served there during that time has done anything like so good a job — I do not know the reasons for his premature departure. I can only hope that they are as Christly as all the reasons that occur to me for keeping him as long as he will stay — I trust you are aware that I am by no means alone in feeling so deeply and strongly in this matter."

18

Parents, Grandparents and Siblings

Shortly before I finished this story, H sent me this note: "Your parents and grandparents: what were they like? What values did you learn from them? Was family life structured, flexible, etc.?" They are good questions, and I'll do my best to answer them.

First, my grandparents. I never really knew any of them. Grandfather Cary lived nearby, and we knew his porch was good for parades and that he stopped at 1107 Grove Avenue occasionally. But we had no real relationship that I recall — no getting down on the floor to play, no baseball games, no special chats, no sense of accepting or rejecting me. Known as Colonel Cary because he was on Governor Fitzhugh Lee's staff, he was a Civil War veteran who formed a partnership with his wife's uncle, Peter Sublett, in a commission business known as Sublett and Cary. Preceding today's big tobacco companies, it was a brokerage firm that bought tobacco leaf and sold it overseas as well as to local companies. Grandfather soon became a successful businessman and at the age of twenty-six was the director of a local bank.

My paternal grandmother, Anne Eliza Sublett, died in 1876 when my father was only three and a half. I have a photograph of her that hangs in the apartment. It has been with me for many years. As a young boy I asked for it because her face fascinated me. She spoke to me of dignity, character, tidiness, purpose, and beauty. She was a person I feel I would have loved — a woman of French Huguenot descent whose forbears fled France and settled in Manakin, Virginia, in 1685. Father has written accurately when he says, "Many distinguished names in American

history have sprung from these courageous French Huguenots who came to America to escape religious persecution."

George Douglas Miller, my mother's father, was a Yale graduate and a member of the well-known club, Skull and Bones. Though I saw little of him, I remember him as a compelling personality, somewhat senile in his latter years. He married a very wealthy woman, Anna de Peyster Douw, never worked a day in his life, and fathered four children: Samuel and Margaret, who died as children, Helen, who married Levi Hasbrouck of Ogdensburg, New York, and Mary, my mother.

My recollection of Grandmother Miller is somewhat hazy. Certainly her portrait (now in Cary Doyle's home) confirms my impression of a handsome but rather passive woman. I distinctly remember, as a young boy, a Christmas in my grandparents' home, 25 State Street, directly opposite the state capitol in Albany, and, in particular, riding in a horse-drawn sleigh along the streets of that city and the surrounding countryside. It was an exciting afternoon!

Grandfather and Grandmother Miller traveled extensively all over the world. They sent my mother and her sister, Helen, to a girls' school in Boston when they were quite young, and they often left them there when they were away. It was a sheltered life, to say the least, and gave no opportunity for close parental relationships. The girls also grew up with an awareness that the death of their brother was keenly felt and that they were "merely girls." The apparent lack of affection between Mother and her father is reflected in the fact that when Grandfather transferred the Mountain Meadows property to Mother (he faced a lawsuit) she refused to return it to him at a later date. This may well have led to the provision in Grandfather's will that left Deer Island (a valuable property, since developed extensively, in the St. Lawrence River), his portrait (a copy of it is now in George's home), and other personal items to Skull and Bones.

After my father's mother died, he lived for the better part of four years with his maternal grandfather, John Sublett, in High Point, North Carolina. He was the kind of grandfather every boy would wish to have. He taught Father the names of every tree and bird, made him bows and arrows, and being in the hardware

business, brought him pocket knives. One day he gave him a pair of red-top boots with brass tips. It was a wonderful period and did much to shape Father's love of hunting, fishing, and the outdoors. It ended all too soon, however, when Father's father married Lillas Blair McPhail, who became the proverbial stepmother. She had no affection for Father and his sister, Emily, and was instrumental in Father's leaving for Pantops Academy near Charlottesville. Here he stayed until he entered VMI, from which he graduated — third in a class of nine — in three years.

By the way, as children we each loved Father's sister, Aunt Emily, and among my fondest memories are visits with her on West Avenue after Sunday church or during the week. She became completely deaf at the age of sixteen but read lips beautifully, always cautioning us to "speak out loud." She was happy, smiling, and very warm. She married Thomas Marshall and had two children: a son, Cary, who graduated from VMI and shortly thereafter died of TB (at the time, we were told it was "galloping consumption") and a daughter, Courtenay Gresham, who has been a close cousin through the years.

Like many young men, Father took a while to find a niche for himself. One year studying engineering at MIT was not the answer. Nor was working with his father. When he told his father he wished to study law, the reply he got was, "Hunsdon, you would never be able to stand on your feet and speak to a jury; besides, you've had four years of college." Ignoring that advice, Father went off to the University of Virginia Law School, practised in Richmond all his life, and enjoyed what I venture to say was only moderate success. (He never could have raised a family of seven children, enjoyed many of the comforts of life, built Amphill House, and traveled had it not been for Mother's income.)

A few years after he finished law school, Father was invited by his friend Henry C. Riley to join a law partnership — to be known as McGuire, Cary, and Riley — but he chose to go his own way, a decision he later regretted when he saw that firm become one of the most outstanding in Richmond. He did make a name for himself in the political world in Virginia, however, serving eight years in the state senate and running unsuccessfully for governor in the Democratic primary in 1951.

Father had definite ideas about many things. For instance, it was all right for his daughters to call him "Daddy" but not his sons; we were told to call him "Father." He advised the headmaster at EHS that I was not to drink tea or coffee. He always carried a pistol in the glove compartment of his car, which was against the law, of course, but he said it was important to protect oneself. He considered road signs that read "Go slow" an abomination; "They should reflect correct English and say 'slowly.'"

How well I remember Father's admonition, "If you wish to take a drink, let me know and we will have a drink together at home." The first time I took him up on it, he said, "Now, son, do you really want a drink?" I never mentioned the subject again.

I remember, too, an evening when Father, accompanied by his friend Mr. Buckman, who was visiting at Ampthill, walked through the garage, turned on the light, and saw me having a good smooch on the backseat of the car with a girl I was going with. He said nothing at the time, but the next morning he let me have it. That was no way for a gentleman to act! Either he had forgotten the days of his youth or those days had been different from mine. It all calls to mind a verse I found in one of the scrapbooks he compiled in his youth and that I couldn't resist reading at the dinner table one evening when the entire family was present. This is how it read:

Here's to the lying lips we meet
For truthful ones are bores
But lying lips are lying sweet
When lying next to yours.

Father asked, "Where in the world did you get that?" When I told him, we all had a good laugh, but his face was flushed.

Still another picture of my father is one in which he leads the family, gathered in the living room, as he reads the section on family prayers from the Book of Common Prayer. This was not a daily act of worship, but I sensed it was meaningful to him and not a routine expression where the ritual of rote held sway.

Few things were more important than a cold shower every morning (I still shudder at the thought of it) followed by exercises with Indian clubs, dumbbells, and weights. To his dying day, his waist was as slender as that of a young man.

He loved the look of a pretty girl and was attractive to women, but what drew my special attention were his friendships with a wide circle of men of all ages and backgrounds. "Son," he would say, "I enjoy ordinary men, but I find ordinary women a bit difficult." The real anathema to him was what he called "club women." Looking across the road from Amphill to the home of a neighbor whose wife was active in many women's groups, he exclaimed, "His wife is a club woman." That was a blackball of the first order.

In 1942 Father received an appointment to the Price Adjustment Board for the Philadelphia Ordnance District, an arm of the War Department, and moved with Mother to Philadelphia. I mention this to illustrate an incident that speaks to his integrity. Whereas the average family received but a handful of gas-ration coupons during the war, Father had an allotment of 1,000 gallons per year; when he visited Richmond, however, he went by train because he felt he was conserving the nation's gasoline supply. I never knew him to cut corners, dissemble, or warrant suspicion either at home or in his public life.

I have had unfavorable comments in regard to my driving (some of them well deserved), but I really think my parents had me topped. I well remember the date of April 1 when I was about thirteen years old and sat on the backseat of a Dodge car that my parents took turns driving to Annapolis to attend the double wedding of two Douw sisters who were marrying graduates of the Naval Academy. What a day that was! It snowed all the way, driving conditions were horrible, and my parents fought constantly like two tigers. Snow on the first of April was unusual enough, but even more so was the sight and sound — which I had never witnessed before — of Mother and Father locked in combat. I was scared to death and never so happy to arrive safely at our destination. It was a memorable day.

Father's driving did not improve with age. Randy gives a good description of one disastrous event. "When Father was in his mid-seventies, he was driving down Main Street. Just over the brow of the hill at Fifth Street the trolley stopped. Instead of stopping, Father tried to go between the trolley and the parked

cars! Result: about five cars were side-swiped plus the trolley. When the policeman asked Father why he hit the cars, he said, "The damn fools got in my way."

About two years before Father's death, when I spent a post-Easter week at home and learned from Mother that Father's driving had become quite erratic, I took it upon myself to visit the state Motor Vehicle Division in Richmond and ask that they call him in to check his eyes. When I returned to Ohio, Mother wrote to say that Father's license had been taken away and that he "is blaming me for turning him in." She was kind enough not to name the real culprit. On hearing the news, my emotions were mixed: a sense of guilt but also relief. I hope my children won't find it necessary to repeat that act anytime soon!

Each of us has a negative side, and Father had his. He was not always practical, and certainly he was not a businessman. When Miles left Hampden-Sydney College and began to look for a job, Father advised him to go to the local Standard Oil filling station because it was a solid company and he would be able to come up in the ranks.

One day, in a West Palm Beach hospital, I visited a man and told him my name. He was a real-estate agent from Richmond and was quick to say, "Oh, yes, I know who you are; your father let Tennant Bryan steal Amphill from him." My parents sold the home in 1949, twenty years after it was built, for less than its original cost.

I liked my father. I liked him very much. He was always in my corner. He was proud of me, loved to attend track meets and boxing matches when George and I competed. I never did much hunting, but it wasn't because he didn't try to convert me. During his latter years he liked to take a walk in the late afternoon, always with his walking stick in hand, and was delighted if I would go with him.

He was more conservative than I am, though he was a step ahead of many of his contemporaries when he urged the abolition of the poll tax in Virginia as a prerequisite for voting. By any measure, he was a moderate in the political and social world of Virginia of his generation.

I cannot conclude my reflections on my father without mentioning his ability to tell stories. He was a real raconteur as he delved into his childhood days, personalities he had encountered through the years, and stories he had picked up here and there. In a living room or on the porch at Mountain Meadows he often became the center of attention, moving the conversation along and heartily enjoying those moments on stage.

My mother was born on Staten Island in 1878 and, as I've already noted, received little recognition or love from her parents. She once told me that as a child there were "three children I was allowed to play with." When I add that to a private school in Boston and travel around the world with her parents twice in the 1890s, the sum total appears to be something of an abnormal experience prior to her marriage at the age of thirty in 1908. They were years, I suggest, that fashioned a personality that reflected the age-old truth that one cannot share what one has never received — in this instance, love. I underscore this because I see it as the key to any understanding of my mother as a person and a mother.

She was handsome, tall, carried herself with dignity and grace, and could be charming. She loved nothing better than to pull out twenty-some picture albums (all destroyed when the basement of Ampthill was flooded) of her travels, especially those that were taken in India where her family visited a maharajah and she had the unusual experience of riding an elephant on a tiger shoot. Those were days of glory, and how she enjoyed talking about them to her children and others.

On occasion she was also known to have a touch of humor. The story is told that, in the middle of the night once, the phone rang. It was a neighbor who lived behind us calling to say that George's crying was keeping her awake. "That's why I put him in the back of the house," Mother replied.

Randy tells a delightful story of Mother when, in her mid-seventies, she went to visit him and Beckie in Germany. "Frances Herbert (Beckie's mother) was there at the time. When Mother deplaned in Munich — there was snow aplenty — she had on bright red boots which was totally out of character for her. Her hair was in the bun which we all remember. Beckie and Missie

(Mrs. Herbert) took her to a German beauty shop, cut and curled her hair, and got her a whole new up-to-date wardrobe. She was the belle of all the regimental parties for the three weeks she was there.

"Shortly before her arrival she had been diagnosed as a diabetic. Beckie stocked the house with all the approved foods for a diabetic. One night about 2 a.m. we heard noise in the kitchen. Investigation revealed that Mother had consumed a package of honey buns. It was so funny."

Like most of us, Mother could always rationalize what she said or did. How many times I heard her cut up a person, only to conclude with the comment, "Hunsdon, don't think I'm criticising. I'm just analyzing."

Nor did she avoid saying just what was on her mind. Bobbie and I took her and Father out to dinner after they had made an all-day drive from Richmond to Toledo. When Bobbie ordered pork with sauerkraut, Mother exclaimed, "Nice people don't eat sauerkraut." It was the day she first met Bobbie.

During a visit in the Sandusky rectory, she watched Bobbie changing Elizabeth's diaper and said, "Oh, you play with your children."

It was tremendously important both to her and Father that Anne, Mary, and Helen be part of the debutante season, and they made every effort to encourage the girls' full participation in every coming-out party. We boys certainly enjoyed those parties, too, though I must say in retrospect that the custom, though still widely accepted, is an empty vessel that does little if anything to enhance a life of greater maturity and security.

Mother was not always popular and had relatively few friends, though she enjoyed and felt comfortable in the company of a handful of Richmond women.

Apocryphal though it appears, George tells me that when Mother arrived in Richmond as a bride eighty years ago, word got around that Father had married a woman who had been in the circus (because she had ridden elephants).

In the final analysis, it is difficult for me to escape the conclusion that Mother's inability to love — certainly a flaw for which she

was not responsible — had its impact on our family.

All was sweetness and light as long as Mother approved. And words were not needed for us to sense whether she approved or not.

I remember a service and sermon in Hanover County that Mother and Father attended during my seminary days. When I got in the car afterwards, Mother said nothing. Later, Father quietly observed that she was disappointed.

A sibling who was much closer to Mother has observed, "I think Mother bullied Miles." And Charlotte writes, "Miles often dwelt on his feelings of being left out by your mother and belittled."

Following my marriage, I increasingly experienced the sting of bullying disapproval, something I had not known in my earlier years when I was generally recognized among my brothers and sisters as "the fair-haired child." I was soon aware that what made the difference was Mother's attitude toward Bobbie. From the beginning, she did not like her. Years later, a close relative told me, "Hunsdon, I don't think you begin to know how much your mother disliked Bobbie." I felt it constantly, so much so that I confess there were times when I felt suicidal. That is not too strong a word. Parents seldom, if ever, fool their children in regard to their attitudes toward them and those they love. I think one of the toughest situations we can face in this life is to seek acceptance by a parent and find only rejection. I harbor no bitterness, believing that the circumstances of Mother's life made it impossible for her to be other than who she was. How true are the words "The sins of the fathers will be visited upon the children."

There are few if any children who do not look back at their childhood and see where their parents made bad judgement calls. There were two in particular with Mother and Father, and I cite them because I believe they left a profound imprint on our family life.

The first involved Miles. During his first year at EHS he was involved in an infraction of the honor system (I never knew the exact details) and was asked to drop out of school for a year. My parents sent him to a school in Red Bank, New Jersey, which I later found, when I visited him for several days, was a school for problem boys. It was obvious that Miles felt this very keenly, and

he told me more than once that he realized he was considered a problem child.

The other mistake I think my parents made was leaving George, Miles, and me for the better part of two years while they traveled and put Anne, Mary, Helen, and Randy in Swiss schools. Randy, as I recall, was in Glion for one year and the girls in Geneva for two years. During this period I spent school holidays with friends and summers at Camp Yonanoka. Two years is a long period for children to be split up and be expected to grow up as a family.

Randy has been very helpful in sharing his recollections of growing up as the youngest of seven children, a vantage point that gives a somewhat different view of life in the Cary family. He was very conscious of a generation gap, which meant he didn't know his older brothers and sisters until later. He notes in particular that he did not know me until I was in seminary and he was next-door at EHS. He was much more conscious than I that "children should be seen and not heard." "Consequently," he says, "when I was fortunate enough to head for the Episcopal High School, I could not have been happier. It was one of the high points of my life." (He dropped out in November of his last year, 1939, to enroll in Columbian Prep School in Washington, D.C., to prepare for West Point). "It was a tough grind — 6 1/2 days per week!" On July 1, 1941, he entered the United States Military Academy, "the last class to enter the Academy in peacetime."

One of Randy's great regrets was Mother and Father's "absolute refusal to allow Mary to pursue a singing career. She had a superb soprano voice and the opportunity to study in Europe, but this was not permitted. A real tragedy!"

He also recalls that "Father was hell on wheels about smoking — and I went for after-dinner walks with Anne so that she could smoke. She and Hattie were always especially good to me as a youngster, and I always appreciated their attention."

The story of our family is not complete without a word about Hattie Jenkins, whose domain for some twenty-five years was our kitchen. How we loved her batter bread and corn pones as well as her ready flow of conversation which was a constant source of good humor. I remember the day when a number of young people

gathered at Amptill House for eggnog and Christmas cookies. Their first stop, as always, was the kitchen, where they greeted Hattie with a hug and a warm hand clasp. Nor will I soon forget her comment that afternoon, "Lord, I declare, when Mrs. Cary has a party, I has one too."

I fully appreciate Randy's summary evaluation of Mother and Father: "Our parents, just like us, are in large measure the products of their times as well as their upbringing. We and they have lived through extraordinary happenings. I believe they did their best, not necessarily what we would have done, but, I believe, in their own way they tried. Ours was not a terribly cohesive family."

About Father: "I think he was really a conservative politically even though he was a Democrat! In some ways he was ahead of his times — he was a proud and honest man. I think he was proud of his children. I regret immeasurably not having been home when he died" (in 1952, when Randy was in Japan).

The section that follows is an effort to bring you up-to-date on background, family, and current interests of brothers and sisters who, in typical American fashion, live in various parts of the country. I've also included the name and birth date, of all my nieces and nephews. Briefly, here is what I see.

Wilson Miles Cary Born October 13, 1910. Attended St. Christopher's, Episcopal High School, and Hampden-Sydney College. Married Charlotte Catherine Kelley. Worked for many years in advertising and sales for *Army Times*. Died September 2, 1987, of Lou Gehrig's disease.

Children

1. Anne Fairfax Cary Ewin. November 30, 1943.
2. Martha Randolph Cary Ramberg. November 30, 1944.
3. Meredith Gilfeather Cary Fisher. September 25, 1949.
4. Deborah Beekman Cary. September 16, 1952.
5. Sally Miles Cary Wimmel. March 6, 1954.

Charlotte is adjusting well to Miles's death, is close to her children, most of whom are near at hand, enjoys visits from Anne

Tilton and Mary Babiak, and when she presides in the kitchen, is *the* best cook.

George Douglas Miller Cary Born August 25, 1912. Attended St. Christopher's School, Episcopal High School, and University of Virginia. Married Cora Louise Spalding. President, Chestnut Hill Hardware Co., Lynchburg, Va. Retired.

Children

1. Louise Spalding Cary Ragland. May 20, 1944.
2. George Douglas Miller Cary, Jr. March 13, 1948. .
3. Elizabeth Randolph Cary Spell. November 3, 1951.

George and Cora Louise — three children, seven grandchildren and Bill's daughter, Ashley — all live in Virginia. There are frequent visits to and from Lynchburg as well as occasional visits to Louisville and happy summer get-togethers on North Carolina beaches. Cora Louise has her bridge clubs and George his tennis.

Anne de Peyster Cary Tilton Born September 16, 1914. Attended St. Catherine's School, Collegiate School, International School, Geneva, Switzerland and Brilliantmont School, Lausanne, Switzerland. Married Lee Scoville Tilton who was employed in hotel management. He died September 2, 1978.

Children

1. Anne Cary Tilton Doyle. November 17, 1937.
2. Elizabeth Lloyd Tilton Backstrom. June 19, 1939.
3. Mary Lee Tilton. March 6, 1941.
4. Lee Scoville Tilton, Jr. May 31, 1945.
5. Anne Sublett Tilton Warren. July 3, 1949.

Anne made a wise decision when she moved into Richmond's Westminster Canterbury life-care facility where rumor has it she is involved in many activities. She has friends galore and is in constant touch with her children.

Mary Cary Babiak Born September 16, 1914. Attended St. Catherine's School, Collegiate School, International School, Geneva, Switzerland, and Brilliantmont School, Lausanne, Switzerland. Married Andrew George Babiak who was employed in the U.S. Post Office in Philadelphia. He died February 8, 1967.

Children

1. Mary Cary Babiak Slattery. December 12, 1946.
2. Helen Douw Babiak Lodge. December 23, 1947.

Mary remains very close to her twin sister, Anne, lives on the same block with her daughter Helen, son-in-law Raymond Lodge, and their three high-school aged children. Church and the pro-life movement are Mary's special interests.

Helen Franchot Douw Stewart Born November 28, 1916. Attended St. Catherine's School, International School, Geneva Thomas Jefferson High School, Richmond, Chatham Hall, Sweet Briar College. Married John H. Stewart, M.D.

Children

1. John H. Stewart, Jr. June 25, 1941.
2. Hunsdon Cary Stewart. June 30, 1943.
3. Archie Douglas Stewart. June 19, 1948. .
4. Celia Franchot Stewart Cunningham. November 16, 1950.
5. Sally Fairfax Stewart Langs. September 6, 1954.

Helen refers to her family as the "western Carys." She helps out at the church office, has bought a car ("great to have wheels"), and does some babysitting.

Randolph Jefferson Cary Born February 13, 1921. Attended St. Christopher's School, Episcopal High School, Columbian Prep School, and United States Military Academy. Sent to University of Virginia Law School for one year and then to USMA as an instructor in the law department; graduate of Strategic Intelligence School, Advance Infantry School, and Command and General Staff College. Retired as Lt. Colonel in 1964. Married Rebecca Beverly Herbert.

Children

1. Randolph Jefferson Cary, Jr. April 21, 1947..
2. William Pinkney Herbert Cary. September 8, 1949.

Randy and Beckie are busy people. Randy is proud of his membership in the Society of the Cincinnati as a "descendant of Captain Dirck Hanson, great-great-great-grandfather," is a computer nut, and sells group health insurance. Beckie is a hospice volunteer, has done extensive volunteer work with educable children, and belongs to the Colonial Dames.

This seems an opportune moment to send a word of greeting to each of my nieces and nephews — all twenty-two of you! — as well as to your parents and families. Many of you I seldom see and some of you I do not know, but wherever you may be, I pass on two quotations that have real meaning for me.

The first is from Desmond Tutu, the Anglican archbishop of Johannesburg: "Dear friends, however anyone else may treat you, however anyone else may despise you ... for God you are important, for God you matter enormously, for God you are of infinite worth. For God, it is as if you are the only person on Earth."

The other, known as the Desiderata, is said to have been found in old St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Baltimore and is dated 1692:

"Go placidly amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant; they too have their story.

"Avoid loud and aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain and bitter; for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans.

"Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism.

"Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment it is perennial as the grass.

"Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in

sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself.

"You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.

"Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul.

"With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy."

19

The Scene Shifts

Our present life of retirement is one that encompasses two worlds. What about it? Do we like it? How does it compare to our earlier years? The simple answer is that it *is* different — as different as spring and fall, sunshine and rain, mountain and valley. Like all of life, it is not without contrast, variation, and change. What makes the difference, of course, is the degree of acceptance we have brought to this new scene.

It is fair to say we have met with a degree of success, Bobbie much more than I. It has not always been easy for me to leave the limelight. I have enjoyed attention when it came my way, and like many others I have found it easy to deflect criticism. The very act of writing these memoirs has made me aware that an ego trip is an easy road for me to travel.

I do not have hobbies that provide hours and days of creative activity. On the other hand, I find much of my strength in the company of other people, particularly men who have a capacity for humor, who enjoy the healthy competition of a game of golf or tennis, who have common interests and attitudes.

I am also extremely interested in politics and political personalities, in what the pundits are saying, and in how the wind is blowing. I love reading the *New York Times* and our local papers thoroughly each day and on weekday evenings watching public television's indepth "MacNeil/Lehrer News Hour." I've always been a liberal. The toughest thing about this position is that I sometimes wish I could be more conservative, as so many of my friends and family are. I am frequently aware that the people I

love most often disagree with me when we seek a solution to the social problems of our nation and world.

To all of this I would add Bobbie. I cannot imagine a realistic adjustment to these years without the knowledge that she is close at hand, devoted, loyal, honest as the day is long, and as her citation at Bethesda reads, able to keep me "on the right track." How well I remember my father saying, "When I look at your mother, I thank God for the girls I didn't marry." It would not be the same world without Bobbie.

The two of us thank the good Lord for every day of our lives and especially for H and Liz. It is your faces we carry with us — faces that reveal love and affection, sometimes doubt and a question mark, but always faces that draw us to you in ways that make all the difference in the world. And it is to you, now and always, that I dedicate this story which I have chosen to call "One Man's Journey." May it be for you a guide to escape the pitfalls I have made and encourage you to remain solid and loving both as individuals and as a family.

Of course I cannot think of you apart from your early years. We did not see you grow up without experiencing weeks and months of soul searching.

When you went off to school, H, it soon became obvious that you were not doing satisfactory work. How well I recall the morning my office phone rang and your headmaster told me he had called you in for a good talk only to hear you say, "Well, my dad always said, 'You can't fight City Hall.'" "That did it," the headmaster said. "I'm about ready to send him back to you." Though he relented, it was not an easy time for us. Frankly, there were days when we wondered whether you would ever finish high school, let alone enter college.

Bobbie is supremely responsible for your turn around. Having received a list of books from your headmaster, she took it upon herself to make you read fifty pages a day for two summers, and she required a written report on each book! It was not a happy time, for the two of you often reached the raw edge. But what happy results. Your reading percentile climbed from twenty-three to eighty-seven during that period, and you two have maintained a solid relationship ever since.

Now you and Sue have three children who would cause any grandparent to boast. You have brought them along beautifully, and I continue to be impressed with the all-out loving attention you give them as a father, H. It is a contrast to my all-too-busy-to-bother years as a young father.

Liz, you also provided us with sleepless nights. It all began your junior year at Smith when you had a second-semester exchange at Bowdoin College. You know the answer: Jan Pierson, a bright young student (he graduated cum laude at nineteen) who had become the center of your world. We first met him at your Smith commencement weekend. He had arrived by motorcycle in the pouring rain and planned to take you back with him to Brunswick. You can imagine our excitement!

The next thing we heard was that you were living together (it's OK for someone else's daughter but not your own). Then the phone rang one evening. "We're coming down to Palm Beach for a visit." "Great," I said, "but remember it will be separate rooms." "Is that so? Very well, we will camp in the Everglades." It was an answer that made us stop and think and come to the decision that a broken relationship with a child is not exactly desirable. So you stayed in a room over the rectory garage at the far end of the house. Strange how that distance eased our pain. All of life is not rational. In any event, those days are over, a great marriage is now in its twelfth year, two precious little girls have come on board, and we are devoted to their father who is the perfect husband for you. As a partner in the birding tour company Field Guides Incorporated, he takes birders all over the world, and as you say, "He loves it and does it so well."

And now, should you look at us, picture our two worlds: an apartment in West Palm Beach where we look out from the fourteenth floor of a condominium at the inland waterway, the fragile shores of Palm Beach, and the ocean ... picking up the *Palm Beach Post* at our door ... running over to Palm Beach for the *New York Times* at Main Street News ... stopping in at Bethesda to see Jean and Margaret in the office ... lunch with a friend at the Bath and Tennis Club ... playing pool in the condo with a resident ... church on Sunday ... golf at the Par Three course on Palm Beach

... walks along the lake ... Bobbie swimming ... reading ... sewing.

Or the world of the mountains, where my first morning move is to pick up the *Atlanta Constitution* at the Inn ... golf with friends at High Hampton ... lunch with Bobbie at Cornucopia ... always the mail at the Cashiers post office where the town gathers about noon and stops to talk, shake hands, and pass the time of day ... possibly a trip to the new supermarket, Ingles, where we cross paths with more friends ... and then a visit to the video store for a movie that evening.

And always, wherever I am, the haunting shadow of nuclear disaster in the years ahead. This is my greatest fear — that somewhere down the line our world will experience the reality of Nevil Shute's classic *On the Beach* when death comes slowly as radiation drifts in the wind; or as T. S. Eliot put it, "This is the way the world ends, not with a bang but a whimper."

The greatest news of our retirement years has been that after seven years of effort on her parents' part, Elspeth Cary Pierson was born on April 29, 1985. Her arrival forced Liz to reexamine her career goals and switch from free-lance writing to free-lance editing — a change she has been very happy with and which she does at home.

After all those years of waiting for Elspeth, there was a strong feeling on everyone's part that another miracle might not be possible. How mistaken all of us were. On June 27, 1988, Anna Dashiell Pierson greeted her parents, amazingly on the two-hundred-and-twenty-sixth anniversary (June 27, 1762) of the birth of her maternal great-great-great-grand-mother, Elizabeth Dashiell. Bobbie and I wasted little time in reaching Maine and can testify that two dear little girls — lovely, alert, healthy, and surrounded with loving parents and caring friends — have brought a new dimension of joy to Liz and Jan and to us.

And so, as we look at Brunswick and Lynchburg, here is what we see.

H ... at Westminster Canterbury ... operating your ham radio ... putting an addition on your home ... checking on George and Cora Louise ... raking leaves ... off here and there to give a W C talk ... faithfully attending football and baseball games with Hunt and Will.

Sue ... in the kitchen ... facing a mountain of laundry ... attentive to three children ... working in the yard ... putting flowers in your window boxes ... your battle with alcohol and how proud we are of you ... running a taxi service ... a part-time job.

Liz ... sitting at the computer ... editing, writing ... working for Bowdoin College, L. L. Bean (Ellen Bean as Elspeth puts it), and many others ... off to the babysitter and Cottle's grocery ... seeing the Huntingtons ... waiting for Jan to come home ... here and there a little time for yard and house ... getting the driveway plowed ... filled with joy when Elspeth and Anna arrived.

Jan ... building your home ... making improvements ... noon-time basketball at the college ... watching the Celtics on TV ... putting together your Field Guides catalog ... checking in with Austin, Texas ... amazing concentration as you read ... ready to fly off... glad to fly home ... working on the computer.

Hunt ... the jock ... quarterback on the football team ... baseball, too ... visiting Annapolis ... wide awake for a VMI meeting ... Touch of Glass ... strong, gentle, caring ... waiting table ... delivering papers ... driving the Rabbit ... in love with a girl ... a girl in love with you ... working to make Honor Roll.

Will ... smiling, relaxed, happy ... owner and trainer of Skyjack ... football, wrestling, and baseball ... catching up on Hunt ... big shoes ... big feet ... Honor Roll ... good friends ... outgoing, warm, sense of humor... paper route ... no one's patsy.

Ginna ... hand-smocked dresses ... violin lessons ... ready for summer camp ... very alive ... many interests ... ballet ... choir... lots of friends ... loving ... knowing how to listen.

Elspeth ... never a dull moment ... independent ... bright ... dolls ... doll clothes ... pink's the color... books ... lots of books ... Papa's very special ... so is Mama ... most famous word, when told to buzz off, "I won't buzz off, I'm a person too."

Anna ... welcome to the family! What a great joy you are! You are the "puddleduck" with bright eyes ... alert, chubby, cuddly ... much like Elspeth as a baby ... we love you and welcome you into this wonderful world. ~

As a last word, let me pass on to each of you the words of a hymn written by Bland Tucker, a brother of Bishop Tucker, which has frequently been sung by my congregations. It is truly a family

hymn and one that I see not only as a devout prayer but as carrying my hopes for you now and in the years ahead.

Our Father, by whose Name
All fatherhood is known,
Who dost in love proclaim
Each family thine own,
Bless thou all parents, guarding well,
With constant love as sentinel,
The homes in which thy people dwell.

O Christ, thyself a child
Within an earthly home,
With heart still undefiled,
Thou didst to manhood come;
Our children bless in every place,
That they may all behold thy face,
And knowing thee may dwell in grace.

O Spirit, who dost bind
Our hearts in unity,
Who teachest us to find
The love from self set free,
In all our hearts such love increase,
That ev'ry home by this release,
May be the dwelling place of peace.

Selected Sermons
and
Other Writings

What Is Man?

"What is man, that thou are mindful of him?"

Psalm 8:4a

Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio
Baccalaureate Sermon, June 8, 1959

Suppose we begin with the first three words of our text: What is man? That is the primary question in all philosophy. Moreover, put in the terms "What am I?" it is the basic question which each man must answer for himself. In the answer to that fundamental question is reflected our understanding of the universe, our attitude toward life, and the way we live. And it must be answered. If you grant me this hypothesis, what better time to consider the question anew than this Baccalaureate Service during the one hundred twenty-first Commencement of Kenyon College.

What am I? From the point of view of science, I am an integral part of the physical universe. Man is composed of molecules, atoms, and electrons. If chemically analyzed, he is found to be composed of ninety parts of oxygen, thirty of carbon, fifteen of hydrogen, three of nitrogen, two of phosphorus, and small parts of iron, copper, sulphur, and the like.

Specifically, I am highly developed living matter — an animal, a mammal, a primate. With all the animals, I share a common heritage and inherit certain instincts. I must have food and sleep to survive. I have a deep instinctive urge to preserve the species. Whatever else may be said about me, I have a more highly developed brain than any other animal.

That, I believe, is an accurate sketch in answer to the question what is man?

But the question of the Psalmist goes further than that. What, he says, is man that the Lord God Almighty is mindful of him? In our modern language we might paraphrase that to read, what is there about me that God is ever mindful of me?

The key to our answer, if it be a Christian answer, comes with the recognition that we are made in the image of God. "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him." Created in the image of God! What an amazing statement! And what does it mean? It means that we are beings like unto Him — which in turn means that God wanted a creature who was capable of entering into a relationship of love with Him. To do this He had to endow us with gifts which no other animal life has. Standing out among them is the ability to respond to God. I ask you: can your dog or cat or farm animals respond to God? Hardly. But man can and man does. He has the power to say yes or no to God. It's what we call free will. We can say, "Yes, God, I will give you my loyalty, my will, my love;" but we can also say "No." We can choose to separate ourselves from Him. In other words, God gives us the privilege of going to hell if we want to. And I mean privilege; for the sign of man's greatness lies in the fact that he is not a puppet in the hands of God. A puppet can never enter into a relationship with anyone.

Well, what happened when man first appeared on the scene? What did he do? The truth of the matter is that he didn't waste any time giving a resounding "no" to God. God put the first man, Adam, so the Genesis story tells us, in a garden where he had the power to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Adam had the power. He was commanded not to do it; but he did.

And then? God called to Adam in the cool of the evening and said, "Adam, where are you?" And Adam? He didn't so much as reply; for Adam was hiding in the garden from the presence of God!

No sooner had God created man, with the capacity to respond to His love, than man made the decision to hide himself from his Creator.

It is just at this point that the words of our text really become vivid — for the question, now seen in the light of man's rejection of God, casts itself in this form: What is there about a being who is constantly divorcing himself from God, who is eternally eating of the forbidden fruit, that God should be mindful of him?

There is only one answer, of course, and that is the reality of God's love for man. Though man reject God, yet God will not

desert man. Though we hold Him at arm's length and dismiss Him from our lives, God woos us and yearns for us with a love that knows no turning aside. Though we go about our tasks from year to year thinking that we are in this world to be successful, to be loved, and to find happiness, yet the truth of the matter is that this is not the reason we are here. No, the answer to the question — What am I? Why am I here? What reason does God have for giving me life? — is something far more wonderful than that.

Protestantism expresses it in the Westminster Catechism as follows: "Man was made by God, and for His pleasure we are and were created." Roman Catholics put it this way: "Man was made to serve, praise, and reverence God his Lord, and by this means to save his soul." St. Augustine speaks for all when he writes, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O Lord, and our hearts are restless 'til they find rest in Thee."

God has made us for Himself; and God, too, will not rest in his search for us. Professor Klausner, a great German Jewish scholar, has said that the heart of Jesus' uniqueness is His teaching that God is a seeking God.

This is another way of saying that the secret to understanding Holy Scripture lies in man's recognition that it is the world's greatest love story — a story which begins with man's turning aside from God and continues with God's undying desire to bring man back into that relationship of love and devotion and adoration for which he was destined. The prophets speak to this; the incarnation speaks to this; the birth of the Church speaks to this; the age to come speaks to this. For, in turn, they speak to what God has done, is doing, and will do, even though we hide ourselves from Him.

And why do we hide? Why do we run away? I believe it's because we fear that God will change us. We don't want to face God because no man can really be confronted by God and live — as his former self.

The vision of God is a transforming vision! We are used to ourselves! We have lived with our jealousies, our lust, our hostilities, our prejudices, our selfishness, our downright self-centered willfulness; and we are afraid of losing ourselves. One cannot think

of running away from God without calling to mind Francis Thompson's immortal poem *The Hound of Heaven*:

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him down the arches of the years;
I fled Him down the Labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated,
Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.

What is man, O God, that you are mindful of him? Comes the answer: Man, you are my creation, standing above all other manifestations of my power and love. And though you hide and flee from me, yet will I cry out: Man, where are you? Man, you belong to me! Man, you are the flock that is mine. And if there be one among the hundred who has gone astray, yet will I leave the ninety and nine and go in search until I find him; for it is the will of your Father in heaven that not one of these should perish.

God is seeking you and me today and unto all eternity. He is ever mindful. Down through the corridors of eternity He woos us with an everlasting love. What will our answer be? Dare we say Thy Kingdom come, O Lord?

What Has Been Our Success?

Annual parish meeting celebrating
the Centennial of St. John's,
Youngstown, Ohio
February 21, 1961

It seems to me that only God can answer in terms of what has been our success. And, if I know God at all, I am convinced that facts and figures mean nothing to Him except as they become symbols of what is in the heart of man. God, if I may be so bold as to say it, is not primarily interested in how many people we have, but rather in what is happening to the souls of those we have. God is not interested in how much money we have but rather in what the motive of our giving is. The world of God is the world of self-sacrifice, ardent devotion, and mutual love, affection, and respect on the part of each of us for the other. He is interested in how we compare with non-Christians; in what we are in terms of our potential; in what we become when the deluge of suffering and sorrow sweeps over us; in whether we are sensitive to his providential care of us from infancy until now; in what we can become rather than in what we have been; in whether we have a goal and purpose in life and how it compares with his purposes for us; in whether our hearts and souls are quick to behold his glory in the heavens and upon the face of the earth; in whether humility or pride dominates our day-to-day living; and, in short, in whether we belong to this world or to the world of his spirit, his truth, and his righteousness.

O Blessed Morn

St. John's Church, Youngstown
Christmas 1960

All hail to thee, O blessed morn,
Whereon a Child to men is born
To set them free from sin's deep blight
And banish shadows of the night.

O day by prophets long foretold;
The grace of heav'n we now behold
Clothed in true humanity;
Manifest for all to see.

Praise this day, yea, every nation,
Which for man and his salvation
Doth enfold the wondrous story
Of the God who shares His glory.

Word made flesh and heir appointed,
Lord of Lords and God's anointed;
On this day, serene and holy,
Bless we Babe in manger lowly.

Come mankind 'mid ox and cattle;
'Tis no day for mournful prattle;
Proclaim Him now and joyful sing:
Emmanuel the new-born King!

Christmas Carol

Bethesda-by-the-Sea, Palm Beach
December 22, 1968

Come, worship the Child
So meek and so mild,
Asleep 'mid hay in His manger;
Sing angels on high,
The dawn draweth nigh
With God no longer a stranger.

Come, children, and see
The gift that for thee
Is greater than silver and gold,
For God has come down
With love as His crown;
Your king and salvation behold!

Come, parents, and kneel
Near Him who can heal
All ills of the years that are gone;
Then look on His face,
And filled with His grace,
Rejoice that a Saviour is born.

Come, nations, embrace
The Babe in this place
Who comes that your strivings may cease;
Lo! speak but His name
And swift like a flame
The world shall be bright with His peace.

Give Earth a Chance

"The earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is." Psalm 24:1

Bethesda-by-the-Sea, Palm Beach
Rogation Sunday 1970

The source and origin of all that we know as earth is the Lord's. This is the triumphant word of praise that comes to us from the ancient psalmist.

The earth belongs to God!

And why not?

He founded it and established it. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

Out of nothingness

Out of the void of loneliness

Out of the emptiness of desolation and darkness

The Lord God Jehovah has brought all living things — and man, the greatest adornment of his creation.

The earth is the Lord's!

Whatever else we may forget, let us not forget that inescapable fact.

Taken in this context, we are reminded that since the dawn of creation, every day has been the Lord's day, has been Earth Day.

But we do forget.

And because we do, we have taken the earth for granted.

We have thought that we could do with it as we chose. And so we have

Polluted our air

Littered our highways

Killed our freshwater lakes

Fouled our rivers with industrial wastes

Despoiled our forests.

In our mad haste to make selfish use of God's good earth, we have forgotten or never known the pristine beauty of

Dense forests
Rushing streams
Lovely foothills rolling away.

And we have become impervious to the relationships and harmony that exist in nature.

So great has been the tragedy of the waste and wreckage we have wrought that citizens of this land of ours — young people and children in 22,000 colleges and school systems and countless men and women — have cried out:

"Give Earth A Chance!"

Somehow this seems to have been the theme of Earth Day — that recent celebration which one writer has called "less a demonstration than a secular revival meeting."

Conservatives were for it.

Liberals were for it.

Democrats, Republicans, and Independents were for it.

So were the ins, the outs.

The executive and the legislative branches of our government.

In the process, the entire experience brought to our attention what the Church has been saying all along. For hundreds of years we have celebrated Ecology — the relations between organisms and their environment. And for thousands of years we have believed that "the earth is the Lord's and all that therein is."

Earth Day in our liturgical calendar is known as Rogation Day — this Fifth Sunday after Easter — when, traditionally, we give thanks for

The fruits of the earth

And the labors of the husbandmen

And bless crops

Gardens

Pets

Animals

Rogation Day was an exciting and lively and meaningful day when our forebears were around.

Because theirs was a rural culture.

Families respected the earth because they lived upon it — not on the fourteenth floor of a condominium — and were near it.

But in our urban culture where 80 percent of Americans live in communities of 50,000 or more people, it's difficult to celebrate Rogation Day.

Perhaps I should say that it *has* been difficult.

It never will be again.

Not since Earth Day.

Not since the secular forces of our generation aroused within us a vision of what could be.

That vision isn't simply one that speaks of

Ecology

Environment

Conservation

It goes much deeper.

It confronts us anew with the fact that either men will live together or they will die together.

I am told that Buckminster Fuller was the first to suggest that our earth is merely a spaceship —

A metaphor which suggests that our survival depends on how the crew get along

Share the food and the fuel

On how rational we remain in the face of crisis during our journey through space and time.

You and I, and all the world, had an amazing demonstration of this truth in the saga of *Apollo 13*.

We have given thanks for the safe return of those courageous men. For the genius of the technological team which worked so well together to bring them safely home to earth.

Perhaps, even more importantly, we have experienced the human response to their plight by people of every nation, race, and political opinion.

Apollo 13 can also be seen as an allegory of our own condition:

The smog that makes eye and nose smart

The closing of large bodies of water to fishing because of mercury pollution

The spending of 20 times as much on Vietnam — and now, God help us, Cambodia — as we spend to fight water pollution, to say nothing of the needs of our diseased and dying cities

And twice as much on the supersonic transport as we spend to fight air pollution.

All this declares that our spaceship Earth has blown an important panel

Our time and our resources are now limited

Which underscores the fact that, if we are to survive, we must move forward together

Courageously

Quickly

Rationally

To save the crew of our earth and its life support system.

It is clear that to accomplish this task we must undergo a revolution of ideas to make us once again live interdependently with our environment and not be its plundering masters.

In part, it means revival of an early American tradition: the concept of Henry David Thoreau, and others like him, who worked to find a meaningful existence through struggle and harmony

Rather than the Horatio Algiers who have seen success simply as a matter of individual competition.

I say this because the evidence is now clear that our planet Earth has not been given to us to be taken and exploited, but is a living system that can be destroyed.

What we are talking about is The New Testament concept that we are all one body.

Some Africans call this *ujamma* — a consciousness that each person is an organic part of a great extended family —

Each dependent upon the other;

Each, therefore, caring enough not to exploit another or nature for his own benefit.

As I speak these words, I cannot forget those of another when *Odyssey* came down gently in the placid, warm South Pacific waters. It was Marilyn Lovell in Houston who, as *Time* magazine put it, "touched the universal mood when she said: 'It was beautiful.'"

And so it was.

But the greatest beauty of all lay within the hearts and minds and

souls of men working as a team whose courage and ingenuity made survival and victory possible.

Earth Day!

Rogation Day 1970!

Now, as never before, I believe they point us to the psalmist who wrote long years ago: "The earth is the Lord's and all that therein is" — and to the hope that those who follow us in future years may say of our generation and, more importantly, of the one now coming up, "Your trip in the spaceship earth — it was beautiful!" There's no longer an alternative.

Either we live or we die.

We Bow Our Heads In Sorrow

Memorial service for Israeli athletes slain in Munich
Bethesda-by-the-Sea, Palm Beach
September 10, 1972

West German officials wore black ties, and the stands were draped in black. Where a short while before one saw carefree faces, one now saw shock and disbelief.

The occasion was the gathering of more than 80,000 people of all ages in the huge Olympic Stadium in Munich for a memorial service honoring eleven young men — members of the Israeli Olympic Team — who had been ruthlessly slain by a band of terrorists.

The words of a German official summed up much of the mood of the civilized world: "We stand helpless before a truly despicable act ... In deep sorrow we bow before the victims of this attack ... Our sympathy goes out to the families of the victims and all the people of Israel."

As members of this parish family we, too, gather together this morning with Christians of other churches and, most importantly, with a large number of our Jewish friends in the greater Palm Beach area, to bow our heads in sorrow and to witness to the fact that where one member of our world community suffers, all the members suffer.

This coming together is a proclamation that "no man is an island." We are bound to one another whether we know it or not. The death of one is the death of all. The life of one is the life of all. The apostle Paul put it in these words, "God has made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the whole earth." Jesus prayed that we all might be one.

It is the potential of a united world and the reality of a broken one which provides the theme which stirs within our hearts in such an hour as this.

As I recall the brokenness that lies all about us, I am particularly

mindful that no people has suffered more bitterly from the disorder of man than the Jewish people.

Most of us, however, are painfully ignorant of the other side of the coin — the role of Christians as oppressors — creating martyrs among those of other religious faiths.

In the record of official Christendom, nothing is more conducive of contrition on our part than the bloody history of our tragic relationships with the Jews. They span the whole of western civilization. We can't catalogue them, but this seems an appropriate day to share a few examples which may help us come to grips with the fact that the word "Christianity" has meant something far different to many Jews than the religion of brotherly love.

Constantine was the first emperor to place Christianity on a basis of equality with other religions; but before he died Christianity was made the official religion and the slow process began of depriving other religious groups of their freedom of worship. The official adoption of Christianity, the religion of love, marked the end of the toleration which until then the Jews had enjoyed in the Roman Empire.

In the seventh century, the Council of Toledo passed a law requiring all Jews to present themselves for baptism within the year. If they failed to do so, they were to receive one hundred strokes of the lash, have their hair pulled out, their property confiscated, and be expelled from the country.

In almost any European country during the Middle Ages, Jews could not change their residence without permission. They were barred from the craft guilds, forbidden to own land, to farm, or to engage in any of the professions that brought them into contact with Gentiles, except banking. As Christians were forbidden to lend money on interest to each other, they forced the Jews to be bankers for them.

Some areas forbade Jews to marry and their children were legally kidnapped so that they might be baptized and raised as Christians.

The Crusaders, off to rescue the Holy Land from the infidels, many times stopped along the way to give Jews the choice of baptism or death.

Modern history is no less free of these atrocities. In the seventeenth century, the Ukrainians revolted, hoping to throw off the

yoke of Poland and make their area safe for the Orthodox Church. In their program of purification, they offered Jewish adults the familiar alternatives — baptism or death. The number of conversions is unknown, but the records indicate that 200,000 Jews were killed for their faith.

The Poles, with equal fervor, were determined that they would make the country pure for Roman Catholicism. At least 300,000 Jews were killed, and some authorities place the figure as high as 600,000.

With the rise of Adolph Hitler in 1933, the systematic and methodical extermination of six million Jews began. A third of the entire Jewish people!

But it soon became apparent that faith was not a factor but distorted ideas of blood and race. In the Hitler holocaust, one might be a Christian, the son of a Christian, the grandson of a Christian, but if he had a Jewish grandmother the chances were quite real that he might die as a Jew. And so it was that many practicing Christians perished as Jews.

Yet at the outset, except for a few courageous voices, most of the Christian community was silent when men, women, and children were being brutally treated and destroyed for no other reason than that they were Jews.

Here in the United States with its traditional safeguards, its Bill of Rights, its separation of church and state, Jews have found a haven and a homeland. Here the American heritage of religious liberty has kept our country free of the oppressive anti-semitism that marks European history through the ages.

Even in the United States, however, Jews encounter forms of discrimination that deny them equality of opportunity. They face not only social prejudice but discrimination in employment, education, housing, hotels, and clubs.

What are the reasons for anti-semitism? As Christians we must say that the real reason lies in man's sinfulness. Discrimination reflects an illness of the heart. Whenever we despise persons who belong to a faith, a culture, or a race other than our own, we serve the cause of anti-Christ.

This past week, our Associate, the Rev. George Wyer, was walking through the hallway of one of our local hospitals when a

distraught woman approached him and asked, "Are you a Catholic priest?" "No, I am an Episcopal priest," he said. "Does it make any difference?" She answered, "I am Jewish and my husband is Roman Catholic. He's very ill and I can't seem to find a clergyman anywhere in this place. Will you come in and pray with him?" "Of course I will," was his reply.

That experience is a modern parable. In a day and age when our world is filled with people who feel cut off, alienated, separated from their neighbors, what we need more than anything else is not walls but more bridges. We need companies of people who really have come to understand that love and acceptance are the great creative forces in life — the source of healing, strength, joy, and peace.

If the violent death of eleven young Israeli Olympic athletes can arouse in us the longing for this dimension of life — greater tolerance, understanding, and acceptance — especially among our Jewish brethren who worship the same God as we, and who are our spiritual ancestors, many of them nearer the Kingdom than we, then the tragedy of last Tuesday will not have been completely in vain.

It will mean also that we will do more than bow our heads in sorrow. We will lift them up and look to the future more confident of the power of the eternal God because he has worked through us the miracle of seeing men not through our eyes but through his very own.

God and the Nation

Bethesda-by-the-Sea, Palm Beach
May 4, 1975

On July 4, 1971, I preached a sermon in this pulpit entitled "God and the Nation." It began with these words:

For everything there is a season
And a time
For every matter under heaven.
A time to be born
And a time to die
A time to plant
And a time to pluck up what is planted.
A time to weep
And a time to laugh.
A time to work
And a time to play.

It was a sermon in which I confessed that "the time has come when I must speak out publicly against the war in Vietnam and urge others to do so."

It concluded with these words:

O God, let us risk peace
Through prayer,
Through speaking out against this war,
Through acts of love for all men.

And let us do it in the name of a patriotism which sets no limit to the capacity of our country to embrace the family of men —
Respecting each other's differences,
Healing each other's wounds,
Promoting each other's progress,
Benefitting from each other's knowledge.
And let us do it NOW!

For everything there is a season and a time.

This morning is a time when I must speak again to the subject "God and the Nation." For last Tuesday night, while we Americans were asleep, the war in Vietnam came to a sudden, sharp, and definitive end.

Anthony Lewis, *New York Times* columnist, put it in these words: "The war is over. Did you ever think we would say those words? They bring relief, pain, exhaustion, an aching desire to forget. But the rest cannot be silence — not if America is to restore her integrity and her vision after these ravaging years."

What those years brought to Indochina is incalculable. *Look* magazine, hardly considered a radical publication in its day, noted in the April 6, 1971, issue that "our actions in Indochina have already gone far in committing what may well be a new kind of crime in the history of warfare ... ecocide ... the crime of destroying the natural environment in which people live."

In South Vietnam alone, it is the story of 20 million craters; 100,000 amputees; 14 million acres of defoliated forest; 800,000 acres that were bulldozed; and men, women and children — hundreds of thousands of them — killed, wounded, maimed.

And what about our own country? Again, the cost is incalculable: 140 billions of dollars; 56,000 dead; our nation never so torn apart since the War Between the States; and a massive disruption of our economy.

We don't need a commission to learn where the responsibility lies. All administrations, past and present, however well intentioned, which have either involved us in this war or prolonged our involvement, are responsible for the consequences of Vietnam. It was a tragic mistake which exacted a terrible toll.

But the past is over. Thank God for that! A past which has brought us to the threshold of a new day which can be a redemptive period in our nation's history.

The President spoke well when he said: "This action closes a chapter in the American experience. I ask all Americans to close ranks, to avoid recrimination about the past, to look ahead to the many goals we share and to work together on the great tasks that remain to be accomplished."

As we look to that future, I would underscore in particular several avenues which will, I believe, bring light into our darkness and a real measure of penitence to our souls.

In the first place, the past years can teach us something of our nation's international limitations as well as its strengths. The general estimate of our people (if polls are an accurate thermometer — and I believe they are reasonably so) is that we do not envision every crossroad of the world as an opportunity to spell out "national security" — a security thrust which all too often has aligned our policies with those of oppressive and reactionary governments of the world, and all too seldom with emerging nations which desire little more than justice, peace, and an opportunity to grow.

I would hope that our future will be brighter because we have learned that we should listen more carefully to our young. They never saw the cables, but they saw the handwriting on the wall. The Vietnam generation was, indeed, "The Best and the Brightest" — and I, for one, will always be grateful not only for the lives which they offered up with valor but for the prophetic insight with which they saw our involvement in a war which they knew we never should have fought. This is not to say that they did not have their cop-outs who refused to fight simply because of fear and selfishness; on the other hand, I can never forget that there were those who in absolute good conscience, knowing they might well have to pay the price, showed magnificent integrity.

We must also come to grips with the fact that, if we are to be redeemed from the whole nightmare, we must not repeat it. It was Patrick Henry, standing in St. John's Church, Richmond, who spoke to every generation when he said, "We have no way of judging the future by the past." We are either condemned to repeat the past or we rise from the ashes of our mistakes with courage, new insights, wisdom, and rededication.

The role we are called to play will involve us in humanitarian efforts to assist the refugees of this war wherever they stand in need of food, clothing, and shelter. Shortly before I entered the church this morning, I talked with one of you who told me of a dinner last week which he enjoyed with long-time friends, one of them a native of Holland who had been blinded in World War II. That friend, standing for a toast, recounted that he, too, knew what it was to be part of a nation that had lost a war. They were dark, sobering days, he said; but the one thing that stood out for him was America's airlift of food and many other necessities of

life. It represented a large measure of what gave him hope and courage. We in this country have lost a war. I would hope that we will never lose what has for so long been a hallmark of America — a humanitarian instinct which makes it possible for us to share what we have with the refugees and castaways of this world.

Possibly the greatest insight that can come out of this war is a new awareness among Americans that "God has made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the whole earth." It is part of our human nature to seek escape from the reality that much of the callousness and cruelty we brought to this war were occasioned by the fact that, to use a common expression, the face of the Asiatic we saw in Vietnam "was not our kind." We have called those people by some pitiful names, reminding us, as secular and religious authors are doing in our generation, that the most obscene words in the English vocabulary are those we use to reflect our disdain for people of other racial and ethnic backgrounds. Yet, all the while, another Biblical injunction rings out from the pages of the Old Testament Book of Malachi: "Have we not all one father? Has not one God created us?"

There is no escape from the fact that if we are to set our course on a future that will bring the hope and promise of redemption, we must see ourselves as a nation under God. To be sure, the voice of God's people, as it reaches out to the people of the world, sometimes seems woefully small. And the voice of any one of us seems even smaller. But the vision of a peaceful world is moving in more souls today than possibly we can begin to imagine. All of us want peace. The words of old are on many lips: "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." But the price of peace is something else. It begins, as always, in prayer and a deep yearning of the soul. And it is undergirded as Christians and all people of goodwill live out lives that make for justice and peace, while, at the same time, urging the leaders of our nation in all areas of our common life — business, labor, education, politics, farming, and religion — to create through their decisions a climate of peace.

In particular I ask this morning, as you kneel to receive the Holy Communion in this place, to recall once again that we are here because a man named Jesus gave the complete sacrifice of himself, and was raised up by the mighty power of God to new life. This

same God is able to raise up men and women today from the chains and shackles that have bound us as individuals and fettered us as a nation. And He alone can do it. But, first, we must offer ourselves — body, mind, and soul — to the new way which God has revealed in the life of this man whom we believe to be Jesus, the Christ.

“For everything there is a season and a time.” NOW is the time to allow God to redeem us. He is able if we are willing!

The Marks of The Christian Community

St. Paul's Church, Richmond
January 30, 1983

I invite you to think with me this morning on a theme which I have chosen to call "The Marks of the Christian Community."

When Jesus left this world of flesh and blood, only one thing remained that had not existed before he came — a community. It was a very special kind of community with an inner quality of life the world had never experienced.

It has always interested me that Jesus did not entrust his message to a powerful individual or to a code of laws. He entrusted it to a community. And it is my concern this morning to suggest that unless we understand the nature of this fellowship, we are in danger — no matter how good our intentions may be — of actually working against that one who is Lord of our community, Jesus Christ.

When we ask ourselves what are the marks of this community, our answer can never be our own — for the standards of the Christian community, the Church, come from the New Testament. They do not come from man. They come from God.

And so, on this particular Sunday, we are going to look backward first to the church of the New Testament in order that we may look forward with a clearer vision and purpose to our role in the Church today.

In the description of the dramatic events of the day of Pentecost, we read of the outward signs of wind and fire and of the persuasive preaching of Peter. Persuasive may be an understatement for, you may recall, when he had spoken, 3,000 persons were baptized. It is a vivid picture. It is moving. It has the thrust of power. Then, almost as though it were a footnote, we read this simple but profound statement: "and all that believed were together."

Nothing could better describe the life of the early church than to say it was life together. Those first century Christians discovered theirs was a kind of togetherness far transcending mere physical togetherness. They shared the meaning of a world-shaking event: the coming of Jesus into the world, his life, his death, his resurrection, his ascension; and they believed that through these mighty acts, God had reconciled men and women to himself and offered this life-lived-in-community to all mankind.

For people who had lived by the law, whose religion was rooted in cold abstract legalism, came an experience that involved feelings and relationships. They were now "members one of another" — when one member rejoiced, all rejoiced; when one member suffered, all suffered. St. Paul gave them this bottom line: you are members of the very body of Christ!

"All that believed were together." "See," said Tertullian, "how these Christians love one another." Here was something unique in human history: a community where love was the dominating force! So wonderful was this experience that one New Testament writer called it a change from death to life. "We know that we have passed from death to life," we read in John's first Epistle, "because we love the brethren." Or, to use the words of Baron Von Hugel, "Christianity means caring. Caring matters most."

This new relationship began for each individual in baptism — an act in which they were grafted into that body — making it possible for each to share in the life of Christ. It became a life which is aptly described by St. Paul in these familiar words: "There is one body and one spirit, there is one hope in God's call to us; one lord, one faith, one baptism; one God and father of all."

But it did not end there. This new life into which they had been baptized (publicly and not privately, I might add) was nurtured in worship, in the breaking of bread.

The breaking of bread was what we know today as the Eucharist, a word transliterated almost directly from the Greek which means thanksgiving. It has other names, of course: the Holy Communion, the Lord's Supper, and, for some, the Mass. Through

all the Christian centuries, it has remained the central service of worship for most Christians, and certainly for Anglicans.

Within recent years, more and more of our congregations are becoming increasingly aware of the fact that the New Testament tradition is the Eucharist, and we are preserving characteristics of those early eucharistic gatherings in our revised Book of Common Prayer.

When we see the bread and wine brought forward to the altar with our alms, we are reminded that the early Christians who met for worship in homes (which were the first churches) brought their bread and wine with them.

The peace with which we greet one another is an ancient practice of the Church. It was part of the Christian Eucharist for 1,500 years — done in various ways in various times and places — but it was always there. It can be called the oldest part of the liturgy because its roots lie in the ancient custom of greeting one another with the one-word Hebrew prayer, "Shalom," which is to say "Peace."

Let us remember, then, that our eucharistic worship is rooted in the New Testament and that it has been central to Christian worship through most of the centuries.

Another mark of the Christian community was its constant outreach to those outside its membership. This was a centrifugal force at the heart of early Christianity. The new community was deeply conscious of its responsibility to expand. When the cry came, "Come over to Macedonia and help us," there was no delay. The grace of God which they had received could be kept only as they shared it with others.

This outward thrust is the more remarkable when we recall that the world of the first century was broken into many tight, exclusive circles. There were Jews in opposition to Gentiles, Pharisees and publicans, Greeks and Barbarians, men and women. Yet here was a new community, ignoring all these boundaries, with a love as wide as humanity itself.

Edward Markham caught the spirit of that outreach in the words,

He drew a circle that shut me out —
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But love and I had the wit to win;
We drew a circle that took him in.

The people of this new community believed in something more than peaceful coexistence. They called men and women to recognize that "God has made of one blood all nations to dwell on the face of the earth." They echoed the words of One who had said, "go into all the world and preach the gospel." All the world!

That great missionary bishop Azariah of Dornakal, India, made his people conscious of that heritage and built a vital and effective diocese. No adult, he said, should be baptized or confirmed unless he or she was willing to accept the responsibility of outreach. So it was that, at baptism or confirmation, each person receiving the rite would place a hand on his or her head and say, "woe be unto me if I preach not the gospel." Each one was to spread the gospel with the talent given to that person.

In the autobiography of Roland Hayes, the black singer, he tells of his final conversation with his mother, whom he called Angel Mo, a contraction of Angel Mother. He was trying to persuade her to go with him on his world tour, but she declined. Then she put her hand on his shoulder and looked at him with her time-worn eyes and said: "I won't be here when you come again, son, but that ain't nothing. My days are over and yours are just begun. Jes remember this — you are the continuation of my desire. When I go, if you've been dutiful, all the best in me is going to double up in you and become a bulwark of strength. I could never do much myself, but I have always prayed the good Lord that I might do something good through some of my children. Now you go on; remember who you are, and reverence your heritage." He never saw his mother again, but he always remembered her prayer — that he must be the continuation of her desire.

So a Greater One speaks to us today: you are the continuation of my desire. You are the new, the redeemed community for which I gave my life. You are my plan for the salvation of the

world. You are my witnessing community! Remember who you are. Reverence your heritage.

It is a heritage which shares the memory of a world-shaking event: the coming of Jesus into the world which offered a life-lived-in-community for all mankind.

It is a heritage into which we have been initiated at our baptism, making us members of one another within the Body of Christ, the Church, and which is nurtured when we pray and break bread together.

It is a heritage whose constant outreach is to those outside our membership.

It is a heritage which invites you this morning to look at your life in the light of these marks of the Christian community and to do what you have to do.

He Is Risen

St. Paul's Church, Richmond

Easter Day, April 3, 1983

"He Is Risen. The Lord Is Risen Indeed."

These words of the evangelists — Mark and Luke — leave little room for doubt. They are clear and concise — and to many they are convincing.

But not to all.

Some see the Resurrection of Jesus as little more than fiction: a delusion inspired by wishful thinking.

Others hold fast to the belief that it is fact.

When I read the story, one thing stands out above all the others.

It towers above them.

And it is this —

Jesus never appeared to anyone except to those who loved him. He always appeared to those who were thinking about him and speaking about him.

Two men are walking along the road to Emmaus. They are loving Jesus, thinking about him, and downcast. And there he is.

His disciples are in an upper room and there are tears of sorrow in their eyes. And they are loving him. And there he is in the midst of them. He appeared only to those who loved him.

But suppose you and I had been writing a fictional account of the Resurrection, who would we have made Jesus appear to?

Wouldn't it have been to Annas and to Caiaphas and to Pontias Pilate?

Jesus would have burst into the room, in the dazzling array of a superman, and said: "Ah, you thought you could kill me, but here I am."

It would have been a dramatic confrontation.

But it never happens!

It is only to those who loved him.

I am sure the author of the collect for the sixth Sunday of Easter

must have had this insight —

“Oh God, who has prepared for those who love you such good things as pass man’s understanding, pour into our hearts such love toward you that we, loving you above all things, may obtain your promises which exceed all that we can desire.”

Only to those who are longing for him does he appear.

But let us move on and come to the greatest evidence of the Resurrection. It is not in any of the Gospels but in the fifteenth chapter of I Corinthians.

It is a chapter which was written at least ten years earlier than any of the Gospels, and it is a chapter which tells of Paul’s personal experience. He tells us how the Risen Jesus appears to Peter, to James, to more than 500 Christians at one time, how he appeared to the 12, to all the apostles.

“And then,” he says, “as to one untimely born, he appeared to me.”

What Paul is saying, of course, is that Jesus’ appearance to him is on a level with all the other appearances.

This is the whole point.

The appearances to Peter — to James — to the 500 — and to Paul are all exactly the same.

The same appearance of the same Risen Christ.

But note this: the appearance to Paul was no less than three years after all the others.

And, certainly, the appearance to Paul was no physical, material thing. It was obviously a spiritual appearance. A vision. A personal appearance to Paul. With no one seeing anything — perhaps not even Paul himself. Just a blinding, blazing light.

This would seem to indicate that we are working and walking in a realm of the spirit and not in the realm of physical and material things at all.

This is spirit meeting spirit, and when we come to this, something happens. Something really happens. Something which can still happen.

Perhaps your experience with the Resurrection stories is comparable to that of many other people: they have meant little to you.

Dr. William Barclay, professor of the New Testament at the University of Glasgow, before his death put it this way: “My

reaction to this story of Jesus who came back in flesh and blood and walked around the world for seven weeks and then ascended upon high, was — well, so what? What has this got to do with me? This is what I want to know: is he still here?"

Then he goes on to say: "I came to see in this that there is not just flesh and blood, but spirit, and that just as Jesus walked with Paul and Peter, he can walk with me because this is not physical but spiritual reality."

Personally, I believe two things about the Resurrection.

First, unquestionably something happened!

The whole existence of the church depends on the Resurrection. Without the Resurrection we cannot explain the church.

Think again, if you will, of the mood of the disciples in the days following Calvary. In heart and mind and soul they were utterly dejected, downcast and broken. They had no courage — no conviction — no contagion.

Then seven weeks pass. Only seven weeks. And it is Pentecost.

And the same Peter who had huddled in fear behind locked doors now was preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to a mob in Jerusalem.

A few days later, arrested and brought before the Sanhedrin (the same court that had condemned Jesus to death) he stands with serenity and courage and speaks these words: "Whether it be right to obey God or you, you decide — we are obeying God." Taking his life into his hands, the coward had become the hero.

The only explanation we have for this is that the disciples were convinced Jesus was alive. Something had happened to Peter and the disciples which convinced them (once and for all) that Jesus was still living.

The New Testament refers time and again to this change within them as "the power of the Resurrection." That amazing dynamic born of God's Grace which in every generation is the power to convert — convince — convict.

So, in the first place, we may be sure that something happened.

What I *am* sure of is that I am not moving in a physical, earthly, flesh-and-blood world but in a world of the spirit.

And because this is my experience, I do not find myself believing in a man who walked about for seven weeks and then left. I am believing in someone who is still here with me — and with you

— at this very moment.

I am more and more interested in a spiritual Christ whose life the disciples were certain went on.

I am interested in that Christ because I believe that he is among us NOW. At this very minute. And that at any time, you and I can claim him and receive the strength and comfort which he alone can give.

One final word which we dare not forget: a Christian is essentially one who can say, "I have seen the Lord."

Christianity does not mean knowing about Jesus — spelling out, for instance, what happened when he rose from the dead.

It means knowing Jesus. It does not mean arguing about Jesus. It means meeting Jesus.

It means the certainty of the experience that Jesus is alive. Or, as John Drinkwater has written:

Shakespeare is dust and will not come
To answer from his Avon tomb,
And Socrates and Shelley keep
An attic and Italian sleep!
They see not, but, O Christians, who
Throng Holborn and Fifth Avenue
May you not meet in spite of death,
The Traveller from Nazareth.

To me there is no fiction about the Resurrection. It is a fact. It is a certainty. The most staggeringly important news in human history.

"He is Risen."

"The Lord is risen indeed!"

Halleluiah!

The Man With the Nail Prints in His Hands

St. Paul's Church, Richmond
May 1, 1983

Allow me, if you will, to begin my sermon this morning with a parable.

There was once a man who wanted to find out about God. So he started on a journey, with a knapsack on his back, looking for someone to tell him about God.

After a while, he saw a beautiful tower with a balcony around the top. Leaning on the rail was a man. So he climbed the spiral stairway and stood before the man.

"Good morning, sir," he said. "Do you know about God?"

"Oh my goodness," came the reply, "I am neither a believer or a doubter. Call me, if you will, an agnostic. I respect your question, but I can give you no answer."

Slowly he descended the stairway, disappointed, dejected, a touch of sorrow in his heart.

Soon it began to grow dark. But just before light faded completely, another person came into sight. He was an average looking man walking home from work. His spirits picked up when he saw this ordinary looking man who appeared to be so much like himself. He was the kind of man you would sit next to in the ballpark, in a restaurant, in buses. So he spoke to him and asked, "Can you tell me about God?"

The man looked surprised; as a matter of fact he was shocked! No one had talked to him about religion in a long time. And he didn't quite know what to say. So he crossed his arms in a defensive sort of way and said, "Well, I don't talk much about religion. I don't know much about God, but I guess I'm as good as the next fellow."

"In other words," said the pilgrim, "it doesn't bother you much

whether there is a God or not, does it?"

"Well, I wouldn't say that," the man replied. "I guess there's a God all right. If I get in a jam, I call on him. But church and that — it's not for me. Lots of hypocrites in church, you know. I believe in live and let live. Have a comfortable home. Give my kids a good education. I can handle that kind of thing without worrying about God. He can take care of his affairs. I'll handle mine all right."

This struck the pilgrim as confused thinking. "Is that all you can say about God? Aren't his affairs tied up with your affairs? Isn't he interested in the dreams of men and women? Work and play? Courage in trouble? Doesn't he care about the struggle of men and women for justice and truth?"

Weary now, he wandered across a field, came upon a hay stack, lay down and fell into a deep sleep. With the dawn of a new day, the sun shining brightly in his face, he awakened to see a man standing beside him. He appeared to be neither young nor old. He wore work clothes but gave no hint of being shabby. He stood erect, his face a bit weather-beaten; yet he was calm and his eyes seemed to pierce to the very center of one's being.

"Sir, can you tell me about God?" the pilgrim asked. The stranger gave him no answer for a moment but pointed him to a range of mountains which had escaped his notice.

"Look across the deep valley before you and tell me what you see."

"I see," said the pilgrim, "towns and a city, a school, a factory, and farms. Is that what I am supposed to see?"

"Yes, that's part of it."

"Now, look again a little closer and tell me what you see."

The pilgrim looked a long time. Then he turned to the stranger and said, "I see people. Is that what I am supposed to see?"

The stranger nodded again and replied, "Yes, that's more of it. But please look again, still more closely, and tell me what you see."

"Sir, I don't understand it, but it is amazing. They all look like you."

"Yes, they do, you see they are all my brothers and sisters."

"Ah," said the pilgrim, excited and jubilant, "over there is where I must go. This is where they know God. There is where God is."

"Yes," said the stranger, "that is where God is — where those

people are. And it is very simple to go there."

"Well, how do I go? How can I know the way?"

"You start right where I am. But one thing comes before all the others."

"Sir, what is that?"

"Son, you must take up your cross and follow me."

And the pilgrim saw that there was a nail print in the stranger's hand.

And Jesus said to the disciples: "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospels, the same will save it."

On the night before he died, Jesus gave his followers the same message. We hear the words in today's gospel story: "A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another; even as I have loved you — By this will all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love for one another."

The way of the cross is the way of love. And the way of love is losing one's life for the sake of others.

Love is not something we *have* or *are*; love is something we *do*. A seminary classmate, George Tittman, speaks to me of the real meaning of love in a poem he titled *The Lord Said Go* :

The Lord said go
And I said who me
And he said yes you
And I said
But I'm not ready yet
And an important meeting is coming up
And I can't leave my work right now
And you know there is no one to take my
place
And he said You're stalling

Again the Lord said go
And I said but I don't want to
And he said I didn't ask if you wanted to
And I said

Listen, I'm not the kind of person
To get involved in controversy
Besides my family won't like it
And what will my neighbors think?
And he said Baloney
And yet a third time the Lord said go
And I said Do I have to?
And he said Do you love me?
And I said
Look, I'm scared
People are going to hate me
And cut me up into little pieces
I can't take it all by myself
And he said Where do you think I'll be?

And the Lord said go
And I sighed
Here I am, send me

The way of the cross and of love does not mean for you or for me a trip to Calvary. But it does mean a trip. It means doing and going when we do not wish to take that trip; when we're not ready; when we're afraid of controversy; when we ask, "What will my family and neighbors and friends think?"; when we're scared; when we don't want to be cut up into little pieces.

It isn't easy; and we fail so very often. A former bishop of Michigan puts the experience of failure in these words: "There are moments in life when we are ashamed. Once, for example, I was driving from New York to New Haven, and I picked up a young communist hitchhiker on his way to organize a group in a New England city. He had little money, expected realistically to get in trouble with the police; and while I disagreed profoundly with many things he said, it was clear that he lived sacrificially and was filled with a missionary zeal. His life in many ways resembled the lives of the greatest Christians, and by contrast my life was settled and comfortable. I was ashamed."

What is the solution? How can you and I continue our journey as pilgrims and find greater strength to walk the way of the cross and of love? For me, one answer is prayer. I cannot pray for

another person and still feel out of sorts with that person.

A distinguished professor of English literature at Wellesley College revealed some years ago how difficult it was for her, a shy person by nature, to look at the faces in a crowd — on a subway, in a plane, at a grocery store, on a city street — and feel any affection for those persons. They appeared as unattractive, fat, crude, bland, uninteresting images on the retina of her eye.

Then she discovered a secret. She began to pray that those faces might become lovable. And, by degrees, it worked in many instances. Somehow the miracle of the divine often brought a change in them; and she herself felt comfortable, warm, loving, no longer alone, cut off, uncaring, and out of relationship.

For me, this is a process I need in order to survive. My first prayer every morning is, "O Lord, don't let me say what I would like to say to someone."

Little brief prayers throughout the day help. Pray with St. Francis: "Lord, make me an instrument of your peace; where there is hatred let me sow love."

And when we are ready to give up on the church and some of the people in it (who, of course, are the church), the ancient Chinese prayer can help: "O, Lord, revive thy church beginning with me."

This morning as you kneel to receive your communion, and you stretch out your empty hands to receive the bread and the wine, and hear the words "The body of Christ, the bread of heaven" and "The blood of Christ, the cup of salvation," pray that his love may flow in your heart and say to yourself, "Thanks be to God for the man with the nail prints in his hand."

Perhaps you have heard the story that came out of a church-school class one Sunday morning. The teacher noted that one of her young pupils was intently putting something on a piece of paper, and she asked, "Nancy, *what* are you doing?" The five-year-old responded, "I'm drawing a picture of God." "But," said her teacher, "no one really knows what God looks like." Undaunted, the child replied, "They will when I'm finished."

The truth is that we do know what God looks like; he has nail prints in his hands and he looks like you and me. And he says, "Take up your cross" and "Love one another."

On Good Friday I shared a story with some of you who gath-

ered here shortly before the hour of three o'clock.

It is a story which tells of a railway journey the late Dr. George Adam Smith, noted biblical scholar, once made.

In the same coach was a Roman Catholic priest, a handsome young man. He was going to a place in West Africa where at that time a white man's life was worth months, not years.

Dr. Smith pleaded with the man not to go. Couldn't he find some other way of serving God? Must he throw his life away like this?

But he was adamant. He was traveling further, but Dr. Smith was getting out and, even at the coach window, was pleading with him. As the train began to pull away, the priest took a silver crucifix from his belt, held it up, and said, "He loved me and gave his life for me, and can I — hold back?"

The man with the nail prints in his hand still speaks: "Take up your cross and follow me" ... "A new commandment I give you, that you love one another" "By this will all men know that you are my disciple."

Saints Without Halos

St. Paul's Church, Richmond

October 16, 1983

The world in which you and I live is in disarray. We are experiencing what Paul Tillich has called "the shaking of the foundations." It is a world such as Isaiah described when he said, "earth reels and totters like a drunken man."

Ours *is* a world-shaking age; an age of challenge; an age when many of us cry out, where shall we turn? What shall we do? Where can we look for hope?

And as we cry out we point to the church, once the universally accredited bulwark of society, now discredited in many areas as an object of scorn, derision, mockery. Countless numbers of men and women in our own land admit readily that the church has no place in their lives. Even among church members there is often a sense of discouragement, disappointment, and discord. Too many changes some say; "secular humanism" is the reaction of others. For still others there is the agonizing reality of continuing division and the fear of schism.

Does all of this upset you? Are there times when you feel at the end of your rope? Is there validity in the words of our disclaimers?

Then remember one thing: the cry is not new. A little more than 100 years ago (1864 to be exact) Samuel Wesley wrote that great hymn we sang a few moments ago — "The Church's One Foundation."

In the third verse, he wrote of the Christian Church:

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest.

Then he added this line —

Yet saints their watch are keeping.
Six words which have kept me going in the most difficult hours.

It is that message which I invite you to share with me this morning. A message which reminds us that this is a great time to be alive. A message which reminds us that when the night is dark, the stars shine most brightly. A message which reminds us that the saints are keeping watch. A message which I have chosen to call "Saints Without Halos." Not the saints of days long past, but those who have been part of my contemporary experience. Let me tell you about three of them.

Ernest Auguste de Bordenave was a native Virginian. "Froggy" first came to prominence, if that is the word, when he was expelled from college for bootlegging. This event in his life was followed by a period when he drove taxis in our nation's capital — a time when he "let go" and lived an uninhibited life. Then came a weekend when he went to North Carolina for the wedding of a friend. It was a weekend which was to lead to a changed life for Froggy.

Let me tell you the story of his conversion, but first let me say that it is the story of a young man who was anything but pious and self-righteous but rather full of life and a contagious sense of humor.

The day before the wedding he met another young man. Unlike my friend, he was what you and I today might call a "charismatic," a member of the Oxford group, or Buchmanites, which flourished in the 30s and 40s, and which put a real accent on conversion and personal witness. Froggy was so unlike this man that his instinct was to beat a retreat. Yet he found himself drawn to him increasingly. Finally, there came the wedding and afterwards a reception at the country club. "Well," said Froggy, "I decided to do one of two things: take one drink and get up the courage to talk to my new acquaintance, or take several and forget the whole thing." He decided on the latter and later in the evening found himself on the eighteenth green in a real stupor. "As I lay there," he told me, "I became aware that my friend, bending over me, was saying, 'Why don't you try praying?'" "I gave that up long ago," came the reply. "Well, try to say something." And he did; he muttered a few words of prayer.

The next day was a typical "morning after" but he went to his car feeling that "something had happened last night." Then and

there he decided to drive to his mother's home in Franklin, Virginia. Opening the car door, he saw an unopened bottle of whiskey. "My first thought was to throw it away," he said, "and then I said to myself, 'don't do that Froggy, you'll change your mind before the end of the day.'" The bottle stayed.

When he had settled in at his mother's home he sat down to write a letter to the man he had met. As he began, he noticed a large desk blotter with an advertisement of a local bank with the motto, "We are here to serve." Froggy went on: "in a split second everything went black before me and I saw Jesus hanging on a cross and saying, 'You are here to serve.' There came over me a quiet sense of calm and yet I wanted to get on the housetops and shout."

What happened within a few months was that he returned to school — this time to the College of William and Mary where he graduated in two and a half years as president of the student body. Then it was on to the Virginia Theological Seminary in Alexandria and a long and effective ministry which began as the assistant in this parish.

Recently, I visited the seminary and saw on the wall of one of the buildings a plaque in Froggy's memory (he died a few years ago) which summed up his ministry and ended with a touch of humor he would certainly appreciate:

The Rev. Ernest A de Bordenave
Commonly known as Froggy,
Who loved the Lord,
Who loved people,
Who loved this place
And who never wanted to rest in peace.

Froggy is one of the saints without halos.

Another was Bernard J. Sheil, Auxiliary Bishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Chicago. He came to my attention a few months before Pearl Harbor when he appeared at a rabble-rousing meeting of fascist-oriented men and women in a large public hall in that midwestern city. They were an ugly, mixed lot who had one common theme: down with niggers, kikes, wops, and

just about every other racial and ethnic group in America.

As the gathering gained momentum, Bishop Sheil walked quietly down the aisle, mounted the steps, and went up to the podium. The crowd became hushed as it looked at this man in clerical garb.

What he said went to the heart of the Christian faith: "God has made of one blood all nations of men" ... "in Christ there is neither Jew nor Gentile" ... "God so loved the world that he gave his only Son."

He did not linger long, but he hit the mark, and then began to walk down the same aisle by which he had entered. A few feet ahead of him he was met by a gnarled, angry little old woman who planted herself across his path. Then she shrieked out her venom: "Bishop Sheil, you're nothin' but a Jew lovin', nigger lovin' bishop. You're no Catholic bishop. Ha! Ha! Ha! Bishop Sheil? You're just Rabbi Sheil." And with that she spat full force in his face.

The Bishop did not so much as dignify her act by wiping the spittle from his brow. But, in a voice that was audible to all, he looked at her with compassion and said, "Rabbi? That's what they called my Master."

Bishop Sheil — Saint Without a Halo.

In the mountains of western North Carolina, a part of the world that is very dear to me, they tell the story of one of their own, Jim Riley.

Jim came from a good, solid mountain family but as a teenager he fell in with an undesirable crowd, went from bad to worse, and became a real problem.

One day he and some of his buddies heard that there would be a prayer meeting that evening on the other side of the mountain. "Let's break it up," one of them said. And off they went. But there was an evangelist there that night, the kind God raises up to get at the heart of mountain people, who sank a holy shaft in Jim Riley, with the result that the young man who came to scoff remained to pray.

A changed person, Jim Riley returned to the high school he had left, went on to college, and then to medical school. Proudly

graduating with his medical degree, he was offered work in some of the finest medical centers in the country. But with each offer came the response that he must return to the mountains he had left to set a broken bone and to put in a word for Jesus Christ in due season.

So back he went to a small town in the area where he had grown up, back to practice medicine among the people he knew and loved. He set up his office and apartment above the local drug store — small quarters which were reached by an outside stairway, at the foot of which was a sign that read "Jim Riley, Physician, Office Upstairs."

Everyone welcomed the rejuvenated Jim Riley — everyone, that is, except Martha Suggs, who remembered the boy he had been instead of the man he had become.

One night in the dead of winter, when heavy snow lay on the ground, a call came which indicated that Martha Suggs was very ill. He hesitated a moment and then, remembering the words of One who had said, "Forgive them for they know not what they do," went to her bedside.

He returned in the early morning hours to his room and locked the door.

The next day he did not make an appearance, and his friends, thinking this unusual, climbed the steps, and hearing no answer, broke down the door.

There before them lay the lifeless body of Jim Riley. On a nearby table was a brief note indicating that he was suffering a heart attack — a note that also read, "all bills paid in full."

Well, the sorrow that swept the community was deep and devastating. Certainly they would give him a "good funeral," in fact the best, as someone said, the county had ever known. But the crops were poor that year and money was scarce, with the result that the matter of a tombstone was delayed. Then suddenly a beautiful decision was reached. His friends went to the foot of the stairway and pryed from the ground the sign that read "Jim Riley, Physician, Office Upstairs," and planted it over his grave.

Saints without halos. Saints in the greatest Christian tradition. Souls who have allowed the light of Jesus Christ to shine through their lives. And how many more there are — and always will be

in every generation! Reminding me of the familiar children's hymn:

They lived not only in ages past,
There are hundreds of thousands still,
The world is bright with the joyous saints
Who love to do Jesus' will.
You can meet them in schools, or in lanes, or at sea,
In church, or in trains, or in shops, or at tea,
For the saints of God are just folk like me,
And I mean to be one too.

Some of you may recall the quaint customs of a Victorian age when women (unfamiliar with the ways of militancy and equal rights) sought attention by dropping a handkerchief. Frederick Buechner had this passé custom in mind when he wrote that God uses the saints to drop a handkerchief to draw attention to himself.

You and I may never experience the dramatic moment we have shared this morning. But there are moments when the opportunity to become "Saints without Halos" is very real.

Today, I believe, God calls each of us, as it were, to drop a handkerchief, to join that countless army of men and women — those saints without halos — who, in a world that reels and totters, bring hope where there is despair, joy where there is sorrow, and light where there is darkness.

God bless you and speed you on your way.

Launch Out Into The Deep

Meditation on Luke 5:1-10

Jupiter Island Bulletin, Hobe Sound

April 7, 1984

Launch out!
Break the shackles
Don't be bound by tethers to safe shores
And familiar landmarks
Cut yourself loose
Move out into the deep unfathomed waters
Where the soul may find fulfillment
In the presence and the power
Of the God of all the ages.

Launch out!
Thrust out a little from the land
In answer to the call
Of One who bids you leave the place
The scene
The ground
Of disappointment
Frustration
And nothingness
That you may find
Something more than empty nets
And toiling through the night.

Oh, Lord
In speaking of abundance and success
You summon me to an impossible role
Through the long night seasons
Of months and years
Loneliness

Despair
Emptiness
And laissez-faire
Have made their home with me
Creating numbness
Diffidence
And restlessness
Overwhelming my spirit
Dejecting my mind
Bringing stupor to my body.

Oh, Lord,
I have tried without success
To know you
To pray
To bring love
To say I forgive
To share my life
With those about me
But my net is empty
My night has been dark
I doubt
I question
I wonder
I am afraid
Faith comes so hard
I walk the streets
I drive the car
I sit at home
Or in bars
And on park benches
And all the time
I feel a lost-ness
I toss to and fro
There's no purpose
So much lies hidden from me
Yes, Lord, I have toiled
The whole night through
And taken nothing.

And yet you say
Launch out
Launch out
Launch out

Launch out?
Alright, Lord
Once more
Now in the early morning light
I will let down my net
In hope and faith
That below the surface of my strife
There lies the promise of new life.

Yes, Lord, at your word
I will let down my net
I will abandon self
And reach out to you
In faith and hope
I will let go and let you
No longer I but you
Become the center of the world of
Boats and waters
Fish and nets
Homes and schools
Church and community
Nation and nations.

Then suddenly the miracle appears.
Enclosed within my net
Is the great multitude
So many hopes
And dreams
And yearnings
Brought to fruition
Filling my ship

So many that I can no longer
Go it alone
But must call my partners
To lend a hand
Lest the ship sink

Yes, Lord, this new abundance in my life
I cannot hoard
I cannot keep it for myself
I must reach out
I must beckon to the brethren
Lest everything be lost.

And with it all, O Lord
I know the meaning of humility
And fall at your feet
Yes, Lord, now I know myself
To be a sinful man
And with it all I am astonished
To sense the quiet majesty of your presence
The power of your word
And your forgiving love.

And Jesus said to Simon: Fear not;
you are now ready; from this day
forward you shall catch men.



